

HOLDING THE FORT or Fifty Evenings with Moody



Lives of Moody, Sankey and Bliss

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HOLDING THE FORT:

COMPRISING

SERMONS AND ADDRESSES

AT THE

GREAT REVIVAL MEETINGS

CONDUCTED BY

MOODY AND SANKEY;

With Proceedings of Christian Convention of Ministers and Laymen.

AND ALSO THE

LIVES AND LABORS

OF

DWIGHT L. MOODY, IRA D. SANKEY, AND P. P. BLISS,

BY M. LAIRD SIMONS,

EDITOR OF "SUNDAY HALF-HOURS WITH THE GREAT PREACHERS," "DUTCHINCK'S CYCLO-
PEDIA OF AMERICAN LITERATURE," ETC.

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PHILADELPHIA:

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FOREWARD

Dedication.

TO

DWIGHT L. MOODY

AND

IRA D. SANKEY

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED AS AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THEIR

GREAT SERVICES

IN THE CAUSE OF

OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST.

FOREWARD

For too long "Hold the Fort" has been out of print. I am so pleased that my good friend Larry Harrison believes it to be God's will to re-circulate this collector's item.

No preacher of the past or present moves, stirs, or motivates me any more than D. L. Moody. Reading one of his sermons is an experience of mental motion pictures. His life and message was profound simplicity and simple profundity! He was a mountain of paradoxical splendor! Deep compassion, yet a will of iron. Bedrock convictions, yet understanding empathy toward the weaker brethren. A life in the heavenlies, yet down to earth.

Time would fail us in this foreward to tell of Ira Sankey, the Nightingale of the Philadelphian Church era. Truly Sankey revolutionized Gospel music and made it what it is today. So much could be said about Philip P. Bliss, the songwriter with as much natural creative ability as an Irving Berlin or George Gershwin. Due to his accidental death en route to a meeting with D. L. Moody, we'll never know until heaven what other musical masterpieces he would have written.

The Apostle Paul in his last words wrote, "The cloak that I left at Troas with Carpus, when thou comest, bring with thee, and the books, but especially the parchments." (II Timothy 4:13)

Many have speculated about what these books were that Paul referred to. Some say they were portions of Old Testament Scriptures. However, I don't think you would ever have found Paul without the Scriptures. We do not know the titles of these books but we know even though death is approaching, he wants to delve into their contents.

Charles Haddon Spurgeon commented this concerning Paul's request: "He is inspired, yet he wants books! He has been preaching for at least 30 years, yet he wants books! He has had a wider experience than most men, yet he wants books! He had been caught up into the third heaven, and heard things which it is unlawful for a man to utter, yet he wants books!

He had written the major part of the New Testament, yet he wants books!"

We are suffering an academic eclipse in our pulpits today because many preachers are not "...studying to show themselves approved unto God." (II Timothy 2:15a)

I encourage you to add this volume to your libraries and read it. We need to read the lives and works of great men, for fire begets fire!

My prayer is that this volume will receive wide circulation and that results in the experience of old-time power.

Johnny Pope
Houston, Texas

PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

FOR the space of four years, the great and enlightened countries of England, Scotland, Ireland and the United States have been swayed in a wonderful way by the words preached and the hymns sung by two plain men of the people. As these Evangelists have removed from city to city, tens of thousands have collected about them to listen, and as many as twenty or thirty services a week have not exhausted the popular interest. Converts have been made by thousands, thus strengthening the churches that uphold the Truth, and the religious world of the English race has been animated by a spirit of earnest zeal that was known but in part before their advent into public notice.

And yet, in our own land, by the necessities of the case, hundreds of thousands have as yet neither seen nor heard either of these self-sacrificing preachers of righteousness, and may never enjoy that privilege. Even those who have been more favored have been able to attend only a meeting or two, and what they have received there can but make them the more eager to have an opportunity to increase such a personal experience. It is for the benefit of all such that the Publisher has prepared the present volume. He feels assured that it will meet a need in the community.

The series of fifty sermons and the additional addresses herewith given are reprinted from verbatim reports. They

present an accurate account of Mr. Moody's preaching, so that a reader has as good an opportunity to know his very words as a regular attendant. No attempt at a revision has been made. These discourses are worthy, by their intense earnestness, strong conceptions, vigorous expression, and clear explanations of evangelical truth, to attain a wide circulation, and so carry the influence of the Evangelist where his voice may never reach.

The record of the lives and labors of Messrs. Moody, Sankey and Bliss which is added, has been written expressly for this volume by an author thoroughly in sympathy with their grand mission. It will enable our readers to understand the peculiar manner in which Providence reared up each of these three men, and qualified them to assume and fulfil the mighty responsibilities which have fallen upon them. Our reverence for them as teachers cannot but be heightened by the study of their pure, unselfish characters and tireless toils.

It is also proper to state that neither Mr. Moody nor Mr. Sankey are interested, in any pecuniary manner, in the publication of this work. They would no doubt, in the modesty of their characters, have discouraged its preparation, had they been consulted upon the subject.

PHILADELPHIA,

April 25th, 1877.

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D. L. MOODY.

DWIGHT LYMAN MOODY, whose name is already historic as the Evangelist of the Nineteenth century, was born in the rural town of Northfield, Mass., on the 5th of February, 1837. His father's father had settled in that town in 1796, being by trade a mason; and earlier mention of the Moody family is given in the register of the Roxbury church, dating as far back as 1633. His mother's family, which was named Holton, also dwelt in that same State, for seven generations. His father, Edwin, lived to see six sons born, of whom the eldest was thirteen and Dwight the youngest, besides a daughter. His home was a spacious farm-house, a two-storied double-front with an attic; and it stood on the road a little outside the town. By farming a tract of a few acres, and working also as a stone mason, he contrived to earn a comfortable livelihood. But heavy losses from a business venture fell upon the family, followed unexpectedly by the death of the father, after a few hours of illness. And as a final burden, a twin boy and girl were born a month later. Although Dwight was only four years old then, he was deeply impressed by the shadow of death on the family hearth. In his sermon on the Prodigal Son he recalls his childish horror, saying: "The first thing I remember was the death of my father. It was a beautiful day in June when he fell suddenly dead. The shock made such an impression on me, young as I was, that I shall never forget it. I remember nothing about the funeral, but his death has made a lasting impression upon me."

Mrs. Moody bore with a brave heart the weight of a household that would have crushed most women, and nurtured her flock of nine as best she could. She refused all offers to part with any of her children. Instead of breaking up the family, she kept all busily at work in the garden, at picking berries and fruit, and doing chores for the farmers around. She daily

instilled into their minds a little teaching from the Scriptures, and took them regularly to the services of the Unitarian church and Sunday-school.

Reared in such a school of poverty, labor and self-denial, Dwight grew up a sturdy, ruddy boy, self-reliant, strong in will, and possessing a flow of animal spirits that made him a favorite with his playmates. His mother said of him: "He used to think himself a man when he was only a boy." His pastor, Mr. Everett, once engaged him to work at the parsonage, but found him so full of mischief that he was glad to dismiss him to his home. Nor did the teacher of the district school find him a hopeful pupil. Fun pleased Dwight better than study. So, though he attended the sessions until almost seventeen years old, he progressed but poorly in reading and writing, was a bad speller, and knew but little of ciphering. Yet he was in no sense a vicious lad. He always respected his mother's authority, and never wholly escaped the influence of the religious training at her hands. Once, when he was driving cows as a six-year-old, an old fence fell over on him and pinned him to the ground. "I tried and tried," he has said, "but could not lift the heavy rails. I hallooed for help, but nobody came. Then I thought I should have to die away up there on the mountain all alone. But I happened to think that maybe God would help me, and so I asked him; and after that I could lift the rails."

Though Dwight was not a studious boy, yet he was observant, watchful, and keenly sympathetic to impressions from nature and real life. He has related how in his childhood death was a terrible enemy to him. "Up in that little New England village where I came from, it was the custom to toll out the bell whenever any one died, and to toll one stroke for every year. Sometimes they would toll out seventy strokes for a man of seventy, or forty strokes for a man of forty. I used to think when they died at seventy, and sometimes at eighty, well, that is a good ways off. But sometimes it would be a child at my age, and then it used to be very solemn. Sometimes I could not bear to sleep in a room alone. Death used to trouble me, but, thanks to God, it don't trouble me now." Another of his experiences as a boy refers to a little excursion: "I remember when I was a boy I went several miles from home with an elder brother. That seemed to me the longest visit of my life. It seemed that I was then further away from home than I had ever been before, or have ever been since. While we were walking down the street we saw an old man coming

toward us, and my brother said: 'There is a man that will give you a cent. He gives every new boy that comes into this town a cent.' That was my first visit to the town, and when the old man got opposite to us he looked around, and my brother, not wishing me to lose the cent and to remind the old man that I had not received it, told him that I was a new boy in the town. The old man, taking off my hat, placed his trembling hand on my head, and told me I had a Father in heaven. It was a kind, simple act, but I feel the impression of the old man's hand upon my head to-day."

The saddest memory of these days of childhood relates to the running away from home of his eldest brother. He has described the incident pathetically in the sermon on the Prodigal Son. We reprint it here as narrated in England, and in language somewhat different from that recorded in this volume. "I well remember the long winter nights when we all sat around the fire, how mother would go on telling us all about father and his goodness—she was never tired of talking about him. But if any of us mentioned our eldest brother, all would be hushed in a moment. She never could speak of him without tears. She said it would have eased her heart even to know he was dead. 'I don't know,' she would say, 'but he is lying sick in some foreign land, with nobody to watch over him.' I do believe she would have gone all round the world to find him. Some nights I used to hear that mother's voice praying for that boy. Ah! how she used to pour out her heart in prayer to God for her wandering son; and when on winter nights a great gale would come sweeping and howling along, she would turn pale, and in a voice choked with sobs would say, 'Perhaps my boy is at sea with the gale blowing, and in danger of going down!' Well, on one particular day there was always a family gathering to thank God for the harvest, and on this occasion she always put a chair for him, but the chair was always empty. Many and many a time have I gone to the window in the hope that I should see him coming up the garden-walk to cheer our mother's heart, but all was in vain—he didn't come. And so time rolled on. The step that once was so firm became feeble, and the hair that was black as night became silvery gray. How she loved that boy! But amid all this disappointment she held fast to the hope that she would yet see him come back before she died. One day, as she sat in her cottage, her twin-children with her (for the rest of us had gone away into the world, one in one direction and another in another, to fight the battle of

life), she saw a stranger coming through the gate. At first she did not recognize that boy, with his long beard and altered face. But when she saw the tears straggling down his cheeks, the truth flashed on her in an instant, and she sprang to him with the words, 'Come in! come in!' 'No, mother,' he said, 'I will not until you forgive—never!' Do you believe she forgave him? Forgive him! She threw her arms round him and kissed him—the dead was alive, the lost was found! I cannot tell you the joy that welled up in my heart when I heard the news that my poor, long-lost brother had come home again. But this I know. The tears were wiped away from that mother's eyes, and the sunshine of happiness was in her heart again."

Another incident which occurred in Dwight's early manhood made a deep impression on his mind, and prepared his heart to receive willingly the seed of the Word when the time should come for its sowing by the Spirit. The incident cannot be better told than in his own life-like words, as given in one of those autobiographical fragments which he has so frankly narrated from time to time for the warning and encouragement of his fellows.

"Before I left the farm," he said, "I was talking one day to a man who was working there, and who was weeping. I said to him, 'What is the trouble?' And he told me a very strange story—strange to me then, for I was not at that time a Christian. He said that his mother was a Christian when he left home to seek his fortune. When he was about starting, his mother took him by the hand and spoke these parting words: 'My son, seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.' 'This,' said he, 'was my mother's favorite text.' When he got into the town to which he was going, he had to spend the Sabbath there. He went to a little church, and the minister preached from the text, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God;' and he thought the text and sermon were meant for him. He wanted to get rich; and when he was settled in life he would seek the kingdom of God. He went on, and the next Sabbath he was in another village. It was not long before he heard another minister preach from the same text, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God.' He thought some one must have been speaking to the minister about him; for the minister just pictured him out. But he said, when he got settled in life, and had control of his time, and was his own master, he would then seek the kingdom of God. Some time after he was at another

village, and here went to church again; and he had not been going a great while when he heard the third minister preach from the same text: 'Seek ye the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.' He said it went right down into his soul; but he calmly and deliberately made up his mind that he would not become a Christian until he had got settled in life, and owned his farm. This man said, 'Now I am what the world calls rich. I go to church every Sunday; but I have never heard a sermon, from that day to this, which has ever made any impression on my heart. My heart is as hard as a stone.' As he said that, tears trickled down his cheeks. I was a young man, and did not know what it meant. When I became converted, I thought I would see this man when I should go back home, and preach Christ to him. When I went back home I said to my widowed mother, naming the man, 'Is he still living in the same place?' My mother said, 'He is gone mad, and has been taken away to the insane asylum; and to every one that goes to see him he points his finger, and says, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God?' I thought I should like to see him; but he was so far gone it would do no good. The next time I went home he was at his home, idiotic. I went to see him. When I went in, I said, 'Do you know me?' He pointed his finger at me and said, 'Young man, seek ye first the kingdom of God.' God had driven that text into his mind, but his reason was gone. Three years ago, when I visited my father's grave, I noticed a new stone had been put up. I stopped, and found it was my friend's. That autumn wind seemed whispering that text, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God.'"

At the age of seventeen, this country lad, stout and robust in physique, but unpolished in manner and shabby in dress, set off from Northfield to seek his fortune in Boston, with his mother's blessing upon him as a benediction, and a few dollars in his pocket. He also bore with him a capacity for persistent work and enthusiasm yet latent, and so unsuspected by himself and his friends. His uncle, Samuel S. Holton, who was in business as a shoe merchant, hesitated to engage such a shaggy, wayward lad, and young Moody was too proud to ask him for a situation. So the lad scoured Boston for employment. As no opening presented itself, he canvassed Lowell, again fruitlessly, and then began to think about starting for New York. In this emergency, his uncle agreed to hire him at a small salary. He had to promise beforehand, however, that he would be guided by his relative's advice, and also

attend the Congregational Church of Mount Vernon and its Sunday-school. Being energetic and tireless, he soon proved himself an excellent salesman. He was generally ready at the door to welcome buyers, and when customers were slack he walked through the streets to seek traders.

At this critical period in his life, young Moody became a shy and silent attendant at the Congregational Church. At first, the evangelical preaching of the pastor, Dr. Kirk, was distasteful to him, and the raw scholar looked unpromising enough to his teacher, Mr. Edward Kimball. But the interest in the lesson which he showed by the quaint question, "That Moses was what you call a pretty smart man, wasn't he?" induced his earnest teacher to visit him at his place of business. Mr. Kimball laid his hand on the lad's shoulder and spoke a few kind words to him. Then he asked him the direct question, "Will you not give your heart to Jesus?" The inquiry pierced him to the heart. He sought and found Jesus as his Saviour, and resolved to consecrate himself to the service of his God. Henceforth life was a new revelation to him. "The morning I was converted," he has said, "I went outdoors and I fell in love with the bright sun shining over the earth. I never loved the sun before. And when I heard the birds singing their sweet songs, I fell in love with the birds. Like the Scotch lassie who stood on the hills of her native land breathing the sweet air, and when asked why she did it, said, 'I love the Scotch air.' If the church was filled with love, it could do so much more."

In another bit of modest autobiography, given as an experience to his English hearers, Mr. Moody referred to the momentous point of his conversion, and told the story of how he was permitted many years afterward to lead to the Saviour a son of his teacher. "When I was in Boston," said he, "I used to attend a Sunday-school class, and one day I recollect a Sabbath-school teacher came round behind the counter of the shop I used to work in, and put his hand on my shoulder, and talked to me about Christ and my soul. I had not felt I had a soul till then. I said: 'This is a very strange thing. Here is a man who never saw me until within a few days, and he is weeping over my sins, and I never shed a tear about them.' But I understand it now, and know what it is to have a passion for men's souls and weep over their sins. I don't remember what he said, but I can feel the power of that young man's hand on my shoulder to-night. Young Christian men, go and lay your hand on your comrade's shoulder, and

point him to Jesus to-night. Well, he got me up to the school, and it was not long before I was brought into the kingdom of God. I went thousands of miles away after that, but I often thought I should like to see that man again. Time rolled on, and at length I was at Boston again; and I recollect, one night when I was preaching there, a fine, noble-looking young man came up the aisle and said: 'I should like to speak with you, Mr. Moody. I have often heard my father talk about you.' 'Who is your father?' I asked. 'Edward Kimball,' was the reply. 'What?' said I, 'my old Sunday-school teacher?' I asked him his name, and he said it was Henry, and that he was seventeen years of age. I tried to put my hand on his shoulder just where his father did on my shoulder, and I said to him: 'You are just as old as I was when your father put his hand on my shoulder. Are you a Christian, Henry?' 'No, sir,' he said; and as I talked to him about his soul, with my hand on his shoulder, the tears began to trickle down. 'Come,' said I, 'I will show you how you can be saved,' and I took him into a pew and quoted promise after promise to him. And I went on praying with him, but as he did not get light, I read to him the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah: "'All we, like sheep, have gone astray." Do you, believe that, Henry?' 'Yes, sir, I know that's true.' "'We have turned every one to his own way." Is that true?' 'Yes, sir, that's true, and that's what troubles me: I like my own way.' 'But there is another sentence yet, Henry: "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all?" Do you believe that, Henry?' 'No, I do not, sir.' 'Now,' I said, 'why should you take a verse of God's word and cut it in two, and believe one part and not another? Here are two things against you, and you believe them; and here is one thing in your favor, but you won't believe that. What authority have you for serving God's word in that way?' 'Well,' he said, 'Mr. Moody, if I believed *that* I should be saved.' 'I know you would,' I replied, 'and that's exactly what I want you to do. But you take the bitter, and won't have the sweet with it.' So I held him to that little word *hath*—'He *hath* laid on Him the iniquity of us all.'"

Moody as a young Christian was for a while a mere babe in the Kingdom. His zeal was strong, but his mind was not tutored in the Scriptures, his command of language was very limited, his sentences were broken and ungrammatical. So it happened, singularly enough, that his application in May, 1855, for admission into church membership was not accepted, as he

was thought not to know enough. He was not received until May 4, 1856. The fact was doubtless as Mr. Kimball has since stated: "I can truly say, and in saying it I magnify the infinite grace of God as bestowed upon him, that I have seen few persons whose minds were spiritually darker than was his when he came into my Sunday-school class; and I think that the committee of the Mount Vernon Church seldom met an applicant for membership more unlikely ever to become a Christian of clear and decided views of Gospel truth, still less to fill any extended sphere of public usefulness. Mr. Moody remained in my class for two years, until he bade me good-bye on leaving Boston for Chicago." And another Christian brother has testified that Mr. Moody, when he began to labor publicly for the saving of souls, had little more than a half of a talent to account for. But it is now evident that he put his half talent to service so diligently that the Lord added to it continually, until at the present time he has come to be endowed with the transcendent influence of ten talents, and to be mightiest among the mighty in the proclamation of the glad tidings of salvation by the gift of God.

Older Christians, who had learned wisdom in the school of experience, felt called upon occasionally to counsel and warn the inexperienced and impetuous layman to watch over the utterances that sprang in such a tempestuous torrent from his heart. Such a rebuke, which he had the grace to profit by, has been told by him. "I remember once when I was first converted I spoke in a Sabbath school, and there seemed to be a great deal of interest, and quite a number rose for prayer, and I remember I went out quite rejoiced; but an old man followed me out. I have never seen him since. I never had seen him before, and don't even know his name—but he caught hold of my hand and gave me a little bit of advice. I didn't know what he meant at the time, but he said: 'Young man, when you speak again, honor the Holy Ghost.' I was hastening off to another church to speak, and all the way over it kept ringing in my ears—'Honor the Holy Ghost.' And I said to myself, 'I wonder what the old man means.' I have found out since what he meant. And I think that all that have been to work in the vineyard of the Lord have learnt that lesson that, if we honor Him in our efforts to do good, He will honor us and work through us; but if we don't honor Him, we will surely break down. The only work that is going to stand to eternity is the work done by the Holy Ghost, and not by any one of us."

At the age of twenty, Mr. Moody began to feel straitened in Boston for lack of opportunity to put his hand to work for the Master. Accordingly, in September, 1856, he removed to Chicago, where he found a situation in the boot and shoe store of Mr. Wiswall. He united himself with the Plymouth Congregational Church, and began to take an active part in the prayer-meetings. He was so thoroughly in earnest to do good that he hired four pews in his church, and set about hunting up young men and boys to occupy those sittings. But his efforts to express his experiences were as unacceptable there as in Boston, and he was repeatedly advised not to attempt to speak in public.

It is now apparent that the Lord was preparing to cut him loose from denominational effort, that he might devote all his powers to the evangelization of that great city. The population of Chicago was increasing with astonishing rapidity. A large mass of its people were cut loose from old religious associations, and living in worldliness; another large proportion was composed of the wholly irreligious—the indifferent, who never entered a church; the scoffers at revealed truth, many of whom were of German descent; and the recklessly vicious. That metropolis of the great Northwest was in danger of escaping from the grasp of the Evangelical churches, just as the Lord was laying the burden of caring for the souls of the churchless upon this one man, whose fiery zeal, bluntness of speech, and loving heart, were admirable qualifications for winning the masses to listen to the preaching of the cross of Jesus Christ.

A casual visit to a Methodist class-meeting led Mr. Moody to join himself to a mission band, who spent Sunday mornings in scattering tracts throughout the city. While thus engaged, he came across a little Sunday-school in North Wells street, and offered himself as a teacher. He was accepted, on condition that he would bring his pupils with him. Accordingly a week later he appeared followed by eighteen ragged children, whom he had coaxed in out of the lanes. These he soon transferred to another teacher, and kept on himself in the task of recruiting till the school-room was crowded. Then, in the spring of 1857, he began to look after the welfare of the sailors in the port of Chicago. On Sunday mornings he busied himself in circulating tracts and Testaments, in praying and conversing in vessels, boarding-houses, hospitals and prisons.

As Mr. Moody grew in the stature of Christian manhood by diligence in studying the Bible, and ardor in seeking out the

impenitent, his soul became more deeply awakened to the necessity of carrying the news of redemption in the spirit of love to those sunk in the wretchedness of sin and vice. So he chose out for himself the worst section in northern Chicago, a district known as "The Sands," where gamblers, thieves, and the depraved of both sexes herded together. He hired a rickety saloon near the North Market, for Sunday-school services and evening meetings. Then he set about persuading the intemperate and degraded to come in, while their unkempt and boisterous children were won over to attend by gifts of maple sugar. There they clustered together, a rude, disorderly crowd, at first without even seats, and with only the shadow of any discipline. The bonds of sympathy were the singing of hymns, led by two helpmates, the telling of stories by Moody, the display of pictures, and the bestowal of candies.

A graphic picture of the evangelist as he was at this time was given a few years since by Mr. Reynolds, in these words: "The first meeting I ever saw him at was in a little old shanty that had been abandoned by a saloon-keeper. Mr. Moody had got the place to hold the meeting in at night. I went there a little late; and the first thing I saw was a man standing up with a few tallow candles around him, holding a negro boy, and trying to read to him the story of the Prodigal Son; and a great many words he could not read out, and had to skip. I thought, 'If the Lord can ever use such an instrument as that for his honor and glory, it will astonish me.' After that meeting was over, Mr. Moody said to me, 'Reynolds, I have got only one talent; I have no education, but I love the Lord Jesus Christ, and I want to do something for him: I want you to pray for me.' I have never ceased, from that day to this, to pray for that devoted Christian soldier. I have watched him since then, have had counsel with him, and know him thoroughly; and, for consistent walk and conversation, I have never met a man to equal him. It astounds me to look back and see what Mr. Moody was thirteen years ago, and then what he is under God to-day,—shaking Scotland to its very centre, and reaching now over to Ireland. The last time I heard from him, his injunction was, 'Pray for me every day; pray now that the Lord will keep me humble.'"

The school prospered, as it could not help doing under such auspices, and grew steadily larger, as that outcast neighborhood was canvassed in a circle ever widening. A larger room became necessary, and the use of the hall over the North Market was obtained from Mayor Haines. The lack of seats

was supplied by the liberality of a Christian merchant, Mr. John V. Farwell, and that gentleman was elected superintendent by acclamation. Moody was thus set free to search after new scholars. He labored so abundantly that within a year the average attendance at his school was 650, while sixty volunteers from various churches served as teachers. During the six years these faithful services were kept up, fully 2000 children are thought to have been brought each year within its control. The harvest for the fold of Christ from the good seed there sown cannot be known until eternity dawns. Among the memorable incidents of the school was a visit paid by Abraham Lincoln, after his election to the Presidency in 1860, and his speaking a bit of genial advice, bidding the scholars find out from the Bible the way to grow up to be manly men and womanly women. And truly many of its scholars were blessed for life. One beggar boy, who came in on a cold February day, dressed in an overcoat all in tatters and with no coverings for his legs but newspapers, grew up to be a prominent business man, and superintendent of a large Sunday-school. Mothers who were living in open profligacy were persuaded to send away their daughters from the danger of contamination, and thus many young girls were rescued from lives of shame.

It was at this time that Mr. Moody, after a season of earnest prayer, resolved to devote his entire time and strength to the work of an evangelist. For two years preceding, his business engagement had been that of a commercial traveller, and prosperous as well; while he had always arranged his trips so as to be at home for the duties of each Sunday. He now announced to his employer his decision to give all his time to God, and was asked in return how he was going to live. "God will provide for me," he replied, "if he wishes me to keep on; and I shall keep on till I am obliged to stop." So with a child-like trust in God, he set about his work. He had no home, and he was long content to use as a bed a bench in the room of the Young Men's Christian Association, while a dark coal closet under the stairs served him for praying in secret. His food was of the plainest fare, and his expenses were less than the contributions forced upon him by his friends. The searching experience which led him to this work of self-consecration was narrated by him in his season of services at Chicago sixteen years later, on Sunday, November 2d, 1876, as follows:

"I will tell you how I got my first impulse in this personal work for souls. I hadn't got hold of the idea; there was no

one to teach me, and I was going on with the general work of my school in 1860, when a man who was one of my Sunday-school teachers came into my place of business one day, looking very ill. I asked him what was the matter, and he replied, 'I have been bleeding at the lungs, and the doctors have given me up to die.' 'But you are not afraid to die, are you?' 'No, I think not,' he answered; 'but there is my class. I must leave it, and there is not one of them converted.' It was a class of young girls that gave me more trouble than any other class in the whole school; and he had hard work to get along with them. 'Well,' said I, 'can't you go and call on them before you go away?' 'No,' he said; he was too weak to walk. So I went and got a carriage, and took him round to see those careless scholars. And he pleaded with them and prayed with them, one by one, to give their hearts to Christ. He spent ten days at this work, and every one of that class was saved. The night before he left the city for his home at the East, where he was going to see his mother and to die, we got the teacher and the class together; and such a meeting I never saw on earth. He prayed and I prayed; and then the scholars of their own accord, without my asking them—I didn't know as they could pray—prayed for their teacher, and for themselves that they might all be kept in the way of life, and by-and-by all meet again in heaven. I have thanked God a thousand times for those ten days of personal work."

These labors, though so unselfish, had often to encounter opposition, abuse, and even threats of violence. Once his life was menaced in a hovel by three savage men. They gave him a chance to say his prayers, however, and when he arose from his knees they had fled, being unable to resist the witness of the Spirit. Frequently he confronted infidels, deists, and rum-sellers with the plain testimony of the Word of God, and silenced their enmity. As his school lay in a Roman Catholic district, the window-glass was broken repeatedly by the rowdyish boys, and Mr. Moody visited their bishop to seek a remedy. That prelate promised redress on condition of him joining his fold, and agreed to allow him still to pray with Protestants. "Well, bishop," replied the blunt evangelist, "no man wants to belong to the true Church more than I do. I wish you would pray for me right here, that God would show me his true Church, and help me to be a worthy member of it." The bishop had the grace to comply, and from that time the windows of the school-room were not molested. Yet encouragements to labor also came to him. He was made city mission-

ary of the Young Men's Christian Association, and contrived to buy a pony, so as to make longer tours in the by-ways. Within a twelve-month he had assisted above five hundred families, at an expenditure of \$2350.

Mr. Moody was always fearless in maintaining the honor of his Master, no matter what was the opposition. A characteristic instance of this was given in an address to young converts, upon the point of never doing anything they could not feel like praying over. "Once," he said, "I received an invitation to be at the opening of a large billiard-hall. I suppose they thought it was a good joke to invite me. I went before the time came and asked the man if he meant it. He said yes. I asked him if I might bring a friend along. He said I might. I said, 'If you say or do anything that will grieve my friend, I may speak to him during your exercises.' They didn't know what I meant, and knitted their brows and looked puzzled. At last he asked, 'You are not going to pray, are you? We never want any praying here.' 'Well,' I said, 'I never go where I cannot pray; but I'll come round.' 'No,' said he, 'we don't want you.' 'Well, I'll come, anyway, since you invited me,' said I. But he rather insisted that I shouldn't, and finally I told him: 'We'll compromise the matter. I won't come if you will let me pray with you now.' So he agreed to that, and I got down with one runseller on each side of me, and prayed that they might fail in their business, and never have any more success in it from that day. Well, they went on for about two months, and then, sure enough, they failed. God answered prayer that time."

The outbreak of the civil war in 1861 extended the sphere of Mr. Moody's activities. He was foremost in organizing a system of visitation and prayer-meetings among the troops gathered at Camp Douglas, near the city, and he secured the erection of a neat chapel there, at a cost of \$2300. Very soon he was the leader of a band of one hundred and fifty Christian workers, and was carrying the Gospel news from tent to tent and soldier to soldier, with all the ardor and homeliness of brotherly love. After the fall of Fort Donelson, in February, 1862, he was one of a special committee sent to bear the consolations of religion to the wounded and dying volunteers. There, as he stood many a time in the presence of souls whose names were already entered on the muster-roll of death, with only a few hours or moments to turn the glazing eyes to a crucified Saviour as the abiding hope of redemption, he was himself a scholar put under Divine tuition, that he might

realize profoundly the need of teaching sinners the narrow and near way to salvation. His addresses often contain allusions to scenes of army life, and among them occurs this story of a dying soldier.

"After one of our terrible battles—I was in the army, attending soldiers—and I had just laid down one night, past midnight, to get a little rest, when a man came and told me that a wounded soldier wanted to see me. I went to the dying man. He said, 'I wish you to help me to die!' I said: 'I would help you to die if I could. I would take you on my shoulders and carry you into the Kingdom of God, if I could; but I cannot. I can tell you of one that can.' And I told him of Christ being willing to save him; and how Christ left heaven and came into the world to seek and to save that which was lost. I just quoted promise after promise, but all was dark, and it almost seemed as if the shades of death were gathering around his soul. I could not leave him, and at last I thought of the third chapter of John, and I said to him: 'Look here, I am going to read to you now a conversation that Christ had with a man that went to him when he was in your state of mind, and inquired what he was to do to be saved.' I just read that conversation to the dying man, and he lay there with his eyes riveted upon me, and every word seemed to be going home to his heart, which was open to receive the truth. When I came to the verse where it says: 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life,' the dying man cried: 'Stop, sir, is that there?' 'Yes, it is all here.' Then he said, 'Won't you please read it to me again?' I read it the second time. The dying man brought his hands together, and he said: 'Bless God for that! Won't you please read it to me again?' I read through the whole chapter, but long before the end of it he had closed his eyes. He seemed to lose all interest in the rest of the chapter, and when I got through it his arms were folded on his breast. He had a sweet smile on his face; remorse and despair had fled away. His lips were quivering, and I leant over him, and heard him faintly whisper from his dying lips: 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.' He opened his eyes and fixed his calm, deathly look on me, and said: 'O that is enough! that is all I want.' And he pillowed his dying head upon the trust of those two verses, and in a

few hours rode away on one of the Saviour's chariots, and took his seat in the kingdom of God."

The evangelist, who so needed the comforts and restfulness of family life, became the possessor of a home of his own upon marrying Miss Emma C. Revell, on the 28th of August, 1862, and renting a small cottage. His wife was an active worker in his mission field, and thoroughly in harmony with his life of consecration to the Lord. His fireside was a happy and hospitable one, with its latch-string out to all comers, so that a prisoner just released from jail was as sure of a welcome as an earnest Christian brother. This union was blessed with two children, a daughter and a son. The father took delight in romping with his children, and was tenderly careful to bind them to himself from infancy by the bonds of loving sympathy. He seems to have instinctively recognized the truth, which so many parents fail to discern and so wreck precious hopes, that unless a child learns to place its heart and its will in the keeping of its father and mother within the very first years of its childhood, it never will manifest implicit obedience and unquestioning trust. Some of the tenderest incidents he describes are founded on his presentation of such Scriptural truths to their opening minds.

"I wanted," he said, "to teach my little boy what faith was, a short time ago, and so I put him on a table, for he was about two years old. I stood back three or four feet and said, 'Willie, jump.' The little fellow said, 'Pa, I'se afraid.' I said: 'Willie, I will catch you; just look right at me and just jump.' And the little fellow got all ready to jump, and then looked down again and said, 'I'se afraid.' 'Willie, didn't I tell you I would catch you? Will pa deceive you? Now, Willie, look me right in the eye and jump, and I will catch you.' And the little fellow got all ready the third time to jump, but he looked on the floor and says, 'I'se afraid.' 'Didn't I tell you I would catch you?' 'Yes.' At last I said: 'Willie, don't take your eyes off me.' And I gazed into the little fellow's eyes and said: 'Now jump; don't look at the floor.' And he leaped into my arms. Then he said to me, 'Let me jump again.' I put him back, and the moment he got on the table he jumped. And after that, when he was on the table, and I was standing five or six feet away, I heard him cry, 'Pa, I'se coming,' and had just time to rush and catch him. He seemed to put too much confidence in me. But you cannot put too much confidence in God. Now faith never looks down; it looks right up. God says, 'Trust me,' and

God will bring us through all our difficulties if we will only trust him."

Nor was this matter of faith in the watchful and guiding providence of God merely a surface opinion and talk of the lips with the father. It was inwrought into his every-day life, for his daily support was then wholly dependent on the Lord. On parting with his wife one morning, he said to her: "I have no money, and the house is without supplies. It looks as if the Lord had had enough of me in this mission work, and is going to send me back again to sell boots and shoes." But a day or two brought to him two fifty-dollar checks from a stranger for the use of himself and his school. Again, as he was setting out for his day's work, his wife asked him to order a barrel of flour that morning. He found his pocket was empty, however; but his mind was quickly diverted from the thought of money to the care of some souls he was then bearing constantly in prayer before the mercy-seat. So he returned home at night just as empty-handed, and found that a friend, whose heart had been moved upon from above, had sent ahead of him a barrel of flour. Another surprise came to him on New Year's day, 1868, in the shape of the lease of a cosy house already furnished for his occupancy, which was presented to him by some friends who were alive to his virtues and self-abnegation.

Meanwhile, Mr. Moody was more busily than ever at work for the Lord. He was president of the Chicago branch of the Christian Commission, and paid nine visits to the battle-front, being present among the Union soldiers after the conflicts of Shiloh, Pittsburgh Landing, and Murfreesboro'. He labored also with Southern prisoners of war, of whom ten thousand were confined in Camp Douglas, and still did not neglect his own special field of evangelization at the North Market hall. Already one thousand scholars were members of his school, and three hundred adult converts attended his regular services. As these latter could not be induced to separate from the teacher who had led them from iniquity unto Christ, he found himself, without his own volition, the unordained pastor of an earnest congregation of souls converted under his own ministry. These he kept engaged in distributing tracts, and testifying for the truth in byways and amid their neighbors. Such a congregation and pastor were unique in Christendom, but the witness of the Holy Spirit in their behalf was undeniable. This body of believers, which was wholly without denominational bias, and accepted implicitly the common

evangelical doctrines, was cordially welcomed to the fellowship of the city pastors. A church-building was now a necessity, and a spacious house of worship was erected on Illinois street in 1863, at a total cost of \$20,000. No pastor ever looked more faithfully after the welfare of his individual members. On New Year's day it was his custom to visit every attendant, setting out in an omnibus on a run from house to house, inquiring after their various needs, and praying tenderly for the welfare of each. In this manner, he has been known to visit two hundred families in the course of a single day.

It was in one of Mr. Moody's flying visits to the East about this time that he preached the Gospel in New York city. The story is an entrancing one and cannot be omitted, the more so as he appears then to have had only a single earnest listener, and the service was thus in striking contrast with the next time of his preaching in that metropolis, which was not until the great revival services of 1876. But the presentation of the everlasting truth was as faithful and impassioned on the first occasion as on the second.

"I was invited one day, some years ago, to visit and preach in the Tombs prison, New York. I had supposed that I should address the prisoners face to face, as I used to talk to the prisoners in the chapels of most of our jails. But when I got there, I found I had to stand on a little iron railing running from one tier of cells to another. There was a tier above and one below, and one on the same level with me. There I talked to a great, long, narrow passageway—to gates, to bars, and to brick walls. It was pretty hard preaching. I had never attempted to preach in that way before. I did not know, when I got through with it, how they had received me; and so I thought I would go and see them. I went to the first cell-door and looked in. I found the men playing euchre. I suppose they had been playing all the time that I was preaching, and took no interest in the sermon. I looked into the window, and said, 'How is it with you here?' 'O chaplain, we do not want you to have a bad idea of us.' I said to myself, 'There is no one here to be saved, for there is no one lost.' And I got away as quick as I could. I went to another cell. There were three or four men in there; and I said, 'How is it with you here?' 'Well, stranger, we will tell you. We got into bad company, and the men that did the deed got clear and we got caught.' I said to myself, 'There is no one here for Christ to save, for there is no one lost.'

And I went along to the next cell; and I said, 'Well, my friends, how is it with you?' One of them said, 'A false witness went to court and swore a lie upon me.' *He* was perfectly innocent, and ought not to be there. I went on to the next cell, looked in, and said, 'Well, my friends, how is it with you?' *They* were innocent, thank God! But the man that did the deed looked very much like them. The people thought they were the men, and they got caught. *They* were perfectly innocent. *They* were not the men. I went along to the next cell. But no sooner did I ask the same question than they said they had not had their trial. They were going to have it that week, and they would be out on next Sunday. And so I went on. I never found so many innocent men. They were all innocent. I found a great many innocent men under lock and key, and they were all trying to justify themselves. There was no one guilty but the constables, the justices, or magistrates. *They* were the guilty ones. I got discouraged. I thought I would give it up; but I kept on, and I found one man in a cell alone. He had his elbows on his knees, and had his head buried in his hands. As I looked in, I could see the streams of tears running down upon his cheeks. They were the first tears I had seen. It did me good to look at them. I said, 'My friend, how is it with you here?' He looked up. It was a look of remorse and despair. He said, 'O, sir, my sins are more than I can bear.' 'Thank God for that!' said I. "'Thank God for that!' Ain't you the man that's been preaching to us?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And yet I thought you said you was a friend to the prisoner; and you are glad that my sins are more than I can bear?' 'Yes.' 'Yes? Then you are a queer kind of friend. How is it that you are glad my sins are more than I can bear?' 'I am glad that they are more than you can bear. For if they are more than you can bear, you can cast them on the Lord Jesus.' 'He will not bear my sins. Why I am the worst man living to-day.' And he began enumerating his sins, and what a load it was for him to bear. It was refreshing to stand there and hear him tell me. It was the Lord Jesus that had got into that cell and into that man's heart, and I told him so; then I told him to pray to God to forgive him and to take away his sin. He thought God would never forgive such a sinner as he was. I told him: 'You can get all those sins, multiplied by ten thousand, forgiven; because you have committed probably ten thousand more sins than you have thought of. You can sum them all up, and write underneath, "The blood

of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth from all sin.” And I stood there and preached the Gospel to that thirsty soul. He seemed to drink it in. I said, ‘Let us get down here and pray.’ And we did, he inside and I outside. And after I got through prayer I said, ‘My friend, now you pray.’ ‘I pray! It would be blasphemy for me to pray—for a wretch like me to call upon God.’ I said to him, ‘Call upon God. Ask for mercy. That’s what you want. Ask him to have mercy upon you.’ The poor wretch could not lift his eyes towards heaven. He knelt down on the pavement, and all he could say was, ‘God be merciful to me, a vile wretch!’ After his prayer I put my hand through the window in the door. He got hold of it and shook it, and a hot tear fell on my hand. That tear seemed to burn into my very soul. I said: ‘I am going to the hotel between nine and twelve o’clock. I want you to join in prayer, and make up your mind that you will not sleep to-night till you know.’ That night I got much interested in prayer for the man. My heart was so overborne that I could not go back to Chicago without going down to the prison to see him. I went down, and I got the governor of the Tombs to let me in, and I went to his cell; and when I got there and saw him, the remorse and despair had all disappeared. It was all gone. His face was lit up with a heavenly glow. He seized my hand, and tears of joy began to flow. He pressed my hand and shook it, and said: ‘I believe I am the happiest man in the whole city of New York. I thought when they brought me to this prison I should never go out again. I thought I never could walk down Broadway again. I thought I never could see my godly mother again. Now I thank God that they brought me; for if they had not I would never have known Christ.’ He said, when he prayed the Lord Jesus heard his prayer. I asked him what time of the night he thought it was; and he said he thought it was about midnight that the Lord Jesus came into that cell and saved his soul. My dear friend, can you tell me why it was that God came into that prison, and passed by cell after cell, and set that one captive free? It was because he took his place as a poor lost sinner, and asked for mercy. The moment sinners do that and cry for mercy, they will get it.”

Mr. Moody was privileged to enter Richmond with the army of General Grant, and several of the sights he saw there have been used by him to illustrate the work of Christ as a deliverer. “We had been there but a few hours,” he related,

"before I heard that the colored people were going to have a jubilee meeting down in the great African church that night; and I thought to myself, although I am a white man, I will get in there somehow. I had a hard fight to get in, but I did succeed at last. It was probably the largest church in the South. There were supposed to be three or four thousand black people there, and they had some chaplains of our Northern regiments for their orators on the occasion. Talk about eloquence, I never heard better. It seemed as if they were raised up for the occasion. I remember one of them, as he stood there on the platform, pointed down to the mothers and said: 'Mothers, you rejoice to-day that you are forever free, all your posterity is free; that little child has been taken from your bosom and sold to some distant State for the last time.' And some of those women shouted right out in meeting, 'Glory to God!' They could not keep the good news to themselves. They believed they were delivered. They believed the good news. Then this man turned to the young men and said: 'Young men, rejoice to-day! It is a day of jubilee, a day of glad tidings. We come to proclaim to you that you are free. You have heard the crack of the slave-trader's whip for the last time.' And they shouted and clapped their hands and said, 'Glory to God!' Then he turned to the young ladies and said: 'Rejoice to-day! You have been on the auction-block and sold into captivity for the last time.' And then the young maidens clapped their hands and shouted for joy. It was a jubilee. What made them so glad? They believed they were liberated, and that is what made them so joyful. People want to know why Christians are so joyful. It is because they have been delivered from Satan."

The Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago had been blessed by the pioneer efforts of Mr. Moody in its behalf, so that its noon-day prayer meeting, whose services had dwindled down to a single old Scotchwoman, was recruited in a few years to a thousand persons. Its members being desirous of obtaining a suitable building, saw no better way than to elect him president in 1865, and they continued him in office four years, till he retired in favor of Mr. Farwell. By his energetic and judicious plans, the spacious "Farwell Hall" was ready for dedication on the 29th of September, 1867. When that edifice was burned to the ground in the January following, he dauntlessly began again, and another hall soon arose on the same site. His vitality was so ex-

haustless that it permitted him to endure manifold toils. On Sunday mornings he would preach to his own people, in the afternoon superintend a Sunday-school of a thousand pupils, and in the evening preach in the hall of the Association.

At the dedication of Farwell Hall, Mr. Moody had avowed to its members his faith that, by God's answer to their prayers and his blessing on their work, a mighty influence was to go out from them that "should extend through every county in the State, through every State in the Union, and finally, crossing the waters, should help to bring the whole world to God." This hope of faith soon met the beginning of its fulfilment in a special blessing vouchsafed to the leaders in the Sunday-school cause in Illinois. Conventions had been held for six years, but the sessions had been absorbed in matters of routine. Three days before the gathering of the seventh at Springfield, Mr. Moody with two earnest friends began a canvass among ministers and laymen in that city, to arouse them to the importance of the session approaching. At the preparatory services for prayer on Sunday afternoon, seventy inquirers arose, and pleadings for a blessing were continued at three meetings on Monday. The convention, ushered into being with such a baptism of the Spirit, marked an era of spiritual power, wherein very many sinners were converted unto Christ Jesus, while the dispersion of the delegates to their homes helped to permeate the State with the fervor of the anointing from above. And the same thorough intensity of purpose characterized the special meetings which this devoted man held in various districts. Nothing could daunt him or slacken his enthusiasm. Once, he visited a town in summer for revival work, having been unable to accept an earlier call. But one pastor bluntly told him: "I am sorry you have come. When we wrote to you, everything seemed favorable for a revival; but now all promise is gone." Another met him in a similar spirit, saying: "You might better have staid at home; in the summer the people here are too busy." Thereupon the evangelist went out alone into the public square, mounted an empty box, and began an exhortation with such earnestness that many passers-by were deeply affected. That night no church could contain the crowd of attendants, and the work of awakening spread like wildfire. Before he left the town, the first minister confessed to him: "I was mistaken; the Lord knew when to send you;" while the second said: "I see now that summer is just the time for a revival."

Mr. Moody as a Christian was ever an incessant student of

the Bible. It was his custom to rise at five o'clock in the morning, that he might enjoy several hours of its prayerful study, before he went about the duty of acting outwardly the grace he had been imbibing by feeding on the Word. He had a very simple rule to govern him in his choice of reading matter. "I do not read any book," he declared, "unless it will help me to understand *the Book*." And he was modestly ever ready to profit by the suggestions of those competent to teach him how to progress in his favorite study. His mind was directed to the importance of studying the Bible by the aid of parallel passages through the example of a young evangelist, Harry Moorhouse, of Manchester, a lad of only seventeen years, whom he met at Dublin during his first trip to England and Ireland, in 1867, and who was deeply learned in the language of Sacred Writ. The boyish preacher visited Chicago a few months later, and gave seven sermons from the text: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," John iii. 16; and the people with their Bibles in hand gladly followed him in his references from creation to the heavenly Jerusalem. Henceforth, Mr. Moody used constantly *Cruden's Concordance* and the compact *Bible Text Book*, issued by the American Tract Society, as invaluable aids to trace a single word or doctrine through the various books. He has answered the question, "How am I to know the Word of God?" as follows: "By studying it with the help of the Holy Ghost. As an American bishop said, not with the *blue* light of Presbyterianism, nor the *red* light of Methodism, nor the *violet* light of Episcopacy, but with the clear light of Calvary. We must study it on our knees in a teachable spirit. If we know our Bible, Satan will not have much power over us, and we will have the world under our feet. I think I have got the key to the study of the Bible: take it up *topically*. Take 'Love,' for instance, and spend a month in studying what the Bible says about love, from Genesis to Revelation. Then you will love everybody, whether they love you or not. In the same way take up 'Grace,' 'Faith,' 'Assurance,' 'Heaven,' and so on. When you study the Bible, be sure you *hunt for something*. Spend six months studying Genesis; it is the key to the whole book; it speaks of death, resurrection, judgment—it is the seed-plant of the whole Bible. Read the same chapter over and over and over again, and don't leave it until you have understood it. About the twenty-eighth time you have read a chapter you will see

the Man Christ Jesus, who is on every page of Scripture. Here is another way: take up *one word* in a book, such as the word 'believe' of St. John's gospel. Every chapter but two speaks of believing. Look up the nineteen 'personal interviews' with Christ recorded in that gospel. Take the 'conversions' of the Bible. Take the seven 'blesseds,' and the seven 'overcomes' of Revelation. If you want to get the best book on 'assurance,' read 1 John iii., and the six things there worth 'knowing.' Take up the five 'precious things' of Peter, or the 'verilys' of John."

The year 1871 was scored in Mr. Moody's life with two memorable events. In June he met Mr. Ira D. Sankey, the sweet Gospel-singer, and soon united him to himself as a yoke-fellow in the ripening harvest-field; in October, Chicago was devastated by the conflagration which laid four square miles of buildings in ruins. The church of his heart, Farwell Hall, his cottage home, and the dwellings of most of his members, were all consumed to ashes. His family had to flee for their lives, and, as Mr. Moody said, he saved nothing but his reputation and his Bible. But this sifting of his faith in the furnace of affliction redoubled instead of diminishing his ardor. He at once set to work to relieve the wants of the destitute and homeless by aiding to collect and distribute supplies. He made a flying trip to the East, holding revival services in Philadelphia, Brooklyn, and elsewhere, and receiving contributions to rebuild a habitation for his congregation and school. He was thus enabled to begin a wooden Tabernacle on the old site, in size one hundred and nine feet by seventy-five; and by the free labor of his poor congregation, the structure of boards was finished in eight weeks. On the Sunday after, one thousand children were present, and its services were thronged. On week-days, it served as a store-house of supplies and a congregational hall, where sewing-circles interchanged with services of prayer and praise, while a side room sheltered the family of the evangelist. The ceaseless duties of each Sunday are exhibited by this programme of the ordinary services:

Nine o'clock. The Lord's Supper.—Half-past Ten. Preaching by Mr. Moody.—After Service. Dinner in the class-room with the Teachers, and conversation on the Day's Lessons.—Three o'clock. Sunday-school, Mr. Moody superintending.—After School. Teachers' Prayer-Meeting, led by Mr. Moody.—Then Supper in the Class-room.—After Supper. Yoke-fellows' Prayer-Meeting.—Half-past Seven. Preaching by Mr. Moody.—After Service. Inquiry Meetings, lasting as long as there were any inquirers needing counsel.

These labors were their own abundant reward, for very many souls were permitted to be led by this loving, manly hand unto Him who is the way of eternal life.

A second visit to England was made by Mr. Moody in the spring of 1872, for the purpose of attending the Evangelical Conference at Mildmay Park, London. In a brief stay, he preached almost a hundred times, and established a daily union prayer-meeting in that metropolis. He also spent some time with Mr. George Muller, the founder in faith of the famous orphan asylum at Bristol, which has been maintained wholly so many years by a sublime reliance upon the Lord, who has promised to fulfil every prayer offered to His honor by the follower of the meek and lowly Son of Man. He was thus brought into an intimate communion with the devout disciples known as Plymouth Brethren, and he learned to share their profound convictions of the approach of the second coming of Christ. Of this new light he has testified: "I have felt like working three times as hard ever since I came to understand that my Lord was coming back again. I look on this world as a wrecked vessel. God has given me a life-boat, and said to me, 'Moody, save all you can.' This world is getting darker and darker: its ruin is drawing nearer and nearer: if you have any friends on this wreck unsaved, you had better lose no time in getting them off." At that time he met Henry Varley, an evangelist who has since departed to his reward, and was impressed deeply by his remark: "It remains for the world to see what the Lord can do with a man wholly consecrated to Christ." He also overheard one Christian inquire of another concerning him, "Is this young man all O O?" And when asked, "What do you mean by O O?" reply, "Is he *out and out* for Christ?" "I tell you," Moody confessed later, "it burned down into my soul. It means a good deal to be O O for Christ."

A wrestling with the Spirit ensued, and was long continued before he enjoyed a new baptism and an entire consecration, in the sunshine of a faith that knew no shadow of doubt. He spoke of this struggle years later, in a prayer-meeting talk, in New York city, in 1876, saying: "About four years ago I got into a cold state. It did not seem as if there was any unction resting upon my ministry. For four long months God seemed to be just showing me myself. I fit and I was ambitious; I was not preaching for Christ; I was preaching for ambition. I found everything in my heart that ought not to be there. For four months a wrestling went on within me,

and I was a miserable man. But after four months the anointing came. It came upon me as I was walking in the streets of New York. Many a time I have thought of it since I have been here. At last I had returned to God again, and I was wretched no longer. I almost prayed in my joy, 'O stay Thy hand!' I thought this earthen vessel would break. He filled me so full of the Spirit. If I have not been a different man since, I do not know myself. I think I have accomplished more in the last four years than in all the rest of my life. But O it was preceded by a wrestling and hard struggle! I think I had never else got out of this miserable selfishness. There was a time when I wanted to see my little vineyard blessed, and I could not get out of it; but I could work for the whole world now. I would like to go round the world and tell the perishing millions of a Saviour's love."

In the spring of 1873, Mr. Moody having obtained the consent of Mr. Saukey to be his companion, resolved to accept the invitation of three English gentlemen to visit the British Isles. His motive in this decision was, as he told an inquiring friend, "to win ten thousand souls to Christ." From the very start, the work was one of trustful, child-like faith. Preparations were made for the ocean voyage, wherein both evangelists were to take their wives and children; and yet, when the day came that they must set out from Chicago, Mr. Moody still lacked the money needed for their passage and expenses. Several hours before train time, however, his friend, John V. Farwell, who knew nothing of the emergency, put in his hand a check for five hundred dollars. So the Lord opened the way. Yet their daily living was still to be by faith, and not by sight, that they might constantly depend on Him whose hand is not shortened that He cannot save, and whose watchful care is upon all his children. These yoke-fellows had promised each other that they would accept no salary for their services from any person, committee, or society; neither allow any collections, nor engage in business ventures; but rely wholly on the strength of God. Accordingly, in this spirit, they set sail from New York on the 7th of June, 1873, and landed at Liverpool on the 17th. It was fitting that an anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill, falling within three years of the Centennial jubilee of peace and brotherhood, should witness the advent of these two Americans, whose souls were all aglow with love as carriers of the Gospel message to brethren of the British race, and whose labors in going about doing good were to become historic in Christian annals.

I. D. SANKEY.

THE sweet singer of spiritual songs, IRA DAVID SANKEY, was peculiarly gifted for teaching the people of his generation how to fulfil the Apostle Paul's aspiration toward "singing and making melody in the heart unto the Lord." His life and training, though in sharp contrast with the bracing experiences of Mr. Moody, were clearly adapted to prepare him for the responsible position of yoke-fellow with him as "the Gospel-singer," in the grandest services of evangelization put forth since apostolic times.

Ira was born in the village of Edinburgh, Lawrence county, in Western Pennsylvania, on the 28th of August, 1840. His father, David, was of English descent, a man well-to-do in fortune, and so respected by the community as to be chosen for some years to represent it in the lower house of the Legislature. His mother was of Scotch-Irish extraction. Both parents were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and reared their family of nine children under the sweetening influences of an affluent Christian home. As a little child, Ira displayed the joyous spirit, confiding disposition, and sunlit smile that has characterized him throughout his public career, and won for him even then the praise of being "the finest little fellow in the neighborhood." His first recollections of a holy life were connected with an old Scotch farmer named Frazer. Of him he spoke in the city of Dundee, Scotland, saying: "I remember he took me by the hand, along with his own boys, to the Sabbath-school,—that old place which I shall remember to my dying day. He was a plain man, and I can see him standing up and praying for the children. He had a great, warm heart, and the children all loved him. It was years after that when I was converted, but my impressions were received when I was very young from that man." The awakening of his conscience to his condition as a sinner occurred at the age of fifteen, during a series of week-day services held in a little country church, three miles distant from his home. He attended evening after evening with some young friends, being influenced by curiosity. But every

right a faithful elder of the church sought him out, and pressed home to him the question of the salvation of his soul. At first he heard him with a laugh, then with secret concern, then with a fear to encounter the laugh of his gay companions by professing Christ. But after the Spirit had striven with him for a week, he yielded, and gave himself wholly to the service of the Lord who had bought him at the cost of His own life. A year later, when his father became president of the bank at Newcastle, Ira united himself with the Methodist church in that town, and continued his studies at the Newcastle academy.

Henceforth, this young Christian found his chief delight in the study of the Holy Bible and the singing of sacred music. From a child, his pure, sympathetic voice had touched the hearts of all hearers. He now laid this gift of sweet song at the feet of his Master, asking no hire except the saving of souls drawn by curiosity to hear him. The consistent beauty of his character led to his appointment as superintendent of the Sunday-school, then containing 350 scholars, before he reached his twentieth year. At this time he began to sing messages of the Gospel in solos that were weighted with prayer, and so sank into the souls of his hearers like a benediction. He was also called to become a class leader to seventy Christians, many of whom were older than himself. This heavy burden of souls drove him to a more reverent study of the Word of God. He was wont to tell his flock: "Tell me your condition in Bible language. The Scriptures abound in accounts of religious feeling of all descriptions. There is no state of grace which may not be described by a text."

From such happy duties he was summoned away by the outbreak of the late civil war. He at once enlisted as a private for the three months' service, and carried to camp with him his genial and consecrated manhood. After his discharge, he returned to Newcastle and assisted his father as collector of internal revenue. His marriage to Miss Edwards, a member of his choir and a teacher in his Sunday-school, occurred on the 9th of September, 1863. This happy union has been blessed with three sons, the youngest of whom was born in Scotland. Henry, the eldest, has already begun to labor as an evangelist among boys.

Mr. Sankey has never studied music under the guidance of any instructor. His hymns have always been sung as naturally as a bird warbles. He never cared to be applauded as

an artistic singer. He sought only to wing the words of life into the very souls of his hearers, by an utterance so clear as to make every articulation audible to a congregation of thousands, so musical as to linger in the memory as a refrain of sweetness, and so sanctified for the service of the Lord by the prayer of faith as to be blessed by the Spirit to the bearing of the joyful tidings of salvation to impenitent and careless hearers. So it was that the fame of his rich baritone voice and consecrated talent went throughout the country around. He was repeatedly called on to lead the service of praise in conventions and other Christian assemblies, and cheerfully gave his time without charge.

Blessed himself spiritually in blessing others, he committed his way unto the Lord, and awaited expectantly a call to give himself unreservedly to the proclamation of Messiah's kingdom. This call came in June, 1871, when he attended the International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations at Indianapolis, as president of the organization in his own town. It happened at the morning prayer-meeting that the singing of hymns dragged wofully until a delegate noticed Mr. Sankey in the hall and invited him to the front. The magical and spiritual change which his leadership of the music wrought at once attracted the notice of Mr. Moody. He soon sought an introduction. "Where do you live?" he asked, in his straightforward way. "In Newcastle, Pennsylvania," the singer replied. "Are you married?" "Yes." "How many children have you?" "One." "I want you." "What for?" "To help me in my work at Chicago." "I cannot leave my business." "You must: I have been looking for you for the last eight years. You must give up your business, and come to Chicago with me." "I will think of it, I will pray over it; I will talk it over with my wife."

The call was as irresistible as that given at Geneva three centuries earlier to the reluctant Calvin. Mr. Sankey prayerfully resolved to cast in his lot with the stalwart and consecrated evangelist of Chicago. Thus Mr. Moody gained an invaluable coadjutor, and one admirably qualified to supplement his own blunt manner and downright earnestness by the graces of Christian sympathy and personal tenderness. The man who has publicly acknowledged that he cannot distinguish between the tunes of "Old Hundred" and "Yankee Doodle," received as a partner the most gifted Christian singer of the age.

In Chicago, these evangelists worked together in a spirit of

loving fellowship, and were honored of the Lord. He rewarded their faith by blessings both spiritual and temporal, for they were entirely dependent on him for their support. The one taught, the other sang, the eternal truths of the Word to the large congregation, the Sunday-school, and the assemblies held in Farwell Hall. Many who would withstand the burning appeals and pointed illustrations of Mr. Moody, were melted into repentance by the tidings of a Saviour's love and sacrifice as wafted into their inmost being by a voice of almost angelic tenderness. And the singer, whose spirit of self-abnegation made him eager to be nothing but as a messenger of the Cross, was often permitted to direct the eyes of perishing ones to the One who bore their sins in his own body on the tree, that they might look and live. But the Lord saw fit to send mysterious providences of adversity upon these men, as tests of their faith and to purge them, that they might bring forth much fruit. Within four months the city of Chicago was ravaged by a mighty conflagration, and their services were perforce suspended. Mr. Sankey returned to his family in Pennsylvania until Mr. Moody obtained funds for rebuilding a frame house of worship. Then the evangelists dauntlessly set at work again, lodging meanwhile in small rooms in the Tabernacle.

The Gospel-singer was much comforted at this crisis by the testimony of a little child, a member of the Sunday-school, who lay dying in one of the poor little huts so hastily built for the homeless. "How is it with you to-day?" he asked her. She answered, her face all radiant with a smile: "It is all well with me to-day. I wish you would speak with my father and mother." "But are you a Christian?" "Yes." "When did you become one?" "Do you remember last Thursday in the Tabernacle, when we had that little singing-meeting, and you sang, 'Jesus loves even me?'" "Yes." "It was last Thursday I believed on the Lord Jesus, and now I am going to be with him to-day!" The strength of the testimony of that little child was enough to take Mr. Sankey to labor in the British Isles, as he has himself testified. "I remember," he added, when speaking of the circumstance in Scotland, "the joy I had in looking upon that beautiful face. She went up to heaven, and no doubt she said she learned upon the earth that Jesus loved her, from that little hymn. If you want to enjoy a blessing, go to the bedside of these bedridden and dying ones, and sing to them of Jesus, for they cannot enjoy these meetings as you do. You will get a great blessing to your own souls."

These servants of the Lord thus drew the sweet out of bitterness, and became more devoted than ever to the preaching of Christ Jesus and him crucified. Each was more thoroughly imbued by the Spirit with a thirst for studying the Bible as its own and only interpreter. During the visit of Mr. Moody abroad in 1872, Mr. Sankey acted as leader in the services at the Tabernacle. He also devoted his spare hours to a selection of the most spiritual and spirited hymns and tunes adapted to Gospel meetings, while many lyrics he also wedded to airs of his own composition. Among his selections were: "Sweet hour of prayer," by Rev. W. W. Walford; "He leadeth me," by Rev. Jos. H. Gilmore; "Pass me not, O gentle Saviour," and "Safe in the arms of Jesus," by Fanny J. Crosby; "Sowing the seed by the daylight fair," by Mrs. Emily S. Oakey; "There is a gate that stands ajar," and "Take the name of Jesus with you," by Mrs. Lydia Baxter; "I need thee, every hour," by Mrs. A. S. Hawks; "I love to tell the story," by Kate Harkey; "One more day's work for Jesus," by Miss Anna Warner; "Shall we gather at the river," by Rev. S. Lowry; "Almost Persuaded," "Hold the Fort," and other hymns, by P. P. Bliss; "Nothing but leaves," by Mrs. W. S. Ackerman; "Lord, I hear of showers of blessing," by Mrs. E. Codner. These were set to music by such composers as Wm. B. Bradbury, W. H. Doane, S. J. Vail, Rev. Robert Lowry, P. P. Bliss, and Theo. E. Perkins.

Among the chief favorites of his selection were "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," and "Ninety and nine." The former of these was written by Miss Campbell, during the progress of a glorious outpouring of the Spirit in awakening souls in Newark, N. J., in 1864. Her inspiration was a touching address delivered by R. G. Pardee, the noble worker in the cause of American Sunday-schools, upon the answer to blind Bartimeus: "They told him that Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," Luke xviii. 37. The "Ninety and nine" was printed in an out-of-the-way corner of the *Christian Age*, a religious weekly published in London; and a copy containing it, dated May 13, 1874, was bought by Mr. Sankey while abroad. He was so much pleased with its adaptation to his mission that he cut it out and set it to music. Three days afterward he sang it to a gathering in the Free Assembly hall, Edinburgh. He soon received a letter from the sister of the author, thanking him for his kindness, and stating that Miss Eliza C. Clephane, of Melrose, Scotland, had written the hymn in 1868, for Dr. Arnott's *Daily Treasury*, shortly before her death. He was

able to obtain but one other hymn from that graceful pen, and printed it in "Gospel Hymns" as hymn 49, "Beneath the Cross of Jesus." Mr. Sankey has modestly published but one hymn of his own composition, "For me, for me;" and even that does not appear in his own collections.

When, in the spring of 1873, Mr. Moody was weighing the advisability of visiting Great Britain, Mr. Sankey was also debating the question of accompanying Philip Phillips to the Pacific coast, on a tour of six months for a ministry of song. A friend whom he consulted advised him thus: "Two workers in the same line, especially two singers, are sure not to agree. Go with Moody; then you can do your work, and he can do his, and there will be no occasion of conflict between you." This impression was deepened by prayer, and he resolved to cast in his lot with his old comrade. And he set forth hopefully on that mission of evangelization, accompanied by his wife and two sons.

The glorious results they accomplished in this tour of faith, in awakening the entire kingdom into a vividness of religious life unknown since the times of Wesley and Whitefield, testify amply that these men were commissioned from on High as messengers of the Gospel. And yet the various difficulties that were to be encountered were enough to utterly dishearten any who should sit down to consider them in the light of human wisdom. In Scotland especially, where the first spontaneous movement of sympathy among the masses was observable, few would have ventured to predict that the hymns and singing of even a Sankey would have been acceptable. For generations the ministers and people there had sung Rouse's rugged version of the Psalms, as set to tunes as plain that had come down from the times of the Covenanters. Their attachment to these rude services of praise was as profound as was their aversion to all other hymns and spiritual songs, which they were wont to ostracise summarily as uninspired. Nor was it unusual, as instances among some of their representatives in the United States illustrate, to discipline church members who had presumed to engage in the singing of hymns. And even more rooted yet was their prejudice against the use of all musical instruments in the sanctuary. But the joyous singer of the Gospel was so evidently actuated by the spirit of his Master, his sympathetic voice and hymns were so inwrought with grace and truth, that he captured the heart of the stalwart, cautious, and self-reliant Scottish people almost on sight.

His little melodeon was plainly of such minor importance, and only brought into play as required to maintain the proper pitch of a melody, that such an innovation was lost sight of in the consciousness of the unparalleled blessing from the Lord, that was ushering such multitudes of converts into the kingdom. Scotland, Ireland, and England were overswept by the tidal wave of sacred enthusiasm. Within a few months, these American hymns were for sale at the towns and villages throughout the kingdom, and their melodies were to be heard everywhere, in public assemblies, dwellings, and streets. Thus the good news of redemption was borne to countless numbers of the indifferent and ignorant, to the saving of many who despised the ordinary channels of grace.

So marked was the sympathy of even the non-Christians with these evangelists that it impelled them to frown down the few attempts made to cast ridicule on labors so praiseworthy. In Manchester, a performer at the Royal Theatre sang, to the air of "He's a fraud,"

"We know that Moody and Sankey
Are doing some good in their way."

A storm of hisses greeted this travesty; and when Mr. Cook attempted to continue his song, the indignant cries of the theatre-goers compelled him to retire from the stage. The newspapers endorsed this act of summary justice, and the offence was not repeated. A like manifestation of sympathy was exhibited at the circus in Dublin. One clown ventured to say to another, "I'm rather *moody* to-night; how do you feel?" But as soon as his fellow replied, "I feel rather *sankey-monious*," the displeasure of the audience showed itself in hisses. And then, in an outburst of sympathy, the audience united in singing "Hold the Fort."

Many striking instances of conversion can be traced to the sowing of the seed of the Word by the solos sung by Mr. Sankey. Once, when the Gospel-singer remarked to a minister, "I am thinking of singing to-night, 'I am so glad,'" the latter replied: "O no; do rather sing 'Jesus of Nazareth.'" An old man told me to-day that he had been awakened by it the last night you were down. 'It just went through me,' said he, 'like an electric shock.'" Another man, past fifty years of age, whose life had been spent in politics and dissipation, was struck to the heart by the closing words of the hymn,

"Jesus of Nazareth hath passed by."



He confessed he had always secretly intended to be a Christian some time before his death. But that hymn pressed home upon him the fearful thought: "What if Jesus of Nazareth has passed by, and it is too late?" That dread followed him home, brought him down on his knees, and kept him a suppliant before God's mercy-seat till he looked on Jesus as his sin-bearer and believed.

THE GOSPEL AWAKENING.

IT is a question of great moment to Christian workers, to note carefully what were the peculiar qualifications of Mr. Moody for the work he had assumed. As an aid towards an answer, we have endeavored to trace out the single and successive steps in his training as a child of God, and as a reaper in the harvest field of the world. The foreign field he was now entering was complex and peculiar. Great Britain had been a centre of Christian influence and labor for centuries. But its population was rent into social strata; its denominations and congregations shared the sentiment of class distinctions; a large part of its church-going people were cold and formal, having merely "a name to live," and great masses, especially of the common folks, were undeniably lukewarm towards religious services. There were many devoted Christian workers in the kingdom, ready to serve in a revival of religion under a capable leader. Thus it happened that the task to be undertaken was, as Rev. Elias Nason has forcibly expressed it in his life of the evangelists, to "first unify and intensify the individual-activity of all Christians, and then with their help proclaim the Gospel to the entire community."

Mr. Moody was then thirty-six years old. His build was sturdy and compact, with broad shoulders and deep chest, a face ruddy with rich blood, and a round head that almost seemed to set into the body, owing to a shortness of neck. He possessed a magnificent vitality, that could endure herculean toils without exhaustion; and lungs so strong as to make his voice in its ordinary tone audible to ten thousand listeners. His eyes were dark and piercing; his nose massive in shape, yet well formed. His whole air was authoritative, unassuming but commanding. Nature had planned him to be a leader of

men, and his personal experiences in life had trained him to be a man of executive power, with latent force enough for the oversight and fulfilment of the hugest designs. But he was by no means an orator, or even an eloquent speaker, in the common meaning of the term. He lacked the graces of training and culture, originality of thought, the poetic imagination, the sympathetic voice, the distinct articulation which is such a charm to the ear, the polished cadence of sentences, the ability to construct a grand or pathetic climax. But as a speaker he possessed gifts peculiar to himself, which far excelled those enumerated, valuable as they are in themselves, and enabled him to exercise an influence over tens and hundreds of thousands of mortals profounder than the grandest human abilities would have been able to achieve. His very personal defects were so many opportunities for the light within him to shine forth the brighter for the glory of God. A plain, healthy man, full of the beauty of naturalness, wholly without affectation or self-consciousness, so destitute of the promptings of self as to be unambitious, sturdy, rugged, and outspoken; a steady, self-contained worker, judicious in all things, and having a marvellous fund of good common-sense; a speaker of the language of common life, clear and homely, racy, pointed, and brimful of meaning; a thinker and observer, who had opened very few books in his lifetime, and so remained keenly alive to the scenes of nature, of every day experience, and the hidden depths of his own soul, so as to have an inexhaustible fund of vivid illustrations; an enthusiast, profoundly in earnest, whose love to his fellows displayed itself in sympathy with, and care for, their bodily as well as their spiritual needs, and who would spend hours and dollars cheerfully to rescue a poor drunkard, or point a dying soul to its Redeemer; an untiring and incessant student of God's Word, as the only book in the world worth spending time upon, so that his wonderful familiarity with its thoughts and texts made him mighty in wielding the sword of the Spirit, in presenting clearly the truth of Christ crucified to sinners who had only glimmerings of spiritual sight, and in grappling with their consciences in the throes of the presentation. Such was Mr. Moody—and far more. Added to these capabilities, and infusing them all with a subtle power, he was emphatically a Christ-like man, who had been trained of the Lord, by a wonderful ministry of experiences and self-denying labors in going about doing good, to become just the instrument for evangelizing the English world. So he stood forth clad in the graces of faith, hope and love, one

whose faith had continual fruitage in good works, whose consecration to the service of God was unreserved. Flesh, self, and the world were put down under foot, and he was

"A broken and emptied vessel
For the Master's use made meet."

"I have decided to give God all my time," was the motto of his consistent life; and the Father permitted him to declare in return: "God is with me: this is all the strength I have." He was, in a word, a soldier fighting valiantly for the Captain of his salvation, and indwelt by the Spirit of God. And he was aided by the joyous and sympathetic Ira D. Sankey, whose consecrated gift of song has already been depicted.

Tried by the tests of worldly wisdom, the enterprise of these American evangelists was fated to be overborne by adverse circumstances, and could not fail to be wrecked. But viewed in the light of the simple faith of a child of God, they were chosen apostles—the ones sent of the Lord, and were taught by the Father, again and again, that their help was not to come from man, but was to be wholly in the name of the Lord. On their arrival in England, news met them that Rev. W. Pennefather, of London, and Mr. Bainbridge, of Newcastle, two of the three gentleman who had invited them abroad, were dead. At once they telegraphed to the survivor of the committee, the secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association at York. He replied that a revival could not be prepared for in York under a month. Thereupon the evangelists at once started by rail, and were in the town that night. The field was by no means promising, as it was the seat of the archbishopric, of a cultured and well-endowed clergy, and amply provided with churches, which, however, were but slimly attended. At their first prayer-meeting, only eight persons were present. Yet they labored on boldly in faith, in the few churches opened to them. Though the ministers gave them scant encouragement, the fervent explanations of Bible truths by Mr. Moody drew the common people to him. The fruits of a month's labor were the conversion of two hundred and fifty souls. Next these two accredited but as yet unrecognized evangelists, began to work at the seaport town of Sunderland, on Sunday, July 27. The clergy still looked on dubiously, and some ridiculed their efforts in caustic pamphlets; but their congregations grew, although the harvest was still slack.

In August, the evangelists opened a series of meetings at

the busy town of Newcastle, on the Tyne. They were now fully resolved to stay there patiently till they had lived down the prejudices of the good people who did not understand them. Here the ministers and chief laymen rallied to their help, and Mr. Moody avowed his assurance—"We are on the eve of a great revival which may cover Great Britain, and perhaps make itself felt in America. And why may not the fire burn as long as I live? When this revival spirit dies, may I die with it." His faith was almost at once turned into sight. The largest churches were filled to overflowing with assemblies who were deeply impressed by the unadorned truths of God's Word; noon-day meetings for prayer were attended by a thousand daily; special services were given for business men in the Assembly Hall, and for factory hands in the Tyne theatre. From all the sessions crowds had to be turned away for want of room. In a single week as many as thirty-four meetings were held in this town. The bold Gospel-preacher and the sweet Gospel-singer were permitted to be the agents for communicating a new life to its churches and Sunday-schools, a more fervid desire to serve the Master to old Christians, and a new resolve to search the Scriptures. A novel service to Englishmen of an All Day Meeting was inaugurated in Rye Hill Chapel, on Wednesday, September 10, and an audience of seventeen hundred were in attendance. One hour was devoted to the reading of the Bible and to prayer; another to the promises, wherein passage after passage was read by persons present; the praise of song, from Mr. Sankey alone and from the congregation, was interspersed; and the closing hour Mr. Moody gave to a Scriptural exposition of Heaven. In a word, the hearts of ministers and the Christian community were at last conquered by the grace of the Spirit, and they were built up into a fuller stature of manhood in Christ Jesus, by the same baptism that awakened multitudes of sinners to flee from condemnation and find acceptance as sons and daughters in the blessed family of the Most High. So it came about that the day of parting was one deeply affecting to the evangelists and their brethren in the Lord. Mr. Moody did not say *Good-by* but *Good-night*, and in the expectation of meeting them all in the morning—in the dawn of the eternal day.

The first wave of this blessing reached Edinburgh even before the evangelists arrived. Preparatory meetings for prayer made hundreds of Christians ready to expect a manifestation of great mercies, and to uphold the hands of these servants of the Lord. This harmony of spirit removed the

only apprehensions felt by Mr. Moody; for, knowing the proverbial wariness of the Scotch, the tenacity with which they held to the doctrinal beliefs imbibed by them from childhood, and the intellectual calibre of their leading divines, he had no hesitation in confessing the utter incapacity of himself as a man to fulfil their expectations. The aversion of that people to the use of any service of praise except their own old versification of the Psalms also threatened to disturb the mission of Mr. Sankey. But the undeniable simplicity and godliness of the latter, and the scriptural lessons which such a voice of sympathy and tenderness bore to the secret hiding-place of the soul, transformed the doubting and criticising into firm upholders. On the opening day, Sunday, November 22, more people were turned away from the hall than the two thousand that crowded within. A noon-day prayer-meeting was started on Monday, and the Gospel net was drawn continually by holding inquiry meetings after every service. Within a week three hundred confessed Christ Jesus before men, and the work waxed in power. All classes of the community were reached. Old folks past three-score and ten and children of less than a dozen years; students at the university and soldiers from the barracks; drunkards, skeptics, backsliders, and the callous; rich and poor—all these thronged the largest buildings in the city, to hear the story of Him who is the way, the truth, and the life. A prominent infidel, who defied the efficacy of Mr. Moody's prayers for his conversion, became a Christian after the lapse of months, and the instrumentality for saving eighteen members of his free-thinking club.

On the last night of the year 1873, a watch-meeting was held in the Tolbooth Church, and the services were deeply impressive. As midnight approached, the great congregation waited before the Mercy Seat in silent prayer, watching out the expiring year in thankfulness for its loving kindnesses, and ushering in a new year that was destined to be big with mercies to the sons of men. The Gospel harvest in that city went on until the 21st of January, 1874. Three thousand converts united themselves with various churches in Edinburgh, and numberless old communicants were aroused to realize the wonderful heritage that was theirs as heirs of the kingdom. As the American evangelists went forth to labor throughout Scotland, their way was prepared in advance by a circular letter from the chief city pastors to every minister in that land, whereby special prayer for them was recommended during the Week of Prayer.

Dundee was visited next. Here more than four hundred young converts were present by ticket at the closing meeting for counsel and thanksgiving. From thence they proceeded to Glasgow, a manufacturing city of half a million souls, where the ground had been already broken up for sowing by a month of special prayer. The opening meeting at the City Hall, on February 8, had as an audience three thousand teachers from the various Sunday-schools; the first noon-day prayer-meeting contained fifteen hundred. Even the Palace in the Botanical Gardens, which seated six thousand, soon proved too small to accommodate the throngs. Meetings in the open air were frequent, and largely attended. Special services were held for children, young men, young women, inquirers, working-men, habitual drinkers, and Christian workers. At the parting-meeting on Sunday evening, thirty thousand people are estimated to have gathered in and around the Crystal Palace, so that Mr. Moody preached to the flood of living humanity from an open carriage, and made the Palace do duty as a vast inquiry-room. Above three thousand were added to the churches of Glasgow, as the hire of their three months' ministry. Many old church-members were so energized to work for Christ that meetings in all the churches and abroad throughout the city streets were daily features. Seventeen thousand were induced to sign the pledge in that city.

Flying visits were next paid to Paisley, Greenock, and Gourock, with glorious results. A parting visit of three days was made in May to Edinburgh. A farewell meeting on May 21 in the Queen's Park was attended by eleven thousand. After the last hymn and prayer, the evangelists could scarcely escape from the multitudes eager to testify to their grateful and loving sympathy. In June, missions at Perth and Aberdeen were undertaken. At an open-air meeting in the latter city from twelve to twenty thousand were present, to all of whom Mr. Moody's voice was distinctly audible. After further services at Inverness and in the Highlands, these labors in Scotland were closed at Rothesay, on September 3, by an evening meeting at the seashore, at which three thousand were present.

The two evangelists now turned their feet as bearers of glad tidings to Ireland. In that country, distracted for centuries by the animosities of denominational strife, the recent dis-establishment of the Irish Church was a powerful agency in pacifying opponents and inclining them to pay heed to that

faith which worketh by love. The revival services were opened in Belfast, early on Sunday morning, September 6, 1874. Their methods of unfolding and impressing Gospel truths were blessed here as elsewhere. Special meetings were held for various classes, and the largest buildings were overflowed. At an out-of-door gathering in the Botanic Gardens, nearly thirty thousand listened to the utterances of the inspired preacher; and at another place, above ten thousand mill hands collected. On September 27, the morning service gave the evidence of such a manifestation of the presence of the Holy Spirit that the remaining hours of the day were devoted to an inquiry meeting, lasting from two o'clock till ten at night. Indeed, Mr. Moody has freely avowed that he prefers the close personal contact only to be had in the meetings for inquiry with the awakened sinner above even the preaching of the Word, and that he would drop the latter willingly were it not first requisite to persuade men to seek the Saviour. On that single day above two hundred believed on Him and were saved. A week later, a great assembly was preached to in a meadow. The converts were admitted by ticket to a farewell meeting, and are known to have numbered twenty-four hundred.

A month of services followed in Dublin, extending from October 24 to November 29. The Exhibition Palace, which seated ten thousand, was daily and nightly thronged. Among the multitudes drawn to the Redeemer were found to be many Roman Catholics, and even several parish priests, so that Cardinal Cullen thought it necessary to forbid his church people to attend these plain expositions of the Scriptures. The entire city was moved by the breath of the Spirit as it had never been before. Soldiers were impressed by the preaching of the bold soldier of the Cross, and children from neighboring towns were brought in great numbers to feed on the bread of life at his hands. At a single meeting, as many as seven hundred passed into the inquiry rooms. Among these was an old man of over seventy years, who cried amid sobs: "I was utterly careless about my soul till last night; but I have been so unhappy since I could not sleep. I seemed to hear singing in my ears, 'Jesus of Nazareth is passing by;' and if I don't get saved now I never shall." As a fitting close of this signal union of Christians of all branches of the Church in the Lord's name, a three days' convention of eight hundred ministers and laymen, from all sections of Ireland, was held in Dublin. The second day beheld the reception of over two

thousand converts. "It was the first time," said a delegate, "that all these ministers had met on a platform broader than their churches; and it is easy to see already that the impression on the country is very deep."

Manchester, one of the busiest hives of industry in England was prepared to hope for an awakening by a series of union prayer meetings; and the month of December was given to its evangelization. Messrs. Moody and Sankey first appeared there at a celebration of the Lord's Supper, wherein two thousand Christians participated. All the meetings were largely attended, and many of the mill hands in particular were converted. The entire city was divided into districts for canvassers, and visits were made to every house by earnest laymen. Great good was done. An appeal was made for a sum to build a suitable hall for a Young Men's Christian Association, and in all \$150,000 were received, thus invigorating the Association, and bringing five hundred new members into its fold.

On the last night of 1874 the evangelists held their first service in Sheffield. That great watch-meeting in Albert Hall abounded in thanksgiving to Him who had vouchsafed such a year of wondrous blessing to the British Isles. Here they paused for two weeks of labor, which witnessed an attendance far exceeding the capacity of any edifice. Sidewalks and streets were repeatedly filled, in spite of the wintry season, and Mr. Moody had to address throngs in the open air. Birmingham, another mart of industry, was reached on January 17, 1875, and here also the common people heard them gladly. The Town Hall, though it could seat five thousand, was found far too small. Even at Bingley Hall, which accommodated almost twelve thousand, the doors had to be closed against a vast number. After preaching for two weeks, Mr. Moody again gathered a convention of ministers and earnest Christians for two days, to seek counsel and a fresher consecration. At a special meeting for converts, two thousand were present by ticket, as the harvest of a single fortnight. Liverpool had ready for the evangelists a new building able to seat ten thousand, Victoria Hall by name, and the first especially built during this grand awakening. After a week of rest from their incessant toils, the evangelists ministered there from February 7 to March 7. Eighteen services were held each week. On Saturdays the evangelists suspended their labors, to enjoy the divinely enjoined rest of a-seventh part of their

time, and so refresh their wearied faculties. An attendance of six thousand was had at the noon prayer-meetings; and it was necessary to use a large amphitheatre adjoining for overflow meetings. Efforts were made to reach sailors and other classes peculiar to the great seaport. The success attained far exceeded public expectation, and the daily audiences before their departure aggregated twenty thousand.

In the vast metropolis of London, which sheltered a population of above three million souls, preparatory prayer-meetings were sustained for five months preceding the advent of the evangelists, to beseech the gracious blessing of the Lord, for the removal of all the hindrances that prevented an abundant outpouring of the Spirit. The two godly Americans met fifteen hundred ministers of the city at a private conference, to explain their simple methods of work and allay prejudices, while a series of introductory services were united in during the week before the formal opening. A plan of four months' evangelization was mapped out. The city was partitioned into districts, and an energetic canvassing from house to house by Christian yoke-fellows was carried out, whereby it was attempted to leave a leaflet prepared by Mr. Moody with every family, and to deliver the Gospel invitation in words of earnest sympathy. On Tuesday evening, the 9th of March, 1875, the evangelists began their mission in the huge Agricultural Hall, at Islington, in the north of London. Sittings were provided for 14,000, and thousands more thronged the aisles. Within the first three days fully 80,000 were present at the evening services and noon-day prayer-meetings; and at the three sessions of the first Sunday 45,000 attended. After laboring here with profit for five weeks, a change was made to the extreme east of London. There Bow Road Hall, though seating 10,000, was found far too small. In the second month, Bible readings were also held in the Royal Opera House, in the west end. Here the aristocratic and wealthy classes were attracted. The spectators included members of the nobility and royal family. The use of a swift pair of horses gave the laborers a rapid transit across the five miles which intervened between the two sections. At the south side, services were held in Victoria Theatre, until the completion in June of Camberwell Hall, a large wooden structure with seats for 8,000. So wrought on zealously these missionaries of righteousness, and rejoiced in spirit to see a glorious reward for their toils. On the 12th of July, a parting meeting of thanksgiving was held at Mildmay Park Conference

Hall, whereat seven hundred ministers were present. Dr. A. Bonar there stated that the churches of Glasgow had gained 7,000 members as the fruits of the revival. Mr. Moody broke down completely in trying to take farewell of his English brethren, in whose midst the Lord had so marvellously magnified the devotion of his servant. His voice was choked with sobs, and he withdrew abruptly, not daring to stay to take his beloved comrades by the hand. On August 6, Messrs. Moody and Sankey sailed from Liverpool with their families, and landed at New York city on the 14th instant.

These two brothers in the common faith now parted company for a little while, to enjoy a holiday for bodily and spiritual refreshing at the homes of their childhood. Mr. Moody gave himself up for a time to the study of his Bible, which he had annotated throughout with marginal notes and thoughts, and to the preparation of new sermons. But very soon he was in the harness again, driven by a resistless sympathy for the friends of his boyhood still out of Christ. On September 9, he began to preach in the little town of Northfield, and the people for miles around came gladly to hear him. Many conversions resulted, despite the bitter opposition of the Unitarian clergyman, who denounced his doctrines in the church his forefathers had belonged to. At the closing meeting, on Sunday afternoon, October 17, Moody prayed to the Lord for a final blessing on their gatherings. His prayer was sweetly answered at once. Among the twenty-five who arose to ask the prayers of believers was his own aged mother, a Unitarian. The fortitude of the bold man gave way at the sight. Tears of joy ran down his cheeks, and he had to sit down with his face in his hands. His youngest brother, Samuel, was also converted under this ministry. He became a zealous searcher for souls, and before his sudden death, on October 6, 1876, he led above fifty young men to the Saviour.

The joint home labors of the American evangelists, for the awakening of the cities of their own native land, began at Brooklyn, on Sunday, October 24, 1875. The story of their faithful waiting upon the Master, and the continuous attestation which his Spirit has given to their testimony to the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, is familiar to most of their countrymen. The limits of our space will allow only an outline view. Services for preaching were held at the Rink, on Clermont Avenue, which could seat 5,000, while the Tabernacle occupied by Mr. Talmage's congregation was chosen for prayer

meetings. A choir of 250 singers assisted Mr. Sankey in leading the congregations in the service of praise. Ministers and laymen co-operated in furthering the good cause. All the meetings were largely attended, to the number of 20,000 daily, and the whole city was shaken by their power, while many observed the fast which Mr. Moody named for November 12. These meetings were closed on November 19, and the converts probably numbered two thousand.

The placid and evangelical city of Philadelphia was labored in from the 21st of November to the 16th of January, 1876. An old and spacious freight depot, at Thirteenth and Market streets, was fitted up for the occasion, with chairs for 10,000 visitors, and a choir of 600 Christian singers was led by Wm. S. Fischer. The entire expenses of the services reached \$30,000, and were met by voluntary contributions. Although the opening, at 8 o'clock on Sunday morning, befel in a heavy rain storm, yet the spacious building showed but a few vacant seats; and at the afternoon service a multitude found entrance impossible, long before the hour appointed. Several peculiar services were held in the City of Brotherly Love, such as that of Thanksgiving Day; an evening session on December 19, when President Grant with a portion of his cabinet and some Congressmen were interested spectators; and a Watch-Meeting on the last night of the year 1875. The closing hour was spent in a catechising by Mr. Moody, of Rev. Dr. Plumer of South Carolina, concerning the fundamental doctrines of salvation; in the singing of "Almost Persuaded," by Mr. Sankey; the Lord's Prayer, offered by Dr. Newton, editor for the American Sunday School Union; and the grand old Doxology. Special meetings were arranged for drinkers, young men, women, and the unconverted. All the services were thronged and blessed. Reliable estimates put the total attendance at above 700,000, and the number converted at 4,000. After a short visit to Florida for the benefit of his son's health, Mr. Moody returned to Philadelphia for a parting meeting with the young babes in Christ. He gave them some affectionate counsel for the Christian life and warfare, saying: "He who holds the Word in one hand and works with the other, must advance nearer and nearer to the Throne." By request, he delivered his sermon on Daniel, and took up a collection to meet the cost of the new building of the Young Men's Christian Association, realizing almost \$100,000. A Christian Convention of several thousand ministers and laymen of the city and vicinity was

held for two days, whereat invaluable suggestions were exchanged concerning the best manner of conducting revival work. February 5 and 6 were spent at Princeton, whose collegians were already awakened; and that month witnessed one hundred conversions in the college, chiefly through the individual efforts of the students themselves.

The city of New York listened to the evangelists most heartily from February 7 to April 19. A choir of 800 singers from the churches, and almost as many earnest lay workers, as well as the great bulk of the ministers of the evangelical churches, gladly assisted by all means in their power. The Hippodrome on Madison Avenue had been leased, and was so divided as to furnish two audience rooms, seating 6,000 and 4,000 respectively, besides the necessary, inquiry rooms. Here, as elsewhere, thousands could not get within the hall, and overflow meetings were a necessity. The sermons delivered were carefully reported by a corps of able phonographers—a task of no slight difficulty, owing to a rapidity of utterance reaching to 230 words a minute—and are reproduced in this volume. At the close of March a Revival Convention was convened for two days, similar to that held in Philadelphia, and a report is given on another page. His parting address to converts was attended by 3,500; and he spoke of one who had been instrumental in leading fifty-nine to the Cross.

While Mr. Sankey returned to his home in Newcastle, Mr. Moody travelled southward, and remained two weeks in Augusta, Georgia, preaching with power to congregations that collected from miles around. After an absence of three years, he returned home to Chicago by way of St. Louis. He was present at the opening of his new church building, just then completed at a cost of \$89,000; and the edifice was dedicated a month later, when all the debt upon it had been cancelled. In August, he travelled eastward to visit his mother. He preached repeatedly at Greenfield, Northfield, and Springfield, and in September at Brattleboro, where Mr. P. P. Bliss sang for him.

On Sunday morning, October 1, 1876, Moody and Sankey again put their hand to the plow in the familiar field of Chicago. A wooden Tabernacle, big enough to seat 8,000 and give standing room to a fourth as many more, had been built at a cost of \$20,000, and a choir of 300 singers organized. Nowhere else were the evangelists greeted at the start with a heartier welcome and chorus of "God bless you!" from the

many ministers present. The city that had twice in a few years sat in the ashes of its own desolation, now poured forth audiences daily that were hungry to feed on the Word of God; and the great Northwest felt the throes of a new life. The solemnity was deepened by tidings of the death of Samuel H. Moody in October, and the terrible railroad accident at Ashtabula Bridge on December 20, whereby Mr. P. P. Bliss and his wife were summoned into eternity. These services of above three months gave birth to 4,800 converts in Chicago, besides many unrecorded outside the city.

In Boston, the evangelist set to work on Sunday, January 28, 1877, in response to an invitation given many months before. A brick building on Tremont Street had been specially constructed, with sittings for 6,000 besides the choir, and with side rooms for inquirers. The choir, as organized by the capable Dr. Tourjée, contained 2,000 Christian singers, divided into five distinct sections; and it gave most efficient aid. The city was judged to be the most difficult yet worked in, as the citizens prided themselves on their philosophical culture and critical spirit, while the dominant tone of religious teaching was the Unitarian rather than the Evangelical faith. But the earnest Christians with one heart were united in prayer-meetings to supplicate the gift of the Holy Spirit, for the moving of the hearts of the people. And all the services were crowded, and extra meetings were required. The consecrated gifts of the two chief workers at once won the favor of their hearers, so that the taunts of critics and the bitter declamations of opponents glanced off harmless from their shield of faith. February 8 was observed as a day of fasting and prayer by many of the congregations in Massachusetts, as well as in Chicago, for a blessing on the work in Boston. A Christian Convention, held in that city on the 14th of March, was attended by 700 ministers from all parts of New England, and was full of the spirit of earnest consecration. It gave new strength to the revival work in hand, and led to the whole city being districted for personal visitation.

P. P. BLISS.

PHILIP PAUL BLISS is worthy to be named as making up the trio of the chief evangelists who were used of the Lord in promoting the Great Awakening of this generation. He is the Charles Wesley of the Nineteenth Century. His was the loving genius set afire by the Spirit of God, that wrote and set to music a very large proportion of the hymns that have echoed round the world like a benediction, to the saving of countless thousands of souls. Possessing a remarkable versatility (rather than depth) of talent, he was at once poet, musician, and singer; and in this manifold character he was thoroughly in harmony with the popular heart. He was also a manly, modest, sincere and self-forgetful man; singularly hopeful and joyful in spirit, one who was never cast down. He lived in a present realization of his blessedness as a son of God, and his heirship in the Kingdom. In the words of Mr. Moody, who was deeply attached to him: "His face was always bright and his heart full of Christian love." And his songs abounded in the same spirit of heavenly joy and trust, whether like a bugle blast of encouragement, as in "Hold the Fort;" or an inspiration unto unquestioning faith, as in "There is life for a look at the Crucified One;" or as a voice of pitying entreaty, as in "Almost persuaded now to believe."

P. P. Bliss was born in the village of Rome, Bradford county, Penn., on the 9th of July, 1838. His parents were poor, and he knew as a boy what it was to live by the sweat of the brow. His early life was uneventful, and was spent mainly out of doors, so that his mind was moulded and refined by the picturesque scenery of that mountainous region. He grew up with a sound physique, and in sympathy with the common thoughts of the common people. His musical talent found vent for itself in whistling, and in singing airs by ear. His marriage to Miss Lucy J. Young, of Rome, had the happiest influence on his life. As she was both musician and poet, she taught him how to sing and play, and incited him to study how to wed words to music. And better still, she

was the agent in his conversion and union with the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1864 he removed to Chicago, and there enjoyed the instruction of Mr. George F. Root. He connected himself with the First Congregational Church of Chicago, serving as chorister, and as superintendent of the Sunday-school, where he did much good. His rich baritone voice and facility in composing sweet melodies for Sunday-schools, led to his engagement by the firm of Root & Cady to introduce their works of sacred song, and he was instrumental in organizing many musical conventions in the Northwest.

Mr. Bliss excelled in the gift of embodying the soul-searching and profoundest truths of Holy Scripture in object hymns of transparent clearness, wherein the plainest and youngest of a congregation could not fail to see the Gospel message. "The Charm," his first work, was published in 1871. The "Song Tree," "Sunshine," and "The Joy," followed each other at intervals of a year. Early in 1874, forsaking all else like Mr. Sankey, he cast in his lot with Major D. W. Whittle, and they began a tour through the Northwest as evangelists. At this time he prepared a book of "Gospel Songs," prayerfully choosing only those he had known to be blessed in times of revival. More than fifty of his own compositions were included, and deservedly. Among these were such popular favorites as "Hold the Fort," "Pull for the shore, sailor," "Let the lower lights be burning," and "Roll on, O billow of fire!" all founded on scenes in actual life; "I am so glad that Jesus loves me," "Only an armor-bearer," "More to follow," "Go, bury thy sorrow," "Hallelujah! 'tis done, I believe on the Son," "Whosoever will may come," and "The Light of the World is Jesus." Certainly, he was an inspired Christian, a psalmist providentially raised up to further the vast revival labors of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. He gladly co-operated with the latter in preparing "Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs" in 1875, for the services in Brooklyn, Philadelphia, New York, and Chicago, and was also the co-editor of "Gospel Hymns No. 2," issued a year later. Of these, vast editions were sold. Yet, as he labored only for the love of God, he declined any share in the copyright, so that the entire royalty of \$30,000 was distributed to worthy charities. Although he owned no dwelling, and had little means, he refused later to retain the \$5,000 which Mr. Moody sought to press on him.

Such was the consistent and consecrated disciple whom the

Lord called to his reward in the ripeness of his powers and usefulness. After spending Christmas, 1876, with his aged mother at Towanda, and holding praise meetings from house to house, he set out with his wife for Chicago, and was delayed by a mishap to the engine. So he became a passenger in the ill-fated train that broke through the bridge across the Ashtabula river, fell upon the bank seventy feet below, and then took fire. He would not escape by deserting his noble wife, and they went Home together, in a baptism of fire. This calamity shocked the entire nation, and came on the two evangelists in Chicago as a sorrow almost crushing. A collection for his two little children resulted in the receipt of \$10,000 for their benefit, and a share in the copyright of his hymns was assigned them.



EVENINGS WITH MOODY.

FIRST EVENING.

“But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty:

“And base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are:

“That no flesh should glory in his presence.”—1st CORINTHIANS, 1st chap., 27th, 28th and 29th verses.

I WANT to call your attention to that 27th verse of that chapter I read to you: “But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things to confound the things that are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are. That no flesh should glory in His presence.” There is just one sentence there I would like to call your attention to: “But God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty.” Then in the 29th verse he tells us why He has chosen the weak things—“that no flesh may glory in His presence.”

Now, if we are to have the Word in this City of New York, we must give God all the glory. I dread coming to a new place; it takes almost a week or a fortnight to come down to solid work. The people are thinking of the choir, and saying “What a large choir!” and “So many ministers! Surely there is going to be great work now, there is such a great choir and congregation and so many ministers.” It is not by might and power, but by God’s Spirit, and we have got to get our eyes off of all these things, and there will be no work and no blessing until this is done. Now, we have not come with any new Gospel; it is the old Gospel, the old story, and we want

the old power, the power of the Holy Ghost; and, if it is anything less than that, it will all come to nought and be like a morning cloud—soon pass away. Now I can tell you, before the meetings go on any further, who will be disappointed and who in after years will say the meetings were a failure—every man and every woman that don't get quickened themselves. If there is a minister here in New York that doesn't get quickened himself, he will say the work has failed; but I have never known a man who has got quickened, to say the work has failed. Nowhere that we have been has it been the case. What we want is to get down to ourselves, and if there is to be a true revival, there must be first a casting-down of ourselves before a lifting-up. It was only when Abraham was on his face in the dust before God that He would talk to him. And it is then that God lifts us up and the blessing comes. There is no true revival until God's own people are lifted, until they are quickened. It will be superficial until then. It will be a counterfeit. If you attempt to begin work among the ungodly and unconverted before you get quickened yourself, God won't bless you. As the Psalmist says, "When the Lord has restored to us the joy of His salvation, then we will be able to teach transgressors the way of the Kingdom of God," and not until then, and when we are cold and lukewarm and are conformed to the world, and have not the Holy Ghost resting upon us, why God is not going to revive His work. Here and there we will hear of one converted, but it won't be deep and thorough unless the Church of God is quickened.

Now, I have just come here, and I confess I have seen nothing in America like what has pleased me in Princeton. I think they have a revival there, and the President of the college told me he had not seen anything like it, and one of the Faculty told me he didn't think there had ever been anything like it in the history of Princeton. Of course I inquired into it, and I found that they had sent for different ministers to come there and had been disappointed, and they got together—the Christians did—and prayed God to bless them, and one of the Faculty asked them to pray for *him*, and right there the work broke out, and there have been about fifty quickened and brought back who had wandered from Christ, and it looks now as if all Princeton was going to be blessed.

Oh that it may commence here to-night in our hearts; that we may be quickened first, and then how quick the Lord will bless us. If you want to introduce two men to each other you want to be near to them. If you want to introduce sinners to

God you must be near to God and to the sinner, too ; and if a man is near God he will have a love for the sinner and his heart will be near that man. But until we are brought near to God ourselves, we cannot introduce men to God. Somebody has said God uses the vessel that is nearest at hand, and if we are near to God He will use us, and if we are not, of course He cannot. Now, what we want is to be in a position that will give God all the glory. There are some things that make me tremble at times as if the work will all come to nought, because there is so much man-worship. Now, we have got to get rid of this man-worship before it will be a deep work. We have got to sink self. If we can only get "I" down in the dust and get outside of our dignity and get self out of the way and say, "Here, Lord, use me if Thou canst, and, if not, use somebody else," or in the spirit of the wilderness preacher who said, "I must decrease but He must increase," then the Lord will take us up and use us.

And right here, before I forget it, I want to urge the people of New York—the Christian people—not to buy anything of these people on the street. I am told that sixty-five men have come on from Philadelphia to sell photographs and medals, and I don't know what not, and they are hawking them in the streets. Why, I would almost think nobody would come into the meeting if, when coming along, they hear these men crying the photographs. I believe that Christian people who patronize these men are doing the cause of Christ a great injury. I don't know that anything is hindering the work more than these men, that are making money out of us. If you want hymn-books, go into some bookstore and buy them. Don't buy these photographs. They are no more photographs of us than they are of you. I have not had one taken for eight years. [Laughter.] Some men complained that they had got counterfeits, and I was glad they had been cheated, because they ought not to buy them so on the street. People are apt to say of us, "Those fellows are speculating. They are just making money. They don't care anything about saving our souls." And the impression has gone abroad just on account of people's patronizing these men. Oh! let me beg of you to do anything you can to keep down this man-worship. Let us look at the Cross, with Christ full in view, and then we will have men coming into the Kingdom of God.

Now, let us get back to the text. It is the weak things that God wants to use. We want the great, the mighty, but God takes the foolish things, the despised things, the things which

are not. What for? That no flesh may glory in His sight. Now, what is that written for unless it is that we shall learn the lesson that God shall have the glory, and that we are not to take any of the glory to ourselves. "That no flesh may glory in His sight." Just the moment we are ready to take our places in the dust and give God His place, and let Him have all the glory, then it is that the Spirit of God will be given to us. If we are lifted up and say we have got such great meetings and such crowds are coming, and get to thinking about crowds and about the people and get our minds off from God, and are not constantly in communion with Him, lifting our hearts in prayer, this work will be a stupendous failure. Now, you will find in all ages God has been trying to teach his children this lesson—that He uses the weak instead of the strong.

What is highly esteemed of man is an abomination to God. When God was about to deluge the earth He wanted an ark built. What did He do—did He call an army? No, He just called one man to build the ark. In the sight of the world it was a very little thing, and yet when the deluge came it was worth more than all the world. The weak things of the world that excite our scorn and contempt are the very things that God uses. When God delivered Egypt He didn't send an army. We would have sent an army or an orator. We would have sent some man who would have gone down before the king, and laid it out before him in grand style, but God didn't do that. He sent this man Moses, who had been back there in the desert forty years, a man with an impediment in his speech—and God said to Moses, "Moses, I want you to go down into Egypt, and bring my people out of bondage." That is not our way. When the king looked at him he ordered him out of his presence. "Who is God, that I should obey Him?" He found out who He was. God used the little fly and the little frog. The world looks upon the frog with scorn and contempt, but Moses said, "Oh, there are a good many of them." We may be very weak in ourselves, but see what a mighty God we have. God likes to take the weak things to confound the mighty. When God wants to move a mountain He does not take the bar of iron, but He takes the little worm. The fact is, we have got too much strength. We are not weak enough. It is not our strength that we want. One drop of God's strength is worth more than all the world. There was that giant whom we are told for forty days came out every morning and every evening. Down into that valley came the

Giant of Gath every morning, and he terrified all the army of Saul; the whole army were trembling; they were afraid. When Joshua was weak in himself and strong in the Lord, then they did not fear the giant. But you see Saul and his army had got their eyes off from God. When we get our eyes off from God, how mighty that giant looks! There came a young stripling up from the country—a sort of a delegate of the Christian Commission. He heard of this giant, and the young boy began to inquire, "What does this mean?" And they told him, and he wanted to go right out at once to meet him. The last man we would have chosen, but God's ways are not our ways. God will have the glory, that is the point. If it had been some great giant, then we would have given the giant all the glory. The young stripling requires no army of Saul; he just takes a few small, smooth, round stones out of the brook and puts them in his sling. He says to the giant: "You have your sword, but I have come in the name of my God." Yes, he leaned upon the strength of God. Now just look at that! We are to pass that little stone into that sling. God directs it, and the work is done. The Giant of Gath falls. David was the last one we would have chosen, though he is chosen of God.

What we want is to learn the lesson that we are weak, and we don't want any strength but God's strength. Look at Jonathan with his small army! "Why," he says, "the Lord can save by few as well as many." It is not these great meetings that are going to do the work. It is not by might and by power, but by the Spirit of God. But let me just impress this upon you that it is weakness that God wants. There was weeping once in Heaven. John wept when the book of seals was brought out and there wasn't any one who could open the book. He might have looked upon Abel, but Abel wasn't worthy to open the book. He might have looked upon Enoch, but Enoch wasn't worthy. He might have looked upon Abraham, and yet the father of the faithful wasn't worthy to open that book. There was Daniel and Elijah, and the holy men of the Old Testament, and not one of them worthy to open the book. Some of the saints of the New Testament had entered upon their reward. There was Stephen who was martyred. Stephen wasn't able to open the book. And John said he began to cry as he looked down, and there wasn't one worthy to open the book. But pretty soon a voice said, "Don't weep; the Lion of the Tribe of Judah is able to open the seals;" and John began to look

around to see the Lion, and lo, it was a Lamb. Instead of having strength we want weakness. It is the Lion—the Lamb of Calvary. He sealed the Lion of Hell, He overcame the Lion, He conquered him. What we want to-night is to ask God to give us weakness, not strength, then these obstacles, why how small they look! When we are walking with God, all these obstacles how they flee away. Go up in a balloon and look down upon some giant and how small he looks. Go up into some mountain and look down upon some giant and how small he looks! But get on a level, and how large he looks! God takes the weak things to confound the mighty. When He wanted twelve men to introduce His gospel, whom did He take? Did He call the wise and mighty? No; He called a few ignorant Galilean fishermen. It was those men the power of God rushed in upon. They were weak in themselves, but strong in God. So to-night, if there is a band weak in themselves but strong in God, what a work they can do! No other strength is worth having but the strength of God. When God wanted Germany to be blessed He gave power to one man. The Spirit came upon Martin Luther, and all Germany was blessed. When darkness and superstition was settling over Scotland, the Spirit of God came upon John Knox, and he moved all Scotland. You can go where you will in Scotland to-day, and everywhere you will hear the name and feel the influence of John Knox in that country. You can go into England to-day and you will feel the influence of Wesley and Whitefield, grand men and mighty. They relied not upon their own strength, for the Spirit of the Living God was upon them. They were mighty in God. Look at that man Gideon. He marshalled his army of 30,000 men to give battle to the Philistines. God said: "Gideon, your army is too great. My people would be lifted up, and they would take the glory upon themselves." God said to Gideon, "You just say to the men who are fearful and afraid, 'Go home.'" And the Lord reduced the army 20,000, leaving only 10,000 men. But God said: "Gideon, you have got too many; if those 10,000 men get victory, they will say, 'Look what we have done.' Just take them down to the water, and we will try them again. Those that drink it up one way and those that lap it up another, they shall be separated." Then God took away all but three hundred. God said that was enough. "If I get a victory with those three hundred, I will get the glory." I would rather have three hundred men in New York whose

hearts are right with God than a host who take upon themselves the glory which belongs to the Lord.

I have no doubt but that some here will say, "There are so many obstacles in the way I don't believe we are going to succeed. You won't succeed in New York; it is a very hard place, New York is." If God is with us we are going to succeed. If we take God out of our plans we are going to fail, and we ought to fail. Is not the God of our fathers strong enough to take this city and shake it as a little child? There is not a skeptic in the city of New York but what the power of God can reach.

When we were in Philadelphia we almost failed for a few weeks. The crowds were so great that many of those who attended the meetings spent most of their time in watching the people. We could not get their eyes toward the Cross for a long time. By-and-by when the holidays came on the numbers began to fall off, and it was the best thing for us. It was what we wanted, so that men could think of God.

Now, my friends, do not think that anything is small that God handles. Look at that little cloud up there, not bigger than a man's hand; but that cloud was large enough to water all Palestine, and the land that had thirsted for three years and six months got all the water out of that cloud that it wanted. Plenty large enough if God is in it. Let me say before we close that what we want is to get hold of God. Now, there a great many people that lend their ears to other people. They never hear for themselves. They want you people to use their ears for them. Let us each go up for ourselves, and pray to God that we may get a blessing for ourselves. If the Spirit of the Lord God comes upon us, it will take all eternity to tell the result. If the Spirit of God comes upon us afresh, I have no more doubt about the success of the meetings than I have that we exist. If we are cold and indifferent, then the work will be superficial. It will not be lasting, and will not be such as many of you are praying for. Let us ask God that we may receive the blessing of the Holy Spirit. Let the prayer be, "O! God, quicken me. O! God, give me a fresh baptism. Instil in me the blessing of Thy salvation." God said to Elijah just before he went away, "Go call Elisha to take thy place." If God calls us to do a work, he can qualify us to do it. When the time drew near for Elijah to be taken from Elisha, Elijah said to Elisha, "I will go down and see the prophet." It had been revealed to Elijah that Elisha was going to be taken out. Elisha wanted to be anointed

near the place he was called to fill. They travelled together until they reached Bethel, and then Elijah said, "You stay here, and I will go down to Jericho and see how the prophets are getting along down there." But Elisha kept close to him, and they walked arm-in-arm to Jericho. When they reached Jericho, Elisha said, "You just stay here and I will go over to Jordan." They were on a tour of inspection of the theological seminaries. But Elisha still kept close to his companion, and as they were talking together, Elijah asked, "What can I do for you, Elisha? What is your petition?" "Well," says Elisha, "I want a double portion of your spirit." Well, that was a pretty bold petition. He was asking great things. That is what God wants us to do—ask great things. They came to the waters of the Jordan, and Elisha takes off his mantle, the waters spread, and they pass through safely, dry shod. While they were talking, there suddenly comes a chariot from heaven to bear Elijah away to glory. And Elisha takes up the mantle of Elijah, and Elisha goes back to Jordan; and when they saw the mantle of Elijah they cried out, "The spirit of Elijah rests upon Elisha." The mighty spirit of Elijah rests upon us to-night. Let us go to our closets, let us go to our homes, and let us cry to the God of Elijah—"Here I am, God, use me"—that we may be ready for all his services. Oh, that we may be weak in ourselves, that we may give all the honor and glory to Jesus, and if we do this we will see how quick He will use it.

SECOND EVENING.

“When he saw their faith.”—ST. LUKE, 5th chap., part of the 20th verse.

IN beginning his sermon Mr. Moody called attention to a clause of the 20th verse of the 5th chapter of St. Luke: “When he saw their faith.” A little while before this, said he, Christ had been driven out of Nazareth, in his native town, and had come down to Capernaum to live, and He had begun His ministry, and some mighty miracles had already been wrought in Capernaum. A little while before this one of the officers in King Herod’s army had a son who had been restored. Peter’s wife’s mother, that lay sick with the fever, had been healed, and Mark tells us that the whole city was moved, that they had come to the door of the house where He was sitting, the whole city bringing their sick. In fact, there was a great revival in Capernaum. That is what it was, and it is all it was. The news was spreading far and near. Everybody coming out of Capernaum was taking out tidings of what this mighty preacher was doing, and His mighty miracles, and the sayings that were constantly falling from His lips. And we read in a few verses before this 20th verse that a man full of leprosy had come to Him and said: “Lord, if Thou canst, make me clean,” and I want to call your attention to the difference between a man that had the palsy and the man that had the leprosy. The man with the palsy had friends who had faith. The man who had the leprosy had no friends who believed he could be cleansed. There had been no leper cleansed for eight hundred years, and we read back in the days of Elisha that there was a leper that was cleansed, but none since that time until now. Here is a leper that has faith and goes right straight to the Son of God Himself; and I want to say if there is a poor sinner here to-night that has not got any friends that would pray for him, you can go right straight to Jesus Himself. You don’t need any bishop or priest or potentate to intercede. Right away to Christ came this poor leper. He said, “If Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean.”

There is faith for you. He did not say, like the man in the 9th chapter of Mark, "If Thou canst do anything for us, have compassion." He put the "if" in the wrong place; but this leper said, "If Thou wilt, Thou canst do it." It pleased the Lord, and He said, "I will. Be thou clean," and away went the leprosy. He was made well in a minute, and of course this news had gone out of Capernaum, and not only the city was stirred, but the country also, and now we read that they were coming up from all parts of Judea, from Galilee and all the villages, and even from Jerusalem. The news had reached Jerusalem, and the Pharisees and philosophers and wise men were coming up to this northern town to see what this great revival meant. They didn't come up to get a blessing. Like a great many who come to these meetings, they came out of curiosity. They came to see how it was that this man was performing such mighty miracles, and they were told that He was in the house. There they were sitting around the Master, and we are told the power of the Lord was present to heal them. But it don't say that they were healed. They didn't think that they were sick and needed a Saviour. Like hundreds now that are drawing around them their filthy rags of self-righteousness, they think they are good enough without salvation, and they just come here to reason out the philosophy of the meeting and how it is so many people come together night after night to hear this old Gospel, which has been preached eighteen hundred years. "And the power of the Lord was present to heal them." I have thought a number of times what a glorious thing it would have been if they had all been healed. What a glorious thing if those men coming out of Judea had been converted and gone back to publish the glad tidings in their homes and villages. What a revival it would have been. But they didn't come for that purpose, but only to reason out the thing.

But while these things were being done, suddenly a noise was heard overhead. The people heard a noise on the roof and looked up to see what was the matter. Now, there were four men in Capernaum—I have an idea they were young converts—who found a man who had the palsy, and they could not get him to Jesus. Matthew, Mark, and Luke, all three, give an account, but don't one of them say that the man himself had any faith. I can imagine these four men said to the man with the palsy, "If we can get you to Jesus all He has to do is to speak and the palsy is gone." And I see these four men making arrangements to take this man with the palsy

away to Christ. They prepared a couch something like the stretcher we had in the war, and I see these four men, each one taking his place to carry that couch through the streets of Capernaum. They go with a firm step and steady tread. They are moving toward that house where Christ is. These men have confidence. They know that the Son of God has power to heal this man, and they say, "If we can only get him to Jesus, the work will be done;" and while these philosophers and scribes and wise men were there, trying to reason out the philosophy of the thing, these men arrived at the door, and for the crowd could not get in. They undoubtedly asked some of the men to come out and let this man with the palsy in; but they could not get them out, and there they are. But faith looks over obstacles. Faith is not going to surrender. Now these men felt they must get in in some way, and I can imagine they went to one of the neighbors and asked them, "Just allow us to use your stairway. Here is a man that has the leprosy and we want to get him in," and I see the men taking this man up, and at last they got him upon the roof of the house where Christ is preaching; and now you can hear them ripping up the roof, and everybody looks up to see what the noise is; and at last they see that while Christ is preaching these four men are making a hole large enough to let a man down through.

He must have been a good man or he would have complained to see his roof torn up in that way. But these men wanted to get the leper cleansed. That was worth more than the roof. They wanted to get the man blessed. They let the man right down into the presence of these Pharisees and scribes. It would have been like letting him down into an ice-house if Christ had not been there. Those scribes and Pharisees—they didn't have any compassion; they didn't have any sympathy for the fallen; they didn't have any sympathy for the erring. There was One who had sympathy for the man who was suffering. They laid him right down at the feet of Jesus. My friends, you can't take palsied souls to a better place than to the feet of Jesus. They called upon the crowd to stand aside and make room, and they just placed him at the feet of Jesus. Christ looks up, and when he saw their faith—not the man's faith; it don't say that he had any—He saw their faith—that's the point. I believe that that whole miracle is to teach us, that that whole lesson is to teach us Christians that God will honor our faith. I see the Son of God looking up at those four men who laid this leper down. He looked up

yonder and saw their faith. There is nothing on this earth that pleases Him so much as faith. Wherever He finds faith it pleases Him. Twice Christ marvelled. I believe Christ marvelled only twice. Once He marvelled at the faith of the Centurion, and He marvelled at the unbelief of the Jews.

When He saw their faith He said to the man looking down at Him, "Be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven." Why, he didn't come for that; he only expected to get rid of his palsy; he didn't expect to have his sins forgiven. These men begun to look around with amazement. "That is a very grievous charge; He forgives sin. What right has He to do that? It is God and God alone who does that." I tell you the Jews to a man didn't believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ. They began to reason among themselves, but Christ knew what they were thinking about. He could read their thoughts. Christ said to them, "Is it easier for Me to say to the man, 'His sins be forgiven,' or for Me to say, 'Rise up and walk?' Now that you may know that the Son of Man hath power to forgive sins, I say, 'Rise up and walk.'" Now the man was a leper. He hadn't the power to rise, but he leaps up in a minute. He packs up that old bed that he had lain on for years, and away he goes. The man walks out with his bed on his back, and away he goes home. The men began to look at one another with amazement, and one and another said, "We have seen strange things to-day." How long did it take the Lord Jesus Christ to heal that man? Some men say, "O, we don't believe in instantaneous conversions." How long did it take the Lord to heal the man of the leprosy? One word, and away went the leprosy. One word, and the man stood up, and he rolled his bed up, and away he went on his way home. I should like to have seen his wife. I can imagine she was about as surprised as any woman you ever saw.

But now the word I want to call your attention to is this: "When He saw their faith." Now, there are a great many men in New York that don't have any faith in the Gospel at all. They don't believe in that Bible. There are a great many men in New York who are infidels. There are a great many skeptics. There is one thing that encourages me very much. The Lord can honor our faith, and raise those men. "When He saw their faith." Suppose a man should go to the house of his neighbor, and say, "Come, let us take neighbor Levi to neighbor Peter's house; Christ is there, and we can get him healed," and the two found they weren't able to carry the man, so they got three, and the three weren't able; so they got the

fourth. Now I don't know of anything that would make a man get up quicker than to have four people combining to try to bring him to Christ. Suppose one man calls upon him after breakfast; he doesn't think much about it; he has had some one invite him to Christ before. Suppose before dinner the second man comes and says, "I want to lead you to Christ. I want to introduce you to the Son of God." The man has got quite aroused now; perhaps he has never had the subject presented to him by two different men in one day. But the third man has come, and the man has got thoroughly aroused by this time, and he says to himself, "Why, I never thought so much about my soul as I have to-day." But before the man gets to bed at night, the fourth man has come, and I will guarantee that he won't sleep much that night—four men trying to bring him to Christ. If we can't bring our friends to Christ, let us get others to help us. If four men won't do it, let us add the fifth, and the Lord will see our faith, and the Lord will honor our faith, and we will see them brought to the Son of God.

When I was at Nashville during our late war, I was closing the noon prayer meeting one day, and a great strong man came up to me, trembling from head to foot. He took a letter out of his pocket and wanted to have me read it. It was a letter from his sister. The sister stated in that letter, that every night, as the sun went down, she went down on her knees to pray for him. The sister was 600 miles away, and said the soldier, "I never thought of my soul until last night. I have stood before the cannon's mouth and it never made me tremble, but, sir, I haven't slept a wink since I got that letter." I think there is many a Christian here who understands what that letter meant. The Lord had seen her faith. It was God honoring faith, and it was God answering prayer. And so, my friends, if God sees our faith, these friends that we are anxious for will be brought to Christ. When we were in Edinburgh, a man came to me and said, "Over yonder is one of our most prominent infidels in Edinburgh. I wish you would go over and see him." I took my seat beside him, and I asked him if he was a Christian. He laughed at me and said he didn't believe in the Bible. "Well," said I, after talking for some time, "will you let me pray with you? Will you let me pray for you?" "Yes," said he, "just pray, and see if God will answer your prayer. Now let the question be decided." "Will you kneel?" "No, I won't kneel. Who be I going to kneel before?" He said it with considerable

sarcasm. I got down and prayed beside the infidel. He sat very straight, so that the people should understand that he was not in sympathy at all with my prayer. After I got through, I said, "Well, my friend, I believe that God will answer my prayer, and I want you to let me know when you are saved." "Yes, I will let you know when I am saved," all with considerable sarcasm. At last up at Wick, at a meeting in the open air, one night, on the outskirts of the crowd, I saw the Edinburgh infidel. He said, "Didn't I tell you God wouldn't answer your prayer?" I said, "The Lord will answer my prayer yet." I had a few minutes' conversation with him and left him, and just a year ago this month, when we were preaching in Liverpool, I got a letter from one of the leading pastors of Edinburgh, stating that the Edinburgh infidel had found his way to Christ, and found the Lord. He wrote an interesting letter, saying how God had saved him. And there may be many in the city of New York who will laugh at this idea, and they will cavil, and perhaps they will say to-night that God don't answer prayer; but he does, if Christians will only have faith. God can save the greatest infidel, the greatest skeptic, the greatest drunkard. What we want is to have faith. Oh, let that word sink down deep into the heart of every Christian here to-night, and let us show our faith by our works.

Let us go out and bring all our friends here, and if there is poor preaching, we can bring down from Heaven the necessary blessings without good preaching. In Philadelphia a skeptic came in just out of curiosity. He wanted to see the crowd, and he hadn't more than crossed the threshold of the door before the Spirit of God met him, and I asked him if there was anything in the sermon that influenced him, in hopes that I was going to get something to encourage me; but he could not tell what the text was. I asked him if it was the singing, but he didn't know what Mr. Sankey had sung. It was the power of God alone that converted him, and that is what we want in these meetings. If we have this power, when we invite our friends here, the Lord will meet them and will answer prayer and save them. Let us go and bring our unconverted friends here. All through the services let us be lifting up our hearts in prayer. God save our friend! O God, convert him! And in answer to our prayer the Lord will save them.

While in London, there was a man away off in India—a godly father—who had a son in London, and he got a fur-

lough and came clear from India to London to see after his boy's spiritual welfare. Do you think God let that man come thus far without honoring that faith? No. He converted that son, and that is the kind we want—where faith and works go together; and if we have faith, God will honor it and answer our prayer. Only a few years ago in the city of Philadelphia there was a mother that had two sons. They were just going as fast as they could to ruin. They were breaking her heart, and she went into a little prayer-meeting and got up and presented them for prayer. They had been on a drunken spree, or had just got started in that way, and she knew that their end would be a drunkard's grave, and she went among these Christians and said, "Won't you just cry to God for my two boys?" The next morning those two boys had made an appointment to meet each other on the corner of Market and Thirteenth streets,—though not that they knew anything about our meeting—and while one of them was there at the corner, waiting for his brother to come, he followed the people who were flooding into the depot building, and the Spirit of the Lord met him, and he was wounded and found his way to Christ. After his brother came he found the place too crowded to enter, so he too went curiously into another meeting and found Christ, and went home happy; and when he got home he told his mother what the Lord had done for him, and the second son came in with the same tidings. I heard one get up afterward to tell his experience in the young converts' meeting, and he had no sooner told the story than the other got up and said: "I am that brother, and there is not a happier home in Philadelphia than we have got;" and they went out, bringing their friends to Christ.

Let us now show our faith by our works. Let us away to our friends, to our neighbors, and to those we have an influence over, and let us talk about Christ, and let us plead with God that they may be converted, and instead of there being a few thousands converted in New York, tens of thousands can be converted; and let our prayers go up to God in our homes, and around our family altars. Let the prayers go up, "O, God, save my unconverted husband." "O, God, save my unconverted wife." "O, God, save my unconverted children," and God will hear that cry. As I was coming out of a daily prayer-meeting in one of our western cities, a mother came up to me and said, "I want to have you see my husband, and ask him to come to Christ." I took out my memorandum book, and I put down his name. She says, "I want to have you go

and see him." I knew the name, and that it was a learned judge, and so said to her, "I can't agree with him. He is a good deal older than I am, and it would be out of place. Then I am not much for infidel argument." "Well, Mr. Moody," she says, "that ain't what he wants. He's got enough of that. Just ask him to come to the Saviour." She urged me so hard, and so strong, that I consented to go. I went up to the office where the judge was doing business, and tell him what I had come for. He laughed at me. "You are very foolish," he said, and began to argue with me. I said, "I don't think it will be profitable for me to hold an argument with you. I have just one favor I want to ask of you, and that is, that when you are converted you will let me know." "Yes," said he, "I will do that. When I am converted I will let you know,"—with a good deal of sarcasm. I thought the prayers of that wife would be answered if mine were not. A year and a half after, I was in that city, and a servant came to my door and said: "There is a man in the drawing-room." I found the judge there. He said: "I promised I would let you know when I was converted." I had heard it from other lips; but I wanted to hear it from his own. He said his wife had gone out to a meeting one night, and he was home alone, and while he was sitting there by the fire he thought, "Supposing my wife is right, and my children are right; suppose there is a heaven and hell, and I shall be separated from them." His first thought was, "I don't believe a word of it." The second thought came, "You believe in the God that created you, and that the God that created you is able to teach you. You believe that God can give you life." "Yes, the God that created me can give me life." I was too proud to get down on my knees by the fire, and I said, 'O, God, teach me.' And as I prayed, I don't understand it, but it began to get very dark, and my heart got very heavy. I was afraid to tell my wife, and I pretended to be asleep. She kneeled down beside that bed, and I knew she was praying for me. I kept crying, 'O, God, teach me.' I had to change my prayer, 'O, God, save me; O, God, take away this burden.' But it grew darker and darker, and the load grew heavier and heavier. All the way to my office I kept crying, 'O, God, take away this load.' I gave my clerks a holiday, and just closed my office and locked the door. I fell down on my face: I cried in agony to my Lord, 'O, Lord, for Christ's sake, take away this guilt.' I don't know how it was, but it began to grow very light. I said, 'I

wonder if this isn't what they call conversion. I think I will go and ask the minister if I am not converted." The old judge said to me: "Mr. Moody, I have enjoyed life in the last three months more than all put together." The judge did not believe. The wife did, and God honored her faith and saved that man. And he went up to Springfield, Ill., and the old judge stood up there and told those politicians what God, for Christ's sake, had done for him. And now let this text sink down deep into your hearts: "When He saw their faith." Let us lift up our hearts to God in prayer, that He may give us faith.

THIRD EVENING.

COURAGE AND ENTHUSIASM.

I SHALL take for my subject to-night only two words, courage and enthusiasm—necessary qualifications for successful work in the Lord's service. In this chapter I read to-night four different times God tells Joshua to be of good courage, and He says that if he was of good courage no man should be able to stand before him all the days of his life. And we read that in the evening of his life he was successful, and that no man was able to stand before him all his days. God fulfilled His promise. God kept his word. But see how careful God is to instruct him on this one point. Four times in one chapter he says to him, "Be of good courage, and then you shall prosper, then you shall have good success." And I have yet to find that God ever uses a man that is all the time looking on the dark side, and is all the time talking about the obstacles and looking at them, and is discouraged and cast down. It is not these Christians that go around with their head down like a bulrush, looking at the obstacles and talking about the darkness all the time, that God uses. They kill everything they touch. There is no life in them. Now if we are going to succeed we have got to be of good courage, and the moment we get our eyes on God and remember who He is, and that He has all power in Heaven and earth, that it is God that commands us to work in His vineyard, then it is that we will have courage given us.

Now if you just take your Bibles and look carefully through them you will see the men that have left their mark behind them; the men that have been successful in winning souls to Christ have all been men of that stamp. You will notice that when Moses commenced, after he had been among the Egyptians forty years, he thought the time had come for him to commence his work of delivering the captives, and he went out, and the first thing we hear is that he was looking this way and that way to see if somebody called him. He was not fit for

God's work. God had to take him on the back side of the desert for forty years, and then God was ready to send him, and Moses then looked but one way. And He sent him down into Egypt. He had boldness now, and he goes right before the king of Egypt, and he had courage and God could use him. But it took him forty years to learn that lesson, that he must have courage and boldness to be a fit vessel for the Master's use.

Again we find Elijah on Mount Carmel, full of boldness. How the Lord used him! How the Lord stood by him! How the Lord blessed him! But when he got his eyes off the way, and Jezebel sent a message to him that she would have his life, he got afraid. He was not afraid of Ahab and the whole royalty, and he was not afraid of the whole nation. He stood on Mount Carmel alone, and see what courage he had! But what came over him I don't know, unless it was that he got his eyes off the Lord, and when one woman gave him that message he got frightened, and God had to go to him and ask him what he was doing; and he was not fit for God's communion.

That, I think, is the trouble with a good many of God's people. We get frightened, and are afraid to speak to men about their souls. We lack moral courage, and if we hear the voice of God speaking to us and saying, "Run and speak to that young man," we will go to him meaning to do it, and will really talk to him about everything else, and dare not about his soul. When we begin to invite them to Christ is when the work begins, and it won't begin until we have the courage given us and are ready to go and speak with them about their souls. We read that when the apostles were brought before the council they perceived their boldness, and it made an impression on the council. The Lord could use them then, because they were fearless and bold. Look at Peter on Pentecost, when he charged the murder of the Son of God upon the Jews. A little while before he had got out of communion, and one little maid had scared him nearly out of his life, so that he swore he didn't know Christ. Ah! he had his eyes off the Master, and the moment we get our eyes off Christ we get disheartened, and then God cannot use us.

I remember a few years ago I got discouraged and could not see much fruit of my work; and one morning, as I was in my study, cast down, one of my Sabbath-school teachers came in and wanted to know what I was discouraged about, and I told him, because I could see no result from my work; and

speaking about Noah he said: "By the way, did you ever study up the character of Noah?" I felt that I knew all about that, and told him that I was familiar with it, and he said, "Now, if you never studied that carefully, you ought to do it, for I cannot tell you what a blessing it has been to me." When he went out I took down my Bible and commenced to read about Noah, and the thought came stealing over me, "Here is a man that toiled and worked a hundred years and didn't get discouraged; if he did, the Holy Ghost didn't put it on record," and the clouds lifted, and I got up and said if the Lord wants me to work without any fruit I will work on. I went down to the noon prayer-meeting, and when I saw the people coming to pray I said to myself, "Noah worked a hundred years, and he never saw a prayer-meeting outside of his own family." Pretty soon a man got up right across the aisle where I was sitting, and said he had come from a little town where there had been a hundred uniting with the church of God the year before. And I thought to myself, "What if Noah had heard that! He preached so many, many years and didn't get a convert, yet he was not discouraged." Then a man got up right behind me, and he trembled as he said, "I am lost. I want you to pray for my soul." And I said, "What if Noah had heard that! He worked a hundred and twenty years, and never had a man come to him and say that; and yet he didn't get discouraged." And I made up my mind then, that, God helping me, I would never get discouraged. I would do the best I could, and leave the results with God, and it has been a wonderful help to me. And so let me say to the Christians of New York that we must expect good results; and never get discouraged; but if we don't get good results, let us not look on the dark side, but keep on praying, and in the fullness of time the blessing of God will come. What we want is to have the Christians come out and take their stand. I find a great many professed Christians for a long time ashamed to acknowledge that they have been quickened. Some have said they did not like the idea of asking Christians to rise, as I did last evening; that it was putting them in a false position. Now, if we are going to be successful, we have got to take our stand for God, and let the world and every one know we are on the Lord's side. I have great respect for the woman that started out during the war with a poker. She heard the enemy were coming and went to resist them. When some one asked her what she could do with a poker, she said she would at least let them know what side she was on. And that is what we want,

and the time is coming when the line must be drawn in this city, and those on Christ's side must take their stand, and the moment we come out boldly and acknowledge Christ then it is that men will begin to inquire what they must do to be saved.

Then there is a class of people that are not warm enough. I don't think a little enthusiasm would hurt the church at the present time. I think we need it. I know the world will cry out against it. Business men will cry out against religious enthusiasm. Let railroad stocks go up fifteen or twenty per cent. and see what a revival there would be in business. If there should be a sudden advance in stocks, see if there wouldn't be enthusiasm on Change to-morrow. Let there be a sudden change in business, and see if there isn't a good deal of enthusiasm on the street. We can have enthusiasm in business, we can have enthusiasm in politics, and no one complains of that. A man can have enthusiasm in everything else, but the moment that a little fire gets into the church they raise the cry, "Ah, enthusiasm—false excitement—I am afraid of it." I do not want false excitement, but I do think we want a little fire, a little holy enthusiasm. But these men will raise the cry, "Zeal without knowledge." I had a good deal rather have zeal without knowledge than knowledge without zeal, and it won't hurt us to have a little more of this enthusiasm and zeal in the Lord's work. I saw more zeal when I was in Princeton last Sunday than I have in many a year. I was talking to the students there about their souls, and after I had been talking for some time, quite a group of young men gathered around me, and the moment that one of them made a surrender and said, "Well, I will accept Christ," it seems as if there were twenty-five hands pressed right down to shake hands with him. That is what we want—men that will rejoice to hear of the conversion of men. Although I don't admire his ideas I do admire the enthusiasm of that man Garibaldi. It is reported that when he marched toward Rome in 1867, they took him up and threw him into prison and he sat right down and wrote to his comrades, "If fifty Garibaldis are thrown into prison, let Rome be free." That is the spirit. Who is Garibaldi? That is nothing. "If fifty Garibaldis are thrown into prison, let Rome be free." That is what we want in the cause of Christ. We have got to work, and not be loitering at our ease. And then the question of dignity comes up. We have got to lay all that aside and we have got to be helpers. What difference does it make whether we are

hewers of wood or carriers of water while the Temple of God is being erected. Yes, let us have an enthusiasm in the Church of God. If we had it in a few of the churches in New York, I believe it would be like a resurrection. The people would say, "What has come over this man, he ain't like the same man he was two months ago." We want to have them say, "The Son of God is dearer to us than our money. The Son of God is dearer to us than our families. The Son of God is dearer to us than our position in society." Let us do anything that the work of God may go on, and when we get there God will bless us. Why, it says in the Bible, "One shall chase a thousand." We have not got many of that kind in our churches. I wish we had more of them. It says, "Two shall put ten thousand to flight." Now, if a few should lay hold of God in this way, see what a great army ere long will be saved in this city! But then we have got to be men after God's own heart. They cannot be lukewarm; they have got to be on fire with the cause of Christ. We have got to have more of this enthusiasm that will carry us into the Lord's work. If there is going to be a great revival in New York, it ain't going to be in this hall. It has got to be done by one and by another going around and talking to their neighbors. There isn't a skeptic, there isn't a drunkard but what can be reclaimed if we come with desire in our hearts. We mustn't go around professionally if we want to see any result. There is a story told in history in the ninth century, I believe, of a young man that came up with a little handful of men to attack a king who had a great army of 3,000 men. The young man had only 500, and the king sent a messenger to the young man, saying that he need not fear to surrender, for he would treat him mercifully. The young man called up one of his soldiers and said: "Take this dagger and drive it to your heart;" and the soldier took the dagger and drove it to his heart. And calling up another, he said to him, "Leap into yonder chasm," and the man leaped into the chasm. The young man then said to the messenger, "Go back and tell your king I have got 500 men like these. We will die, but we will never surrender. And tell your king another thing, that I will have him chained with my dog inside of half an hour." And when the king heard that, he did not dare to meet them, and his army fled before them like chaff before the wind, and within twenty-four hours he had that king chained with his dog.

That is the kind of zeal we want. "We will die, but we will never surrender." We will work until Jesus comes, and

then we will rise with him. O, if men are willing to die for patriotism, why can they not have the same zeal for Christ? All that Abraham Lincoln had to do was to call for men, and how speedily they came. When he called for 600,000 men, how quick they sprung up all over the nation. Isn't souls worth more than this republic? Isn't souls worth more than this government? Don't we want 600,000 men? If 600 men should come forward, whose hearts were right red-hot for the Son of God, we would be able to see what mighty results would follow. "One man shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight." During our war, the generals that were all the time on the defensive never succeeded. The generals that were successful were the generals that were on the aggressive. Some of our churches think they are doing remarkably well if they hold their membership, and they think if they have 30 or 40 conversions in that church during the year, that that is remarkable work. They think it is enough to supply the places of those who have died, and those who have wandered away during the past. It seems to me we ought to bring thousands and thousands to Christ. I say the time has come for us to have a war on the side of aggression. There may be barriers in our path, but God can remove them. There may be a mountain in our way, but God can take us over the mountain. There may be difficulties in the way, but He can overcome them. Our God is above them all, and if the Church of God is ready to advance, all obstacles will be removed. No man ever sent by God ever failed, but self must be lost sight of. We must be willing to lay down our lives for the cause of Christ.

When I was going to Europe in 1867, my friend, Mr. Stuart, of Philadelphia, said, "Be sure to be at the General Assembly in Edinburgh, in June. I was there last year," said he, "and it did me a world of good." He said that a returned missionary from India was invited to speak to the General Assembly on the wants of India. This old missionary, after a brief address, told the pastors who were present to go home and stir up their churches, and send young men to India to preach the gospel. He spoke with such earnestness that after a while he fainted, and they carried him from the hall. When he recovered he asked where he was, and they told him the circumstances under which he had been brought there. "Yes," he said, "I was making a plea for India, and I didn't quite finish my speech, did I?" After being told that he did not, he said, "Well, take me back and let me

finish it." But they said no, "You will die in the attempt." "Well," said he, "I will die if I don't," and the old man asked again that they would allow him to finish his plea. When he was taken back the whole congregation stood as one man, and as they brought him on the platform, with a trembling voice he said: "Fathers and mothers of Scotland, is it true that you will not let your sons go to India? I spent 25 years of my life there. I lost my health, and I have come back with sickness and shattered health. If it is true that we have no strong grandsons to go to India, I will pack up what I have and be off to-morrow, and I will let those heathen know that if I cannot live for them, I will die for them."

The world will say that that old man was enthusiastic. Well, that is just what we want. No doubt that is what they said of the Son of God when He was down here. O, that God may baptize us to-night with the spirit of enthusiasm! That He may anoint us to-night with the Holy Ghost! Let me say to some of you men—I see some gray locks here, who, I have no doubt, are saying, "I wish I was young again; I would like to help in this work. I would like to work for the Lord." When we went to London there was an old woman 85 years old, who came to the meetings and said she wanted a hand in that work. She was appointed to a district, and called on all classes of people. She went to places where we would probably have been put out, and told the people of Christ. There were none that could resist her. When the old woman of 85 years old came to them and offered to pray for them, they all received her kindly—Catholics, Jews, Gentiles, all. That is enthusiasm. That is what we want in New York. If you cannot give a day to this work, give an hour, or if not an hour, five minutes. If you have not strength to do anything personally, you can pray for this work. Now, it is a good deal better to do that than it is to stand off criticising. Some will say, "O, I heard my grandfather say how such things should be done. This is not managed right to be successful." And they stand off and criticise and find fault, and we will never succeed as long as they do this. All should work and ask God's guidance.

Once, when a great fire broke out at midnight, and people thought that all the inmates had been taken out, away up there in the fifth story was seen a little child crying for help. Up went a ladder, and soon a fireman was seen ascending to the spot. As he neared the second story, the flames burst in fury from the windows, and the multitude almost despaired of

the rescue of the child. The brave man faltered, and a comrade at the bottom cried out, "Cheer!" and cheer upon cheer arose from the crowd. Up the ladder he went, and saved the child because they cheered him. If you cannot go into the heat of the battle yourself, if you cannot go into the harvest field and work day after day, you can cheer those that are working for the Master. I see many old people in their old days get crusty and sour, and they discourage every one they meet by their fault-finding. That is not what we want. If we make a mistake, come and tell us of it, and we will thank you. You don't know how much you may do by just speaking kindly to those that are willing to work. I remember when I was a boy, I went several miles from home with an older brother. That seemed to me the longest visit of my life. It seemed that I was then further away from home than I had ever been before, or have ever been since. While we were walking down the street, we saw an old man coming toward us, and my brother said, "There is a man that will give you a cent. He gives every new boy that comes into this town a cent." That was my first visit to the town, and when the old man got opposite to us he looked around, and my brother not wishing me to lose the cent, and to remind the old man that I had not received it, told him that I was a new boy in the town. The old man, taking off my hat, placed his trembling hand on my head, and told me I had a Father in heaven. It was a kind, simple act, but I feel the pressure of the old man's hand upon my head to-day.

Now you can all do something in this work of saving souls. That is what we have come to this city for. There is not a mother, father, nor wife, there is not a young man in all the city, but what ought to be in sympathy with this work. We have come here to try to save souls. I never heard of one that was brought to Christ that it injured them. Oh, let us pray for the Spirit of God; let us pray that this spirit of criticism and of fault-finding may be all laid aside, and that we may be of one spirit as they were on the day of Pentecost.

FOURTH EVENING.

"To every man his work."—ST. MARK, 13th chap., part of the 34th verse.

I WANT to call your attention to a verse you will find in the 13th chapter of Mark, part of the 34th verse—"To every man his work." "For the Son of Man is as a man taking a far journey: who left his house and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work, and commanded the porter to watch." Now, by reading that verse carefully it don't read, "to every man some work," or "to every man a work," but "to every man his work." And I believe if the truth was known that every man and woman in this assembly has a work laid out for them to do; that every man's life is a plan of the Almighty, and way back in the councils of eternity God laid out a work for each one of us. There is no man living that can do the work that God has got for me to do. No one can do it but myself. And if the work ain't done, we will have to answer for it when we stand before God's bar. For it says: "Every man shall be brought unto judgment, and every one shall give an account of the deeds done in the body." And it seems to me that every one of us ought to take this question home to-night: "Well, am I doing the work that God has for me to do?" God has got a work for every one of us to do. Now in the parable the man who had two talents had the same reward as the man who had five talents. He heard the same words as the man who had five talents. "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." The men that take good care of the talents that God has loaned them, He always gives them more. But if we take the talent that God has given us and lay it away carefully in a napkin and bury it away, God will take even that from us. God don't want a man that has got one talent to do the work of a man that has got ten. All a man has got to answer for is the one that God has given each man. If we were all of us doing the work that God has got for us to do, don't you see how the work of the Lord would advance? I

believe in what John Wesley used to say, "All at it, and always at it," and that is what the Church wants to say.

But men say, "I don't believe in these revivals; it's only temporary, it only lasts a few minutes." Yes, if I thought it was only to last a few minutes, I would say "Amen" to everything they say. My prayer has been for years that God will let me die when the spirit of revival dies out in my heart, and I don't want to live any longer if I can't be used to some purpose. What are we all down in this world of sickness and sorrow unless it is to work for the Son of God, and improve the talents He has given us. But some men are not satisfied with the talents they have, but are always wishing for some one else's talent. Now, that is all wrong. It is contrary to the spirit of Christ. Instead of wishing for some one else's talent, let us make the best use of the talents God has given us. Now, there ain't a father or a mother here but would think it a great misfortune if their children shouldn't grow any for the next ten or fifteen years. That little boy there, if he shouldn't grow any for ten or fifteen years, his mother would say, "It is a great calamity." I know some men of my acquaintance who make the same prayers they made fifteen or twenty years ago. They are like a horse in a tread-mill—it is always the same old story of their experiences when they were converted, and going round and round. If you had a child that was deaf and dumb you would think it a great misfortune. Do you ever think how many dumb children God has got? You speak about political matters, and they can talk. You ask them what do they think about General Grant's third term, and hear them talk. You ask them about stocks and bonds, and hear them talk. You talk to them about the hard times in New York, and see if they can't talk. But you ask them to speak about the Son of God and they say: "O no, I can't speak about that. Please excuse me!" Either they don't believe or they have gone like the third man and buried their talent, and they say, "The Lord is a hard master." I remember once a party of gentlemen speaking of this parable that I read, and asking a deaf man, "What do you think of this man's hiding his talent and about the justice of his reward?" The deaf man replied, "I don't know anything about the justice of his reward, but I know he is a liar. The Lord isn't a hard master. He told lies when he said that." And so these men who bury their talents they think the Lord is a hard master, but the men who are using their talents they don't think the Lord is a hard master.

Let us do all the business we can. If we can't be a lighthouse, let us be a tallow candle. There used to be a period when the people came up to meeting bringing their candles with them. The first one perhaps wouldn't make a great illumination, but when two or three got there there would be more light. If the people of this city should do that now, if each one should come here with your candle don't you think there would be a little light? Let all the gas be put out in this hall and one solitary candle would give a good deal of light here. If we can't be a lighthouse let us be a tallow candle. Some one said "I can't be anything more than a farthing rushlight." Well, if you can't be more be that, that is well enough. Be all you can.

What makes the Dead Sea dead? Because it is all the time receiving, never giving out anything. Why is it that many Christians are cold? Because they are all the time receiving, never giving out anything. You go every Sunday and hear good sermons, and think that is enough. You are all the time receiving these grand truths but never give them out. When you hear it, go and scatter the sacred truth abroad. Instead of having one minister to preach to a thousand people, this thousand ought to take a sermon and spread it till it reaches those that never go to church or chapel. Instead of having a few, we ought to have thousands using the precious talents that God has given them.

Now, Andrew got the reputation of bringing people to Christ. He went about it in the right way; he began right. I imagine that when Christ wanted these mighty deeds done, he went out and hunted up Andrew. Andrew inquired of the people, "Have you seen anything of Peter?" And when he found him he brought him to Christ. Little did Andrew know of the importance of the day when he brought Peter to Christ. Little did he think that on that day he did the greatest act of his life. What joy must have filled his heart when he saw 3000 brought under the influence of the Spirit by that holy man. Oh, you cannot tell what results will follow if you just improve the talent God has given you by bringing one Simon Peter to Christ. Then we read that when the Greeks came and wanted to see Jesus, Andrew met them and brought them all to Christ. Andrew had a reputation of bringing sinners to God. That is a good reputation. I would rather have that reputation than any other. Oh, the joy there is in bringing people to Christ! This is what we all can do if we will. If God has not given us but half a

talent, let us make good use of that. When God told the people to take their seats by fifties, he told Philip to get food for them. "What," says Philip, "feed them with this little loaf? Why, there is not more than enough for the first man." "Yes, go and feed them with that." Philip thought that was a very small amount for such a multitude of hungry men. He broke off a piece for the first man, and didn't miss it; a piece for the second man, and didn't miss it; a piece for the third man, and didn't miss it. He was making good use of the loaf, and God kept increasing it. That is what the Lord wants to do with us. He will give us just as many talents as we can take care of.

There are many of us that are willing to do great things for the Lord, but few of us willing to do little things. The mighty sermon on regeneration was preached to one man. There are many who are willing to preach to thousands, but are not willing to take their seat beside one soul, and lead that soul to the blessed Jesus. We must get down to personal effort—this bringing one by one to the Son of God. We can find no better example of this than in the life of Christ himself. Look at that wonderful sermon that he preached to that lone woman at the well of Samaria. He was tired and weary, but he had time and the heart to preach to her. This is but one of many instances in the life of the Master from which we may learn a precious lesson. If the Son of God had time to preach to one soul, cannot every one of us go and do the same? If people, instead of coming to these meetings, folding up their arms and enjoying themselves, without personal effort, would wake up to the fact that they have a work to do, what a wonderful work could be done! It is not enough to come to these meetings; we want ten thousand workers in New York city. We want ten thousand men and women that are willing to say, "Lord, here am I, use me." Ten thousand of such people would revolutionize this city in a little while. Look at the work of the mighty Wesley. The world never saw a hundred such men living at the same time. The trouble is, we are afraid to speak to men about their souls. Let us ask God to give us grace to overcome this man-fearing spirit. There is a wife, but she dare not speak to her husband about his soul. There is a father that dare not speak to a son about his soul. What we want to do is to speak to our neighbors about these things. We call it a little work, but let me say to you it is a great deal. If we would do this we might turn ten thousand to the Son of God.

I remember hearing of a person that was always trying to do some great thing for the Lord, and because he could not do a great thing, he never did anything. There are a great many who would be willing to do great things if they could come up and have their names heralded through the press. I remember hearing of a man's dream, in which he imagined that when he died he was taken by the angels to a beautiful temple. After admiring it for a time, he discovered that one stone was missing. All finished but just one little stone; that was left out. He said to the angel, "What is this stone left out for?" The angel replied, "That was left out for you, but you wanted to do great things, and so there was no room left for you." He was startled, and awoke, and resolved that he would become a worker for God, and that man always worked faithfully after that.

Now, my friends, we must not expect to do great things. We must take anything that comes to us. We must let the Lord use us as he sees fit. I remember once, while preaching at a meeting, of noticing in the congregation a lady who had a class in a mission school. I knew that it was the time for them to meet, and I wondered what she was there for. When I got home, I said, "How did you happen to be at the meeting this afternoon? What did you do with all those little lambs? Haven't you a class that meets to-day?" "Yes," she said, "but I only have five little boys, and I didn't think it would matter if I didn't teach them to-day." "Have you five little boys?" "Yes." "How do you know but among those little boys there may be a Knox, there may be a Wesley, or a Whitefield, or a Bunyan? There may be a man there who will go out and revolutionize the world." My friends, in that little boy with his tattered clothes and un-combed hair, there may be a Martin Luther, if you could but lead him to Christ. If you have five little children come to you, thank God for that, and start with your work. I heard, some time ago, of a young lady that went out to a boarding-school. Her parents were very wealthy, and sent her to the best school they could find. They were very anxious that their daughter should shine in the highest circle of society, that she should become refined and educated. Among her associates at school was a lady who loved and worked for Christ. By constant labor she won this young girl's heart, and pleaded with her to become a Christian. She succeeded, and the young lady became a worker in the vineyard of the Lord. She taught her the luxury of working for Christ. She

labored with her schoolmates, and God used her in winning quite a number of young ladies in that school to Christ. I have known a great many ministers who wanted to know how they could keep their congregation out of the world. Give them so much to do that they won't have time to attend to cherish worldly influences. This young lady of whom I was speaking, came home, and her father and mother wanted her to shine in the fashionable society. No, she said she had got something better than that. She went to the Sabbath-school superintendent, and said to him, "Can you give me a class in the Sunday-school?" He was surprised that this young lady should want that. He told her that he had no class that he could give her then. She went away with a resolve to do what she could outside of the school. One day, as she was walking up the street, she saw a little boy running out of a shoemaker's shop, and behind him was the old shoemaker, chasing him, with a wooden last in his hand. He had not run far until the last was thrown at him, and he was struck in the back. The boy stopped and began to cry. The Spirit of the Lord touched that young lady's heart, and she went to where he was. She stepped up to him and asked him if he was hurt. He told her it was none of her business. She went to work then to win that boy's confidence. She asked him if he went to school. He said, "No." "Well, why don't you go to school?" "Don't want to." She asked him if he would not like to go to Sunday-school. "If you will come," she said, "I will tell you beautiful stories, and read nice books." She coaxed and pleaded with him, and at last said that if he would consent to go she would meet him on the corner of a street which they should agree upon. He at last consented, and the next Sunday, true to his promise, he waited for her at the place designated. She took him by the hand and led him into the Sabbath-school. "Can you give me a place to teach this little boy?" she asked of the superintendent. He looked at the boy, but they didn't have any such looking little ones in the school. A place was found, however, and she sat down in the corner and tried to win that soul for Christ. Many would look upon that with contempt, but she had got something to do for the Master. The little boy had never heard anybody sing so sweetly before. When he went home he was asked where he had been. "Been among the angels," he told his mother. He said he had been to the Protestant Sabbath-school; but his father and mother told him he must not go there any more or he would

get a flogging. The next Sunday he went, and when he came home he got the promised flogging. He went the second time and got a flogging, and also a third time with the same result. At last he said to his father, "I wish you would flog me before I go, and then I won't have to think of it when I am there." The father said, "If you go to that Sabbath-school again I will kill you." It was the father's custom to send his son out on the street to sell articles to the passers-by, and he told the boy that he might have the profits of what he sold on Saturday. The little fellow hastened to the young lady's house and said to her, "Father said that he would give me every Saturday to myself, and if you will just teach me then, I will come to your house every Saturday afternoon." I wonder how many young ladies there are that would give up their Saturday afternoons just to teach one boy the way into the kingdom of God? Every Saturday afternoon that little boy was there at her house, and she tried to tell him the way to Christ. She labored with him, and at last the light of God's Spirit broke upon his heart. One day while he was selling his wares at the railroad station, a train of cars approached unnoticed, and passed over both his legs. A physician was summoned, and the first thing after he arrived, the little sufferer looked up into his face, and said, "Doctor, will I live to get home?" "No," said the doctor, "you are dying." "Will you tell my mother and father that I died a Christian?" They bore home the boy's corpse, and with it the last message that he died a Christian. O, what a noble work was that young lady's in saving that little wanderer! How precious the remembrance to her! When she goes to heaven she will not be a stranger there. He will take her by the hand and lead her to the throne of Christ. She did the work cheerfully. Oh, may God teach us what our work is, that we may do it for His glory.

It is the greatest pleasure of living to win souls to Christ, and it is a pleasure that angels can't enjoy. It is sometimes a wonder to me that God doesn't take the work out of the church and give it to the angels. If the redeemed saints could come by the bar, I sometimes think they would rejoice in coming back here to have the privilege of leading one more soul to Christ. Isn't it high time that the church got awake from its midnight slumber? It is time the work was commenced, and when the Spirit of God revives it, shan't we go and do it? Are there not 5,000 Christians in this hall, and ain't there some one among them that can lead a soul to

Christ within the next week? If we work, what a great army can be brought in, if we are only faithful! I want to say to the Christians here that there is one rule I have followed that has helped me wonderfully. I made it a rule that I wouldn't let a day pass without speaking to some one about their soul's salvation, and if they didn't hear the Gospel from the lips of others, there will be 365 in a year that shall hear the Gospel from my lips. There are 5000 Christians here to-night; can't they say, "We won't let a day pass without speaking a word to some one about the cause of Christ."

At a place where we were holding meetings, in the gas-works, there was a man who came to our very first meeting. He was very much interested, and said, "I will try and see if I can't lead some of the men in my shop to Christ." He began to talk with them. There were 175 men on the night-watch, and when I left they said 25 out of the 175 had been converted; and every night, at midnight—that is the hour they have what might be called their midnight dinner—and every night, at midnight, they have a prayer-meeting. When you and I sleep to-night all these young converts speak and pray, and it looks now as if every man in the gas-works was going to be brought to Christ.

When we were in Belfast, there was a man who heard about leading souls to Christ. He began by talking to his wife, and to his servant, and to his children; and just as we were leaving Belfast they were very much interested, but not converted. He came down to Dublin—broke up his home, left his business, and came to Dublin. One night he came to me very joyous, and he says, "My wife has been converted." A little while after, he came and said, "My younger son has been converted;" and a little while after, he said, "My oldest son has been converted." And now the whole family is in the ark. And he came over to Manchester, and he came up to London; and now perhaps in all Belfast there is not one that works harder than that whole family. Look at this man's success. He found his work was right there in his own household; and if the fathers, and mothers, and sisters, and wives, and brothers, will try to bring the members of their families to Christ, and cry, "O, God, teach me what my work is"—the Spirit of God will surely tell them what their work is, and then if they are ready to go and do it, there will be thousands converted in this city in a few days. O, may the Spirit of the Lord come upon us to-night, and may every one of us be taught by the Holy Ghost what our work is, and may we be ready to do it.

FIFTH EVENING.

PRAY AND WORK.

I WANT to follow up the subject we have had during the past week in the noon prayer-meeting. We have had for our subject "Prayer," and in these meetings, a good many of you will remember, we have had the subject "Work." Now we want to put the two together, "Pray and Work." That is really about all there is to it. It is to pray and to work. I am in hopes we will be ready next Sabbath to go to work with individuals. I am in hopes there will be thousands of Christians that will just be trying to lead some soul to Christ. Now there are two qualifications which we need in order to be successful fishermen of men, in order to be successful in winning souls to Christ. Some of you will remember I have-taken the subjects, "Courage and Enthusiasm." I want to take two others, "Love and Sympathy." I want to call your attention to the 13th chapter of Corinthians, where it says that "if I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal;" and if we even give our bodies to be burned and yet if we haven't real love in our hearts, our work will go for naught. I want to call your attention to a passage in Titus, in the 2d chapter of Titus, two verses: "But speak thou the things which become sound doctrine; that the aged men may be sober, grave, temperate, sound in faith, in charity and in patience."

If love don't prompt all work, all work is for naught. If a man in the church ain't sound in his faith, we draw our ecclesiastical sword and cut his head right off; but he may not be sound in love, yet we do nothing in his case. The great want in our churches is the want of love in them. If we had more love we would do better, for love begets love, and then, too, hate begets hate. You often hear a man say that such and such a man is the meanest man in town. Now the other man may have had no ill-feeling towards the speaker, but if he hears of the remark he begins to think badly of the one who

abused him, and soon learns to hate him. Now, if a man should hear that another man loves him and has spoken well of him, his love will grow too. Christ tells all men, "by this shall all men know—have love one to another." This love will be the badge of the Christian, the badge by which to tell who they are, like the badges the ushers wear here. Without love we are not really converted to the Church of God. When we are truly converted we love all things and all men better than ever before. The morning I was converted I went out doors and I fell in love with the bright sun shining over the earth; I never loved the sun before. And when I heard the birds singing their sweet songs, I fell in love with the birds, like the Scotch lassie who stood on the hills of her native land, breathing the sweet air, and when asked why she did it, said: "I love the Scotch air." If the church was filled with love, it could do so much more.

I am tired of the word duty; tired of hearing duty, duty, duty. Men go to church because it is their duty. They go to prayer-meeting because it is their duty. You can never reach a man's heart if you talk to him because it is your duty. Suppose I told my wife I loved her because it was my duty—what would she say? Once every year I go up to Connecticut to visit my aged mother. Suppose, when I go next time, I tell her that I knew she was old and that she was living on borrowed time; that I knew she had always done a great deal for me, and that I came to see her every year because it was my duty. Don't you think she would say, "Well, then, my son, you needn't take the trouble to come again?" Let us strike for a higher plane. God loved the world when it was full of sinners and those who broke his law. If he did so, can't we do it, and love our fellow-men? If the Saviour could die for the world, can't we work for it? The churches would soon be filled if outsiders could find that people in them loved them when they came, if the elders and deacons were glad to see them and were ready to take them by the hand and welcome them. Such things would draw sinners. Actions like these speak louder than words. We do not want to talk of love and not show it in our deeds; we want something more than tongue love.

If our heart goes out towards them and we love them, they will be drawn towards us and we will win them to Christ. We must win them to us first and then we can win them to Christ. The last time I heard Dr. Arnold speak—he died soon afterward—he used a homely illustration. Said he, "Those of you

who were brought up on a farm will understand it. When you have to wean a calf you have to teach it how to drink. You take a bucket of milk and then you put your fingers in the calf's mouth, and when he has got a good hold you pull his nose right down into the milk. Then you slip your fingers out, and then the calf is drinking before he knows anything about it. So," said he, "you must get the people to love you, and then turn them over to Christ." We must be more lovely ourselves, and show the people that we love them. In our city a few years ago there was a little boy who went to one of the mission Sunday-schools. His father moved to another part of the city about five miles away, and every Sunday that boy came past thirty or forty Sunday-schools to the one he attended. And one Sunday a lady who was out collecting scholars for a Sunday-school met him and asked him why he went so far, past so many schools. "There are plenty of others," said she, "just as good." He said, "They may be as good, but they are not so good for me." "Why not?" she asked. "Because they love a fellow over there," he answered. Ah! love won him. "Because they love a fellow over there!" How easy it is to reach people through love! Sunday-school teachers should win the affections of their scholars if they wish to lead them to Christ. Those who are successful in winning the affections of men are successful in leading them to Christ.

In London, in 1872, one Sunday morning a minister said to me, "I want you to notice that family there in one of the front seats, and when we go home I want to tell you their story." When we got home I asked him for the story, and he said, "All that family were won by a smile." "Why," said I, "how's that?" "Well," said he, "as I was walking down a street one day I saw a child at a window; it smiled, and I smiled, and we bowed. So it was the second time; I bowed, she bowed. It was not long before there was another child, and I had got in a habit of looking and bowing, and pretty soon the group grew, and at last, as I went by, a lady was with them. I didn't know what to do. I didn't want to bow to her, but I knew the children expected it, and so I bowed to them all. And the mother saw I was a minister, because I carried a Bible every Sunday morning. So the children followed me the next Sunday and found I was a minister. And they thought I was the greatest preacher, and their parents must hear me. A minister who is kind to a child and gives him a pat on the head, why the children will think he is the greatest preacher in the world. Kindness goes a great way. And to

make a long story short, the father and mother and five children were converted, and they are going to join our church next Sunday." Won to Christ by a smile. We must get the wrinkles out of our brows, and we must have smiling faces. The world is after the best thing, and we must show them that we have got something better than they have got. I thought last night how I wished I knew the young men better. I have got something better than infidelity. We must convince them of this, or those that live out of Christ will stumble over us into the last world. Men are after the best thing everywhere, and we must show the world that we have got the best thing before we win the world. If a man is after a horse, he wants to get the best horse he can for the money. If a lady goes shopping, she wants to get the best ribbon she can for the money. If a man wants a coat, he wants to get the best coat he can for the money. This is the law the world around. If we show men that religion is better than anything else, we shall win the world, but we cannot do it if we are cold and lukewarm, and under the lashings of conscience all the time.

We won't win the world to Christ if we are cold and lukewarm; but if the love of God beats in warm pulsations in our hearts, and we show them we are full of love and sympathy for them, how easy it will be to win souls to Christ! I like to see in a Christian's face the light that comes down from the celestial hills of glory. To love those that abuse them; that is what the Master did; and if we have His Spirit, we will certainly love those that don't love us. I don't think there is a man in New York whose heart is so hard but that love will break it. A friend of mine who had a large Sabbath-school, had a theory never to turn a boy out of Sabbath-school on account of bad conduct. "I considered," said he, "that those boys who behaved badly in Sunday-school, had not had the advantages of a good bringing up, and for that very reason ought not to be turned out. I found out," said he, "that it was one thing to have a theory and another thing to put it in practice." For he had a boy come into his Sunday-school that nearly upset all his practice. He put him under one teacher and nothing could be done with him; he put him under another teacher, and nothing could be done with him; he put him under another teacher, and nothing could be done with him, and he made up his mind to expel him from the school, and do it publicly, and let all the school know that the boy was expelled. But there came a lady

teacher to him, who said, "I wish you would let me have that boy." "But," said he, "he is such a bad boy; he uses such vulgar language. All those men can't do anything with him, and I think, I am sure you can't." The lady said, "I am not doing much for Christ, and it may be that I can win him." But she was a lady of refined society, and he thought, "Surely, she won't be willing to have patience with that boy." He gave her the boy, and, he said, for a few Sundays he behaved very well, but one Sunday he behaved badly, and she corrected him, and he up and spat in her face. She quietly took her handkerchief and wiped her face. I don't know what his name was, but we will call him Johnny. "Johnny," she says, "I wish you would go home with me. I want to talk with you." "Well, I won't," he said, "I won't be seen on the street with you, and what's more, I ain't never coming to this Sunday-school any more." "Well," she says, "if you won't walk home with me, let me walk home with you." No, he said he wouldn't be seen on the street with her, and he was not coming to that dirty old Sunday-school any more. She knew if she was going to reach that boy, she must do it then, and she thought she would try. She thought she would just bear on that curiosity chord. Sometimes, when you can't reach people in any other way, you can do it by exciting their curiosity. She said to him, "If you will come to my house, next Tuesday morning, I shan't be there; but if you will go there and ring the front door bell, and tell the servant there is a little bundle on the bureau for you, she will give it to you." The little fellow said he wouldn't come. She thought he might change his mind. He thought it over, and he thought he would just like to know what there was in that bundle. And he went up to the house Tuesday morning, and the bundle was handed to him; and there was a little vest in it, and a little necktie that she had made with her own hands, and a kind note stating that ever since he had been in her class she had been praying for him every morning and every evening, and she told him how she loved him and cared for him. The next morning he was there, bright and early, before she was up. The servant came up and told her that that boy was in the drawing-room, and wanted to see her. She went down, and found the little fellow sitting on the sofa, weeping. She spoke to him kindly, and said, "What is the trouble?" And he says, "O, teacher, I have had no peace since I got that note from you." And she got down and

prayed with him; "And," said the superintendent, "there is not a better boy in the school." Love conquered him.

The greatest infidel can be reached by love. The greatest drunkard can be reached by love. Infidelity don't know anything about love. The religion of Jesus Christ is a religion of love. If we would be successful workers in His vineyard it is the love of Christ that must bind us together. A few years ago I was in a town down in our State, the guest of a family that had a little boy about thirteen years old, who did not bear the family name, yet was treated like the rest. Every night, when he retired, the lady of the house kissed him and treated him in every respect like all the other children. I said to the lady of the house, "I don't understand it." I think he was the finest-looking boy I have ever seen. I said to her, "I don't understand it." She says, "I want to tell you about that boy. That boy is the son of a missionary. His father and mother were missionaries in India, but they found they had got to bring their children back to this country to educate them. So they gave up their mission field and came back to educate their children and to find some missionary work to do in this country. But they were not prospered here as they had been in India, and the father said, "I will go back to India;" and the mother said, "If God has called you to go I am sure it will be my duty to go, and my privilege to go, and I will go with you." The father said, "You have never been separated from the children, and it will be hard for you to be separated from them; perhaps you had better stay and take care of them." But after prayer they decided to leave their children to be educated, and they left for India. This lady heard of it and sent a letter to the parents, in which she stated if they left one child at her house she would treat it like one of her own children. She said the mother came and spent a few days at her house, and being satisfied that her boy would receive proper care, consented to leave him, and the night before she was to leave him, the missionary said to the Western lady: "I want to leave my boy to-morrow morning without a tear;" said she, "I may never see him again." But she didn't want him to think she was weeping for anything she was doing for the Master. The lady said to herself, "she won't leave that boy without a tear." But the next day, when the carriage drove up to the door, the lady went up-stairs and said she heard the mother in prayer, crying, "O God, give me strength for this hour. Help me to go away from my boy without a tear." When she came down there was a smile upon her face.

She hugged him and she kissed him, but she smiled as she did it. She gave up all her five or six children without shedding a tear, went back to India, and in about a year there came a voice, "Come up hither." Do you think she would be a stranger in the Lord's world? Don't you think she won't be known there, a mother that loved her God more than her children? When I think of that it seems as if I didn't know much about making a sacrifice for my Master. O, that we might know more about the love of Christ.

The next thing I want to speak of is sympathy. We have got to get into sympathy with people if we are going to do them good. This world wants sympathy about as much as anything. There are so many we could reach if we could sympathize with them. If we stand upon a higher plane, we won't succeed. The Son of God passed by the mansions and went down in a manger that he might sympathize with the lowly. If we want to reach people, we have got to put ourselves in the places of those people, if we are going to succeed. People say, "How are the masses going to be reached?" Why, get into sympathy with them. If a man knows you are in sympathy with him, his heart, however hard it may be, will be broken. A gentleman one day came to my office for the purpose of getting me interested in a young man who had just got out of the penitentiary. "He says," said the gentleman, "he don't want to go to the office, but I want your permission to bring him in and introduce him." I said, "Bring him in." The gentleman brought him in and introduced him, and I took him by the hand and told him I was glad to see him. I invited him up to my house, and when I took him into my family I introduced him as my friend. When my little daughter came into the room I said, "Emma, this is papa's friend." And she went up and kissed him, and the man sobbed aloud. After the child left the room I said, "What is the matter?" "O sir," he said, "I have not had a kiss for years. The last kiss I had was from my mother, and she was dying. I thought I would never love another one again." His heart was broken. Just that little kindness showed I was in sympathy with him. Another young man, just out of the penitentiary, came to me and after I had talked with him for some time, he didn't seem to think I was in sympathy with him. I offered him a little money. "No," he said, "I don't want your money." "What do you want?" "I want some one to have confidence in me." I got down and prayed with him, and in my prayer I called him a brother and he shed tears the moment I called him a brother. So if we are

going to reach men we must make them believe we are their brothers. I will tell you how to get there. You must put yourself in their places. I tell you, if we only put ourselves in their places we can succeed in bringing souls to Christ. O! when we see a poor drunkard, let us bear in mind that we might have been in the same place under the same circumstances. O! may God give us love and sympathy so that we can reach the masses, and that many may be reached in this way, and we will see men coming to Christ by thousands. I believe in my soul we are going to see the greatest work in New York we have ever seen in this world. Let every one of us that love the Lord Jesus Christ make up our minds that by the grace of God we will try to help some soul to Christ, and the Lord will make us wise in leading souls to Him if that is our prayer.

SIXTH EVENING.

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor."—ST. LUKE, 4th chap., part of the 18th verse.

I WANT to call your attention to a verse in the 4th chapter of the Gospel of Luke—the 18th verse: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor." I have spoken a great many times in New York city, but I believe I never preached the gospel here but once. That was twelve or fifteen years ago down in the Tombs. I have spoken a great many times in different parts of the city, but I have never preached the gospel but once. I have tried to arouse Christians up to work. People are in the habit of thinking that anything that is in the way of a religious meeting is the gospel, but they are mistaken. I have had quite a number of letters from Christians complaining because I don't preach the gospel to the people. I want to tell you if I can what the Gospel of the Son of God is. I want to ask all those who are Christians here, to be silently lifting up their hearts in prayer that God may help me to make the way of life plain, and that every one may know what the Gospel of God is. I believe I was converted years before I knew what the gospel meant. Now the word gospel means "good spell," or in other words, "God's spell."

When Christ commenced His ministry, about His first words were, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor." That don't mean those who are poor in this world's goods, but that means the poor in spirit. Christ says, "the Lord has anointed me" for that purpose. He had been out of Nazareth for a few weeks, and had gone down to Jordan, where He had met the great wilderness preacher. Christ had left Nazareth, and went to meet John, that man from the desert that was more like Elijah than any man since Elijah went up to heaven, in a chariot of fire. There He met a great many people, ten

thousands of people probably, and He was crying that the kingdom of God was at hand. Down there into the audience came a man, who passed down into the water, and He requested John to baptize him. John said that he needed to be baptized of him. But after the baptism there came a voice—God confessed his Son: "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." These thousands took the tidings all over the country, and the voice had reached Nazareth, that Christ had been baptized by John, in Jordan, and that there came down a voice from heaven saying, "This is my beloved Son, hear him." When He arrived in Nazareth there was no small assemblage ready to meet Him. He went into the synagogue, as was His custom, and He stood up and read the prophecy of the prophet Esaias, and He opened the book to read—they did not have books like what we have, they used to have parchment—He might have turned to the first chapter, "But Israel doth not know Me." He might have read not that, but "from the sole of the foot, even unto the head, there is no soundness in it." He passed by the 35th chapter—"Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped." He might have read that, but Calvary had got to have a victory before that could be said. He passed over the 9th chapter, He passed over the 40th chapter. He might have told them—He might have turned to the 55th chapter. He had not been wounded, He had not yet gone through Gethsemane. But we read that He found the place where it is written, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor." And that was the commencement of His ministry, and that was on His going back to Nazareth. And in that 61st chapter of Isaiah He stopped right in the middle of a sentence. There were seven things He had come to do. He read that part which was that He had come to preach the gospel to the poor. The next was, "He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted." Wasn't that good tidings? You would think that was good tidings, wouldn't you? The next was He had come to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the next was the recovery of sight to the blind, and to set at liberty them that are bruised, and to open the doors to the captive, and to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and He closed the book. And the eyes of the whole congregation were upon Him. The next sentence which He omitted was, "The day of vengeance is at hand." I have an idea when the prophet Isaiah wrote those words he did not fully see the first and second coming of Christ, that has already

passed, and the day of vengeance has not come. So it seems as if the prophet Isaiah did not see the first and second coming of our Lord.

Christ shut up the book: He will come back by-and-by and He will open the book, and he will commence to read where he left off. You can cry for mercy then, but the door will be shut. But Christ did not come to condemn sinners. He came to save them. I have not come to New York to preach "The day of vengeance is at hand." I have come to proclaim the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

I have come to tell you the good tidings. Christ did not come into the world to condemn the world, but that through Him the world might be saved. In the 9th chapter of Luke, you will read that he called his twelve disciples together, and gave them power and authority over devils, and to heal the sick; that is what he came for—to preach the Gospel of God, and to heal the sick. Then in the next chapter He calls around Him the seventy—He had appointed other seventy, also, and He sent them, two and two, before his face, into every city and place whither He Himself would come. Now, we find that he had come into the world just to bring glad tidings. Did you ever see or hear of any one that didn't like to receive glad tidings? Now, one proof that people don't believe the Bible, is, when they wear long faces, as if they had accepted an invitation to an execution. That ain't the Gospel. The Gospel is good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people, "for unto us is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour." I don't believe that better news ever fell upon the ears of mortal man, than the news of the Gospel. I don't believe any man ever heard better tidings, and it is glad tidings of heaven. God never had but one Son, and He called Him to send that good news: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me because He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor." We find that Moses was anointed. He went down into Egypt, and death followed. When he was opposed, look at the plagues that fell upon the Egyptians. We find that the Spirit of God was upon Elijah. When he wanted to protect himself, men lost their lives. The fifty came to get Elisha, and he called fire down from Heaven, and he was taken up to Heaven. The Spirit came down upon Gideon, and when men came out to meet him he slew them by thousands. The Spirit of God came upon Samson, and he slew men by thousands. The Spirit came upon the holy men of old; but when Christ comes, He says, "the Spirit of the Lord

is upon me"—not to take men's lives—the only man that lost anything was the man that lost his ear. Peter's faith got lukewarm, and he cut off a servant's ear, but the Lord gave it back to him. I don't suppose he lost it more than five minutes, and it was just as good as ever when he got it back. I don't suppose you could find a scar there.

Christ says, "I did not come to destroy men's lives. I came to save them." And it seems to me to be the greatest madness that the world don't receive Christ. That we should have to coax and to entreat men to receive Christ, isn't it a mystery? Suppose, while I am preaching, suppose a messenger should come in and bring a letter that brought good tidings to that mother? Don't you suppose she would be glad to receive it? Suppose it told her that her boy that has been gone for ten years has returned? He ran away ten years ago, and the messenger comes in and states that he that ran away has got home. Don't you think that mother's face would light up? I could see it in her countenance; and so when I preach the Gospel, I can't help but see those that believe. It lights up their faces. Look at our churches, how the people throng to them to hear the Gospel. Let a man preach about something else than the Gospel, and see if the people would throng to them. There is a void in every one's heart that will never be filled until they receive the Gospel of Christ.

Now, I want to tell you why I like the Gospel, for I don't believe God calls on us to believe the Gospel without giving us good reason; and I don't believe he would call it good news unless he gave us a reason. Now, it has taken out of my path four of the most bitter enemies I had. The 15th chapter of Corinthians tells us that the last enemy that shall be destroyed shall be death. I see by the badges of mourning among you that many of you have lost loved ones. Many of you know what it is to have death come to your door when some loved child has been taken from your bosom. Now, I don't know but some of you will say, "If a person is afraid of death, he is a coward." I don't believe there is a man or woman that ever lived, who is not afraid of death, unless they knew that Jesus Christ would overcome death. Before I knew the Son of God as my Saviour, death was a terrible enemy to me. Now, up in that little New England village where I came from, in that little village it was the custom to toll out the bell whenever any one died, and to toll one stroke for every year. Sometimes they would toll out 70 strokes for a man of 70, or 40 strokes for a man of 40. I used to think

when they died at 70, and sometimes at 80, well, that is a good ways off. But sometimes it would be a child at my age, and then it used to be very solemn. Sometimes I could not bear to sleep in a room alone. Death used to trouble me, but, thanks to God, it don't trouble me now. If He should send his messenger, and the messenger should come up here on this platform and say to me, "Mr. Moody, your hour is come, I have got to take you away," it would be joyful news for me; for though I should be absent from the body, I should be present with the Lord. Through the world I can shout, "O, death, where is thy sting?" And I hear the voice, I hear the voice—buried in the bosom of the Son of God. That is what Calvary means. The wages of sin is death; but He took the wages himself. That is the Gospel of the Son of God, and there is no fear for them who believe in Christ Jesus. There was Paul; he had got virtually over death. Let death come—"O, death, where is thy sting?" Sometimes I used to go into a graveyard when some one was about to lie down in that narrow house, and when the sexton would shovel and throw dirt in on the coffin, it would be like a death-knell to my soul. I would hear him say, "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes." Now I can measure its depths. I can shout as Paul did; I can say, "O, death, where is thy sting?" But this soul of man shall go into the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. O, the grave is lost in victory. It is lost in Christ.

O, the blessed Gospel of the Son of God, what can we do without it? When we lay our little children away in death, they shall rise again. I was going into a cemetery, once, and over the entrance I saw these words: "They shall rise again." Infidelity didn't teach that; we got that from this book. O, the blessed Gospel of the Son of God! How every one of you ought to believe it! Young lady, if you have been careless up to this afternoon, O, may you get awake. May you this hour not hesitate to turn from your sins unto God, and believe the Gospel of His Son. I used to be a good deal troubled with my sins, and I thought of the day of judgment, when all the sins that I had committed in secret should blaze out before the assembled universe. But when a man comes to Christ, the Gospel tells him they are all gone, and in Jesus Christ he is a new creature. All I know is that out of the love which my Lord has for me He has taken all my sins and cast them behind His back. That is, behind God's back. How is Satan to get at it? If God has forgiven our sins, they won't be mentioned. In Ezekiel we are told not one of them

shall be mentioned. Isn't it a glorious thing to have all our sins blotted out? And there is another thought, and that is the judgment. You know if a man has committed some great crime, when he is to be brought into judgment how he dreads it? How he dreads that day when he is to be brought into court, when he is put into a box and witnesses are to come up and testify against him, and he is there to be judged! But, my friends, the Gospel tells us that if we come to Christ, we shall never come into judgment. Why? Because Christ was judged for us. He was wounded for our transgressions. If he has been wounded for us, we haven't got to be wounded. "Verily, verily,"—which means truly, truly—"I say unto you"—now just put your name in there—"He that heareth my words, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath"—h-a-t-h, hath. It don't say you shall have when you die. It says, hath—"He that heareth my words and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation." That means into judgment. He shan't come into judgment, but is passed "from death into life." There is judgment out of the way. He shall never come into judgment. Why? Because God has forgiven us and given us eternal life. That is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Ought people to be gloomy and put on long faces when that is the news?

Away out on the frontier of our country, out on the prairies, where men sometimes go to hunt, or for other purposes, the grass in the dry season sometimes catches fire, and you will see the flames uprise twenty or thirty feet high, and you will see those flames rolling over the western desert faster than any fleet horse can run. Now what do the men do? They know it is sure death unless they can make some escape. They would try to run away perhaps if they had fleet horses. But they can't, that fire goes faster than the fleetest horse can run. What do they do? Why, they just take a match and they light the grass from it, and away it burns, and then they get into that burnt district. The fire comes on, and there they stand perfectly secure. There they stand perfectly secure—nothing to fear. Why? Because the fire has burned all there is to burn. Take your stand there on Mount Calvary. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is to whosoever will come. I thank God that I can come to this city of New York with a Gospel that is free to all. It is free to the most abandoned. Still, it may be there are some wives that have got discouraged and disheartened. I can tell you the joyful news that your husband and your sons have not gone so far but that the grace of God can save them.

The Son of God came to raise up the most abandoned. I noticed, on my way down this morning, not less than four or five tramps. They looked weary and tired. I suppose they had slept on the sidewalk last night. I thought I would like to have time just to stop and tell them about the Son of God, and how Christ loved them. The Gospel of the Son of God is to tell us how He loves us. He takes our feet out of the pit, and he puts our feet on to the Rock of Ages. And that, my dear friends, is what Christ wants to do; and don't think that there isn't some one in your homes but that He wants to save. Tell them there is none too abandoned, none so young, none so fallen, but that God can save them. There was William Dorset, and the power of the Lord was upon him, and in closing his meeting one night, he said there wasn't a man in London so far gone but that the Lord could save him. There was Whitefield, and the Spirit of the Lord was upon him, and he said, "God is so anxious to save souls that he will take the devil's castaway." Whitefield said that the Lord would take the devil's castaway. Dorset said there was no man in London so far gone but that the Lord would save him. There was a lady missionary whom I knew, who found a man who said there was no hope for him; he had sent away his day of grace. She went to Mr. Dorset, and said to him, "Mr. Dorset, will you go down and see him, and tell him what you said?" Mr. Dorset said he would be glad to go and see him. He went up into a five-story house, and away up in the garret he found a young man lying upon some straw. He bent over him, and whispered into his ear, and called him his friend. The young man looked startled. He says, "You are mistaken in the person when you say, 'my friend.' I have got no friends. No one cares for me." Mr. Dorset told him that Christ was as much his friend as of any man in London. Poor prodigal! And after he had talked with him for some time, he prayed with him, and then he read to him out of the Bible, and at last the light of the Gospel began to break in upon that darkened heart. This young man said to Mr. Dorset he thought he could die happy if he knew his father was willing to forgive him. Mr. Dorset said to him, "Where does your father live?" The young man said he lived in the West End of London. Mr. Dorset said, "I will go and see him, and see if he won't forgive you." But the young man said, "No, I don't want to have you do that. My father would abuse you if you should speak to him about me. He don't recognize me as his boy any more." Mr. Dorset said, "I will go and see him." He went up to the West End of

London, where he found a very fine mansion, and a servant dressed in livery came to the door, and he was ushered into the drawing-room, and presently the father, a bright, majestic-looking man, came into the room. Mr. Dorset held out his hand to shake hands with him, and said, "You have a son by the name of Joseph, have you not?" And when the father heard that, he refused to shake hands with him, and was going out of the room. The father said, "If you have come up here to talk about that worthless vagabond, I want you to leave the house. He is no son of mine." Mr. Dorset said, "He is yours now, but he won't be long; but he is yours now." "Is Joseph sick?" said the man. "Yes," said Mr. Dorset, "he is dying. I haven't come for money. I will see that he has a decent burial. I have only come to ask you to forgive him." "Forgive him! forgive him!" said the father, "I would have forgiven him long ago if I thought he wanted me to. Do you know where he is?" "Yes, sir, he is in the East End of London." "Can you take me to him?" "Yes, sir, I will take you to him." And the father ordered out his carriage, and he was on his way. When we got there, he said, "Did you find my boy here? Oh, if I had known he wanted me to, I would have taken him home long ago." When the father went into that room he could hardly recognize his long lost boy. The father went over and kissed the boy, and the father says to him, "I would have forgiven you long, long ago, if I had known you wanted me to. Let my servant order the carriage and take you home." But the boy said, "No, father, I am dying; but I can die now happy in this garret, that I know you are willing to forgive me." And he told his father how Jesus had received him, and in a little while he breathed his last, and out of that dark garret he rose up into the kingdom of God. Oh, my friends, there may be some one in New York who would rejoice to hear such words. Oh, here is a Christian, shall he not publish it? And you that are not Christians, won't you come into the kingdom? Oh, that to-day you may receive Christ, is the prayer I believe of the hundreds that are gathered here.

SEVENTH EVENING.

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor."—ST. LUKE, 4th chap., part of the 18th verse.

YOU that were here last night remember I was speaking on the text—the 4th of Luke, 18th verse: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me because He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel." I want to continue the subject we had last night. We don't want to get over that word "Gospel," too soon. It is too precious. And I don't know but it would be well to preach the same thing over and over again here, until you believe it. I heard of a minister who preached the same sermon three times, and some of the brethren went to him and told him he had better preach another sermon, and he said when his congregation believed that, he would preach another sermon, but he didn't propose to do so until they did.

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me because He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel." Now, the question is, who shall the Gospel be preached to? There is a certain class of people who seem to think the Gospel is very good for drunkards, and thieves, and vagabonds; but there are so many of these self-righteous Pharisees to-day, who are drawing their filthy rags of self-righteousness around them, and thinking the Bible is for a certain class. If I understand the Bible correctly, the Gospel is for all. We read in the last chapter of Mark—almost the last words the Son of God uttered on this earth, were to his disciples—"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." When we come to the Gospel there is no distinction; rich and poor must be served alike; learned and unlearned; all have to come into the Kingdom of God one way, and that is by believing the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Now, these words were uttered after Christ had tasted death for every man. Gethsemane now was behind Him; Calvary, with all its horrors, was past; He was just ready to go home to take his seat at the right hand of the Father; He was just giving the disciples His parting

message. In other words, He was giving them His commission to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. "And he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned."

I can just imagine all that little band of disciples who stood around Him, those unlearned men of Galilee, those fishermen who had been associated with Him for three years—I can imagine the tears trickling down their cheeks as He talked of leaving them, and one of them thinking that the Lord didn't really mean that, that He didn't mean they should preach the Gospel to every creature—for he had hard work to make them believe that the Gospel should be preached to the Gentiles. It seemed as if the Jews wanted to keep the Gospel in Palestine; but by the grace of God it would flow out; it would go to the world because He had given orders that the Gospel should be preached to every creature. And now we find the messengers going to the four corners of the earth to proclaim the glad tidings of the Gospel of Christ. But I can imagine that Peter says: "Lord, you don't really mean that we shall preach the Gospel to those men that murdered you, to those men that took your life?" "Yes," says the Lord, "go and preach the Gospel to those Jerusalem sinners." I can imagine Him saying: "Go and hunt up that man that put the cruel crown of thorns upon my brow, and preach the Gospel to him. Tell him he shall have a crown in my Kingdom without a thorn in it. He may sit upon my throne if he will accept of salvation as a gift. Go hunt up that man that spat in my face, and preach the Gospel to him, and offer him salvation, and tell him he can be saved if he is only cleansed by the blood I have shed at Calvary. Go to the man that thrust the spear into my side and tell him there is a way. Tell him there is nothing but love in my heart for him. Go preach the Gospel to every creature." And after He had gone upon high, we find the Holy Ghost came down upon the tenth day, and then they began to preach, and now see Peter, standing there upon the day of Pentecost, and preaching the Gospel of God to sinners; and John Bunyan says, "If a Jerusalem sinner can be saved, there is hope for us all." Do you think God is mocking? Do you think God is preaching to you and then not giving you the power to take it? The Gospel is preached to every creature, and do you think He is not willing that every creature shall be saved on the face of the earth?

Now, I like to proclaim the Gospel, because it is to be proclaimed to all. When I see a poor drunkard, when I see a

thief, when I see a prisoner in yonder prison, it is a grand, glorious thing, to go and proclaim to him the glad tidings, because I know he can be saved. There is not one that has gone so far or fallen so low but that he can be saved; because every one of God's proclamations are headed "whosoever." That takes in all; nobody is left out. Somebody said he had rather have "whosoever," than his name, because he would be afraid it was some other man who might have had his name. This was well brought out in a prison the other day, when the chaplain said to me, "I want to tell you a scene that occurred here some time ago. Our commissioners went to the Governor of the State and got him to give his consent to pardon out five men for good behavior. The Governor said the record was to be kept in secret; the men were to know nothing about it, and at the end of six months the men were brought out, the roll was called, and the president of the commission came up and spoke to them; then putting his hands in his pocket he drew out the papers, and said to those 1100 convicts, 'I hold in my hand pardons for five men.' I never witnessed anything like it. Every man held his breath, and it was as silent as death. Then the commissioners went on to tell how they got these pardons; how it was the Governor had given them," and the chaplain said the suspense was so great that he spoke up to the commissioner and told him to first read the names of those pardoned, before he spoke further, and the first name read out was, "Reuben Johnson will come out and get his pardon." He held out the paper, but no one came. He looked all around, expecting to see a man spring to his feet at once; still no one arose, and he turned to the officer of the prison, and said: "Are all the convicts here?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then, Reuben Johnson will come and get his pardon." The real Reuben Johnson was all this time looking around to see where Reuben was; and the chaplain beckoned to him, and he turned and looked around and behind him, thinking some other man must be meant. A second time he beckoned to Reuben, and called to him, and a second time the man looked around to see where Reuben was, until at last the chaplain said to him, "You are the man, Reuben;" and he got up out of his seat and sank back again, thinking it could not be true. He had been there for nineteen years, having been placed there for life, and when he came up and took his pardon, he could hardly believe his eyes, and he went back to his seat and wept like a child; and then, when the convicts were marched back to their cells, Reuben had

been so long in the habit of falling into line, and taking the lock-step with the rest, that he fell into his place, and the chaplain had to say, "Reuben, come out, you are a free man."

That is the way men make out their pardon—for good behavior; but the Gospel of Jesus Christ is offered to those that have not behaved well. It is offered to all that have sinned and are not worthy. All a man has got to prove now is that he is not worthy, and I will show him that Christ died for him. Christ died for us while we were yet in sin. While we were in London, Mr. Spurgeon one day took Mr. Sankey and myself to his orphan asylum, and he was telling about them—that some of them had aunts, and some cousins, and that every boy had some friend that took an interest in him, and came to see him and gave him a little pocket money, and one day, he said, while he stood there, a little boy came up to him and said, "Mr. Spurgeon, let me speak to you," and the boy sat down between Mr. Spurgeon and the elder who was with the clergyman, and said, "Mr. Spurgeon, suppose your father and mother were dead, and you didn't have any cousins, or aunts, or uncles, or friends to come to give you pocket money, and give you presents, don't you think you would feel bad—because that's me!" Said Mr. Spurgeon, "the minute he asked that I put my hand right down into my pocket and took out the money." Because that's me! And so with the gospel; we must say to those who have sinned, the gospel is offered to them.

As I was talking last night in the inquiry-room a man tried to tell me that he had made many mistakes, but had committed no sins. They were all mistakes instead of sins. Better call things by their right names. We have all sinned. There is no righteousness, and there is no man that has walked the streets that has not broken the law of God. Therefore all need a Saviour, and there is no chance of our being saved, no hope of man being saved, unless he will admit first that he has sinned and is lost. Of course if a man has not sinned he won't need a Saviour, but it is just because we have sinned that we need the gospel. Now, as I stated last night, the gospel is the very best tidings that could come to us. Christ comes to bless us. In Glasgow they were telling me of a scene that occurred when Dr. Arnott was preaching there. A woman was in great distress about her rent. She could not pay it, and so he took some way, and went around to the house, went to the door and knocked. He listened, and thought he heard the footsteps of some one inside, and so he knocked louder. No one came, and he knocked still louder, but after waiting some time he went

away disappointed. A few days afterward he met this lady on the street at Glasgow and told her that he heard she had been in great distress and he went around to help her, and the woman threw up both hands and said, "Why, doctor, that was not you, was it? I was in the house all the time, and I thought it was the landlord coming around to get the rent, and I kept the door bolted." Now, Christ comes to bless. He don't come to demand. He don't come to ask you to do something that you cannot do. He comes to bless you. When He commenced His Sermon on the Mount, what did He say? "Blessed! blessed! blessed!" When He got ready to go back to heaven, He raised His hands over that little company and breathed upon them blessings. And so, my friends, He comes into this building to-night to bless you; to help you; He offers to be your salvation; He offers to pay all the debt you owe. You owe God a debt you cannot pay. Can you forget this? You have broken the law of God. What are you going to do with the sins you have committed?

What is your hope? Why there is no hope unless the Lord Jesus Christ blots out your sins with His own body, unless Christ pays the penalty. If Christ settles the claim, why the claim is settled for all time. And that is the doctrine of the Bible, the glorious doctrine of substitution. Christ paid the penalty, Christ died in our stead. There was a man converted in Europe several years ago, and he liked the gospel so well, he thought he would like to go and publish it. Well, he started out to publish it, and great crowds came to hear him out of curiosity, just as a great many came here out of curiosity, to hear the singing, or something of that kind. Well, they came to hear him. The man wasn't much of a speaker, so the next night there wasn't many there, and the third night the man didn't get a hearer. But he was anxious to publish the gospel, and so he got some great placards and posted them all over the town, that if there was any man in that town that was in debt, to come to his office between certain hours on a certain day with the proof of their indebtedness, and he would pay the debt. Well, of course it went all over the town, but the people didn't believe him. One man said to his neighbor, "John, do you believe this man will pay our debts?" "Oh, of course not; that is a great sell; that is a hoax." The day came, and instead of there being a great rush, there didn't anybody come.

Now, it is a great wonder that there isn't a great rush of

men into the kingdom of God to have their debts paid when a man can be saved for nothing. About ten o'clock there was a man walking in front of the office; he looked this way and that to see if there was anybody looking, and by and by he was satisfied there wasn't anybody looking, and he slipped in, and he said, "I saw a notice around town if any one would call here at a certain hour you would pay their debt. Is there any truth in it?" "Yes," says the man, "it is quite true. Did you bring around the necessary papers?" "Yes." And after the man had paid the debt he said, "Sit down, I want to talk to you." And he kept him there until twelve o'clock. And before twelve o'clock had passed there were two more came and had their debts paid. At twelve o'clock he let them all out, when they found some other men standing around the door, and they said, "Well, you found he was willing to pay your debts, didn't you?" Yes, they said, it was quite true that he had paid their debts. "O, if this is so, we are going in to get our debts paid." And they went in, but it was too late. The man said if they had called within a certain hour he would have paid their debts.

To every one of you that is a bankrupt sinner—and you never saw a sinner in the world but that he was a bankrupt sinner—Christ comes and He says, "I will pay the debt." And that is just what He wants to do to-night. Bear in mind that the Son of God came into the world to save sinners, and He has got the power to forgive sin. And He has not only got the power, but He is willing to save, and He is anxious to save; and so, my friends, if you will accept Christ's offer you can get out of this hall to-night cleansed of all sin.

Now the question comes, "Who will accept of Him?" But I can imagine there is a man down in the audience who will say, "Well, I don't think a man can be saved so easy. I don't believe in these sudden conversions. I don't believe a man can come in here and be saved at once." What is it God has got? Is it a gift? Now we read in the 6th chapter of Romans, it is a gift: "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Now if a man is saved, there must be one minute when he has not got the gift, and there must be another minute when he has it. And that is what it is represented in the Bible. It is a gift. "Well," some one says, "haven't I got to feel something before I can be saved? How much have I got to give up?" "Give up

your sins!" No, you have never to give them up, for if you just take Christ they will go of themselves. They will all flee away in the dim past. But you can't do it of yourself. I tried for a long time to give up my sins of myself, and I couldn't do it. But the moment I took Christ He snapped the cords, and I have been rejoicing these twenty years. And the way to be saved is not to delay, but to come and take—t-a-k-e, take.

When I was in Glasgow a lady said to me, "You use that word 'take' very frequently. Is there anything of that kind in the Bible? I can't find it. I think you must have manufactured that word." Why, in the Bible it says: "The Spirit and the bride say come. Let him that heareth say come; let him that is athirst, come; and whosoever will, let him *take* the water of life freely." And if God says let him take, He will supply him. If that boy will take Christ, who can stop him? All hell and all earth cannot stop him. If need be, God would send ten thousand legions of angels to help him on his way up. I tell you, if you are not saved it is because you won't. You will not come unto Him that you might have life. The door hangs on that hinge. If a man says "I will rise and come to him," 'twon't wait. When the prodigal came home it wasn't when he got home that the change took place. It was away, away off in that foreign country when he said, "I will arise and go to my father." I think with men the turning point will be when they say, "I will come, for I want to." If you want to go to heaven, the first thing is to make up your mind to go. If I want to go to Chicago, the first thing I do is to make up my mind to go. And if you are willing to go to Christ there is no power on earth can keep you away. Now, these men who say they can't come, just be honest and put in the right word and say you won't come. At one time my sister had trouble with her little boy, and the father said, "Why, Sammy, you must go now and ask your mother's forgiveness." The little fellow said he wouldn't. The father says, "You must. If you don't go and ask your mother's forgiveness I shall have to undress you and put you to bed." He was a bright, nervous little fellow, never still a moment, and the father thought he will have such a dread of being undressed and put to bed. But the little fellow wouldn't, so they undressed him and put him to bed. The father went to his business, and when he came home at noon he said to his wife: "Has Sammy asked your forgiveness?" "No," she said, "he hasn't." So the father went to him and said, "Why, Sammy, why don't you ask your mother's forgiveness?" The little

fellow shook his head, "Won't do it." "But, Sammy, you have got to." "Couldn't." The father went down to his office, and stayed all the afternoon, and when he came home he asked his wife, "Has Sammy asked your forgiveness?" "No, I took something up to him and tried to have him eat, but he wouldn't." So the father went up to see him, and said: "Now, Sammy, just ask your mother's forgiveness, and you may be dressed and come down to supper with us." "Couldn't do it." The father coaxed, but the little fellow "couldn't do it." That was all they could get out of him. You know very well he could, but he didn't want to. Now the hardest thing a man has to do is to become a Christian, and it is the easiest. That may seem a contradiction, but it isn't. The hard point is because he don't want to. The hardest thing for a man to do is to give up his will. That night they retired, and they thought surely early in the morning he will be up ready to ask his mother's forgiveness. The father went to him—that was Friday morning—to see if he was ready to ask his mother's forgiveness, but he "couldn't." The father and mother felt so bad about it, they couldn't eat; they thought it was to darken their whole life. Perhaps that boy thought that father and mother didn't love him. Just what many sinners think because God won't let them have their own way. The father went to his business, and when he came home he said to his wife, "Has Sammy asked your forgiveness?" "No." So he went to the little fellow and said, "Now, Sammy, are you not going to ask your mother's forgiveness?" "Can't." And that was all they could get out of him. The father couldn't eat any dinner. It was like death in the house. It seemed as if the boy was going to conquer his father and mother. Instead of his little will being broken, it looked very much as if he was going to break theirs. Late Friday afternoon, "Mother, mother, forgive," says Sammy,—“me.” And the little fellow said “me,” and he sprang to his feet, and said: “I have said it, I have said it. Now dress me, and take me down to see father. He will be so glad to know I have said it.” And she took him down, and when the little fellow came in he said, “I’ve said it, I’ve said it.” Oh, my friends, it is so easy to say “I will arise and go to my God.” It is the most reasonable thing you can do. Isn’t it an unreasonable thing to hold out? Come right to God just this very hour. “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.” And now this night believe, and thou shalt be saved.

EIGHTH EVENING.

“For there is no difference.”—ROMANS, 3d chap., part of the 22d verse.

I WANT now to call your attention to a clause in that chapter I have just read, a part of the 22d verse: “For there is no difference.” Now that is one of the verses, one of the portions of Scripture, that the natural man don’t like. I have had many a quarrel with men on this verse, because we are just apt to think we are a little better than our friends and our neighbors, and men don’t like to believe there is no difference. It is one of the greatest lessons a man has to learn—that he is a sinner. If you don’t believe that you are sick you won’t call in a physician. It is just because the natural man don’t like this text I have taken it to-night. I have found out long ago that the lessons we don’t like are the best medicine for us. I can imagine there is some one here who says, “I don’t believe that statement, that there is no difference.” I can imagine there is some one here who says, “Isn’t it better for a man to be a sober man than it is to be a drunkard? Isn’t it better for a man to be honest than it is for a man to be dishonest?” Yes, we will admit all that; but that don’t apply when it comes to the great question of salvation. If a man has not been saved from his sin, he must perish like the rest of the world. Now, if a man wants to find out what he is, let him turn to the 3d chapter of Romans. He can read his life there. If you want to read your own biography, you need not write it yourself. Turn to the 3d chapter of Romans, and it is all there, written by a man who knows a good deal more about us than we do about ourselves. Christ was the only one that ever trod this earth that saw everything in the heart of man. We read that he didn’t commit himself, because He knew their hearts. The heart is deceitful. Who can know it? It is deceitful above all things, and it is desperately wicked. Now, Satan either tries to make men believe that they are good enough without salvation, or if he can’t make them believe that, he tries to tell

them that they are so bad God won't have anything to do with them.

The law isn't to save men, but the law is brought in just to show man that he is lost and ruined under the law. These people that are trying to save themselves by the law are making the worst mistakes of their lives. Some people say if they try to do right, they think that is all that is required of them. They say, "I try to keep the law." Well, did you ever know a man keep the law except the Son of God himself? The law was never given to save men by. "And what was the law then given for?" It was given to show man his lost and ruined condition. It was given to measure men by their fruits. Before God saves a man he first stops his mouth. I meet some people in the inquiry room who talk a good deal. When I meet those people, I say to myself, "They are very far from the Kingdom of God." A perfect God couldn't give an imperfect standard; a perfect God sees that the law is pure and good; but we are not good if we don't come up to the standard. Now, if a man should come into New York city and advertise that he could take a photograph of people's hearts, and give a perfect likeness, do you think he would get a customer in New York? If we go to have a photograph taken, we brush ourselves up and we have it taken sitting, and standing, and sitting in this position, and sitting in that position, and standing in this position, and standing in that position, and if the artist flatters us and makes us look better than we do, we send it around to our friends, and we say, "Yes, that is a good likeness." Suppose the artist could get a photograph of the heart of the true man, do you think he would get many customers? A good many of you would say: "I wouldn't like to have the wife of my bosom see my heart. I wouldn't like to have her read my secret thoughts." The heart of man is a fountain of corruption, vileness and pollution, and there is no hope for a man being saved until he finds out he is bad.

And so the law is a looking-glass just to show a man how foul he is in the sight of God. A little while before the Chicago fire, I went home one afternoon to my family, and I thought I would take them out riding. My little boy, about two years old, clapped his hands, wanted to know if I wouldn't take him up to Lincoln Park to see the bears. I said that I would, and I went out. I hadn't been gone a great while, when the little fellow wanted his mother to wash him up, and then he wanted to go out and play. Well, he

got playing in the dirt, and he got all covered with dirt, and when I drove up he wanted to get into the carriage. I said, "No, Willie, you are not ready, I must take you in and get you washed." The little fellow said, "O, papa, I'se ready." I told him he wasn't ready, he was all over dirt. "But, papa, mamma washed me, I'se clean." I could not make him believe that his face was all dirt. He could not believe it; his mamma washed him, and he was clean. So I took him up and let the little fellow see himself in the looking-glass in the carriage. He saw the dirt and it stopped his mouth. I held him up to the looking-glass so that he saw the dirt, but I did not take the looking-glass to wash his face with. That is what people do. The law was not given to save man. It was given to show him his lost and ruined condition. It wasn't given to save men—the Son of God came to do that work—but the law is the schoolmaster that came to show us what to do when we are saved. Stop all this idle doing, and just come to the fountain that has just been opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanness. I can imagine some of you may say, "I am sure I am not as bad as some people. I am not a publican. I never got drunk in my life. I don't like to have Mr. Moody say I am as bad as other people." I don't know but pharisaism is as bad as drunkenness, and I find you can just sum up the whole human race into about two heads—the publican and the pharisee. Yonder is an orchard, and in that orchard there are two apple trees—miserable, sour, bitter. Stop, one of them is bare; they are worthless. Why are they good for nothing? Well, one tree has got 500 apples, and the other has got five. There is no difference. The fact is the tree is bad. One man may have more fruit than another, but the fruit is bad—from the old Adam stock. God didn't look for good fruit from Adam's stock. Make the fountain good, and the stream will be good. Make men's hearts good, and their lives will be good. You might as well tell a man to jump over the moon as to be moral, if he hasn't got God in his heart. The way to improve the soul of a man is to strike at the root of the tree, and if the heart is right, and in sympathy with God, there will be no trouble about the life. You need not be cultivating a crab-apple tree. That is what some people do.

Now, in the law it is written that a man that breaks the least of the law is guilty of all. Some people say, "I have not broken the ten commandments." They seem to think that the ten commandments are ten different laws. But a

man who breaks the least of the commandments has broken all, and if you have broken one of the commandments, you have broken the law of God. Some people think that if they only fail in one commandment they are not so bad; but if a man is guilty of breaking one, he breaks all. And where can we find one man who does not break more than one commandment? How many people here in New York worship idols? Measure your heart by the law of God, my friends, and you'll find yourself guilty. The reason why people sin so much is because they don't believe they do sin. Unbelief is the root of all evil. Adam sinned through unbelief, and we must get out of the pit at the same place he fell in. He fell by unbelief, and we must believe to be saved. You go to a prison and you will find there a good many criminals; one is there for one offence and one for another, but they are all criminals. So here to-night, some of us are guilty of one offence and some of another, but we are all sinners.

A few years ago we had a law in our city requiring all the policemen to be of a certain height, five feet and ten inches, I think it was, and of good moral character, and to be well recommended. One day as I was going down the street with a friend, I saw a crowd of men standing in front of the Commissioners' office, waiting to be examined. Now, suppose my friend had gone with me into the Commissioners' office, and we had presented certificates of good moral character, coming from persons high in place. When I came to present my recommendations, the Commissioner would have said, "Well, Mr. Moody, before we look at your papers, we will proceed to measure you;" and lo, I am found to be but about five feet high! So I am rejected. And my friend might say, "O, well, I am taller than you are, so I need have no fear on that score;" but when they come to measure him, he is found to be just one-tenth of an inch too short, and they throw him out too. My father once told me that in England the archers used to shoot at a ring, and if any archer failed to shoot all his arrows through the ring, he was called a sinner. Now, suppose I should take ten arrows and try to send them through a ring at the other side of the building, and should only get one through, I should be called a sinner. And suppose brother Taylor should take as many arrows and send nine through, one after the other, and just miss the ring with the last one, why he would be a sinner too, just like me.

My friends, have any of you missed the mark? I see a man down there in the audience bow his head. There is hope

of your being saved if you feel you have sinned. And who of us have not failed in many ways? We are all failures, and every man since Adam has been a failure. Many persons wish they could have been created perfect, like Adam; but there is no man who would not have fallen like Adam, if he had been put in Adam's place. Put 1000 children into this building, and give them all sorts of playthings, but tell them that there is one thing in the room that they must not look at, leave them alone for half an hour, and they would all be looking at that one thing.

Man is a stupendous failure. God on Mount Horeb shouted the law to man, and man said, "Oh, yes, Lord, we'll keep the law; we'll not break this Thy command." And the very first commandment was, "Thou shalt not have other gods." Then Moses and Joshua go to have an interview with God, and the people whom they had left behind at once began to say, "Make us a god." And the golden calf was made and they worshipped it. When Moses and Joshua returned from Horeb they heard a great shout. Ha! do you hear that shout? Is it the shout of victory, of those who are rejoicing in conquest? No, it is the shout of the idolater. They all worshipped the golden calf. It was an idolatrous shout that the prophets heard. The worship of the golden calf! You'll find it in New York. One man says, Give me more money; another, Give me a seat in Congress; another, Give me a bottle of rum. Ah, it's easy to condemn the Israelites—it is easy to smile, but beware that you are not guilty of the same sin. Man was a failure under the judges, failure under the prophets, and now for 2000 years under grace he has been a most stupendous failure. Walk the streets and see how quickly he goes to ruin. How many are hastening down to the dark caves of sin! Man in his best day, under the most favorable circumstances, is nothing but a failure.

Imagine Noah stopping work on the Ark, and going on a preaching tour. He tells the people of the flood. He warns them of their danger. He exhorts them to repent. All are to perish, the wise, the rich, the great—all, all are to perish when God comes to judge. They mock at him. They tell him, "You'd better go back to your old ark; do you think we will believe that the rich, the priests, the great, the powerful, are going to perish as you say?" They would mock, and would not believe. I can hear over the waves, that proved the warning true, this one text, "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Take the people of Sodom. Do you believe

they would believe the warning voice. "No," they would say, "Sodom to be destroyed? Nonsense; it was never more prosperous." They would not believe, and didn't they all perish alike? I tell you there is no difference when God comes. It was my sad lot to be in Chicago when that great fire swept through the city, and I have often thought it was almost a glimpse of the judgment day. All were on a level then. There was the house of the millionaire, and near it the house of the poor man. The rich man turned his back on his gilded palace, and the poor man went with him. There was no difference. We are all on one platform; let no mocking words escape! Flee for your lives! Flee! Flee! There is a mountain we can all escape to—it's Calvary. You can escape thus, any night. Some may say I paint too dark a picture. For two nights I have tried to tell you of the gospel; perhaps I have made a mistake. Christ kept the law. He was the lamb, pure and spotless. He never broke the law, therefore he can die for the sins of man. The law cuts all down as a scythe cuts down the grass. All go down before its sweep. Right here comes in the gospel—the Son of God came to seek and to save that which was lost. The grace of God brings grace down to men. Substitution! If you take that out of the Bible, you can take the Bible along with you if you wish to. The same story runs all through the book. The scarlet thread is unbroken from Genesis to Revelation. Christ died for us, that's the end of the law. I always loved that hymn sometimes sung by brother Sankey, "Free from the law. O! happy condition." He was bruised for us, and through Him are we saved. Napoleon Bonaparte once sent out a draft. A man was drafted who didn't want to go. A friend volunteered to go in his place. He went into the army and was killed. A second draft was made, and by some accident the same man was drafted again, but he said to the officer, "You can't take me, I'm dead. I died on such a battle-field." "Why, man, you are crazy," said the officer. "You are not dead, here you are alive and well before me." "No, sir," said the man, "I am dead. The law has no claim on me; look at the roll." They looked and found another name written against his. They insisted; he carried his case before the emperor, who said that he was right, his friend had died for him. Christ died for me. The wages of sin is death; Christ has received this payment. It is the height of folly to bear this burden, when we can so easily step out from under it.

In Brooklyn, I saw a young man go by without any arms.

My friend pointed him out, and told me his story. When the war broke out he felt it to be his duty to go to the front. He was engaged to be married, and while in the army letters passed frequently between him and his intended wife. After the battle of the Wilderness the young lady looked anxiously for the accustomed letter. At last one came in a strange hand. She opened it with trembling fingers, and read these words: "We have fought a terrible battle. I have been wounded so awfully that I shall never be able to support you more. A friend writes this for me. I love you more tenderly than ever, but I release you from your promise. I will not ask you to join your life with the maimed life of mine." That letter was never answered. The next train that left the young lady was on it. She went to his hospital. She found out the number of his cot and she went down the aisle, between the long rows of wounded men. At last she saw the number; she threw her arms around his neck and said: "I'll not desert you. I'll take care of you." He did not resist her love. They were married, and there is no happier couple than this one. You're dependent on another. Christ says: "I'll take care of you. I'll take you to this bosom of mine." That young man could have spurned her love; he could, but didn't. Surely you can be served if you will accept salvation of Him. Oh, that the grace of God may reach your heart to-night, by which you may be brought out from under the curse of the law.

NINTH EVENING.

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."—ST. JOHN, 3d chap., part of the 3d verse.

I WILL direct your attention to the 3d chapter of John and the 3d verse: "Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." You will see by the 3d chapter of Romans that it is absolutely necessary that a man be born again. You see in the 3d chapter of Romans what man is by nature. If you want to find out what God is, turn to the 3d chapter of John: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believes on Him shall have everlasting life." Yes, read the 3d chapter of Romans if you want to find out how man lost life. Then read the 3d chapter of John, and read it prayerfully and with God's Spirit in you, and you will see how man is going to get everlasting life back again. I don't know a chapter that ought to be read more in a Christian spirit and read more deeply than that chapter. It is so plain and reasonable. If there are a thousand people here to-night who want to know what love God has for them, let them read the 3d chapter of John and they will find it there, and find eternal life. They need not go out of this hall to-night to find eternal life. They will find it here in this chapter, and find eternal life before these services close. They hear to-night how the way for salvation of their souls is open to them. Yes, I do not know anything more important than this subject of regeneration. I don't know of anything in the Bible more important and more plain than that, and yet it is a question that neither the church nor the world is sound upon. There is no question upon which the church and the world are more confounded than upon this very question of regeneration. If a man is sound on every other subject, you will find that he is unsound on this plain subject of regeneration. It is the very foundation of our hope, and the very foundation of our religion. It is a great deal better, with God's help, to under-

stand this question perfectly first, than to go on further in the word of God. It is a solemn question—"Am I born of the Spirit? Have I been born again?" For you know that "except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God."

Now, let me say what regeneration is not. It is not going to church. Very often I see people and ask them if they are Christians. "Yes, of course I am, at least I think I am; I go to church every Sunday." Why, I could say to them, the very devil goes to church every Sunday, and no one goes more regularly to church than he does. If you go down in the dark alleys and by-ways of the city, and do all the good you can, preach God's word and show God's love to these abandoned beings—I tell you that is not regeneration. No! no! It is a false idea that you get regenerated by scattering the seed of God by the wayside. Why, if going to church was regeneration—being born again—there is hope even for Satan himself. But there never was a church erected but that the devil was the first to enter and the last to leave. There is no one, I tell you, who is a more regular attendant. But still there is another class of Christians, or who think they are Christians. They say, "I am trying to do what is right—am I not a Christian? Is not that a new birth?" No; I tell you, no. What has that to do with being born again? There is yet another class—those who have turned over a new leaf and think they are regenerated. No; forming a new resolution is not being born again. That will not do you any good.

Nor will being baptized do you any good. Yet you hear people say, "Why, I have been baptized, and I was born again when I was baptized." They believe that because they are baptized into the church, they are baptized into the kingdom of God. I tell you that is utterly impossible. You may be baptized into the visible church, and yet not be baptized into the Son of God. Baptism is all right in its place. God forbid that I should say anything against it. But if you put that in the place of regeneration—in the place of a new birth—it is a terrible mistake. You cannot be baptized into the kingdom of God. If I thought I could baptize men into the kingdom of God, it would be a good deal better for me to do that than to preach. I should get a bucket of water, and go up and down the streets, and save men that way. If they would not let me do it while they were awake, I would do it while they were asleep. I would do it anyhow. For "except a man be born again he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." If any

one here to-night rests his hopes on anything else—any other foundation—I pray to God that he may sweep it away from him. You may be baptized into the church and not be disciples of Jesus Christ. I say to you, do not rest your hopes on that foundation. Another class says, “I go to the Lord’s Supper; I partake uniformly of the sacrament.” Blessed ordinance! Jesus hath said that as often as ye do it ye commemorate His death. Yet, that is not being born again; that is not passing from death unto life. It says plainly—and so plainly that there need not be any mistake about it. Except you are born of the Spirit, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of God. What has a sacrament to do with that? What has baptism to do with being born again? What has going to church to do with being born again? But another man comes and says, “I say my prayers regular.” Still, I say, that that is not being born again. That is not being born of the Spirit.

It is a very solemn question, then, that comes up before us, and would that every one should ask himself earnestly and faithfully: “have I been born again? Have I been born of the Spirit? Have I passed from death unto life?” Now there is another class of men who say that these meetings are very good for a certain class of people. That they would be very good if you could get the drunkard here, or get the gambler here, or get other vicious people here—that would do a great deal of good. There are certain men that need to be converted, who say: “Who did Christ say this to? Who was Nicodemus? Was he a drunkard, a gambler, or a thief?” He was one of the very best men of Jerusalem; no doubt about that. He was an honorable councillor; he belonged to the Sanhedrim; he held a very high position; he was one of the best men in the state; he was an orthodox man; he was one of the very soundest men. Why, if he were here to-day, he would be made a president of one of our colleges; he would be put at once into one of our seminaries, and have the “Reverend” put before his name—“Reverend Nicodemus, D. D.,” or even “LL. D.” And yet, what did Christ say to him? “Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God.” So said He to the woman in the fourth chapter of St. John. In the eighth chapter, you see an example of self-righteousness, when the Pharisees were talking to Him. Well, there are Pharisees at the present day who rely upon their own merits and their own greatness. They say to you, “Oh, yes, these meetings are very good for the abandoned

and the outcasts, and the unfortunate; they are very good for immoral men; but we are moral. Tell these things to men who are not moral. They seem to think that when Jesus said, "Ye must be born again," he meant some one else that must be born again—didn't mean them at all. You see John the Beloved, when walking through the streets, and you say to him, "I met your Master last night—I went around to see Him." John would say, "How did you like Him?" His friend would reply, "I never met such a person in my life; never heard a man talk as he did. What He told me has been ringing in my ears ever since. He told me that God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believed on Him should not perish but have everlasting life." "John, does your Master talk that way all the time?" "Yes, he always talks in that way." That man will never forget that interview. He was found in the dark by Christ; he was directed into the right way; in that way he will ever continue, and there is not a thing he would not do for Jesus. See Nicodemus. He, with Joseph of Arimathea, took down the body of Jesus and brought it away, and stayed by Jesus to the last. I never knew a man that had a personal interview with Jesus that did not stay by Him. Oh, make up your mind that you will seek Him and follow Him until you have an interview with Him; for never man spake as that man spake. He is just the man that every one wants.

But I can imagine some one say, "If that is to have a new birth, what am I to do? I can't create life. I certainly can't save myself." You certainly can't, and we don't preach that you can. We tell you it is utterly impossible to make a man better without Christ, and that is what men are trying to do. They are trying to patch up this old Adam's nature. There must be a new creation. Regeneration is a new creation, and if it is a new creation it must be the work of God. In the 1st chapter of Genesis man don't appear. There is no one there but God. Man is not there to help or take part. When God created the earth, He was alone. When God redeemed the world He was alone. "That which was born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is Spirit." The Ethiopian cannot change his skin and the leopard cannot change his spots. When I was in England my little girl said, "Papa, why don't those colored people wash themselves white?" You might as well try to make yourselves pure and holy without the help of God. It would

be just as easy for you to do that as for that black man to wash himself white. The Ethiopian cannot change his skin, neither can the leopard change his spots. A man might just as well try to leap over the moon as to serve God in the flesh. Therefore that which is born of the flesh is flesh and that which is born of the Spirit is Spirit. Now God tells us in this chapter how we are to get into His kingdom. We are not to work our way in, not but that salvation is worth working for. We admit all that. If there were rivers and mountains in the way, it would be worth swimming those rivers and climbing those mountains. There is no doubt that salvation is worth all that, but we don't get it by our works. It is to him that worketh not, but believeth. We work because we are saved; we don't work to be saved. We work from the cross but not towards it. Now it is written, "Work out your salvation with fear and trembling." Why you must have your salvation before you can work it out. Suppose I say to my little boy, "Go and work out that garden," I must furnish him the garden before he can work it out. Suppose I say to him, "I want you to spend that \$100 carefully." "Well," he says, "let me have the \$100 and I will be careful how I spend it." I remember when I first left home and went to Boston, I had spent all my money, and I went to the post-office three times a day. I knew there was only one mail a day from home, but I thought by some possibility there might be a letter for me. At last I got a letter from my little sister, and I was awful glad to get it. She had heard that there were a great many pickpockets in Boston, and a large part of that letter was to have me be very careful not to let anybody pick my pocket. Now I had got to have something in my pocket in order to have it picked. So you have got to have salvation before you can work it out.

"It is to him that worketh not but believeth." When Christ shouted on Calvary, "It is finished," He meant what he said. All that men have to do now is just to accept of the work of Jesus Christ. There is no hope for a man or a woman as long as they are trying to work out their salvation. I can imagine there are some people here who will say, as Nicodemus did, "This is a very mysterious thing." I see the scowl on that Pharisee's brow as he says, "How can these things be?" It sounds very strange to his ear. "Born again; born of the Spirit? How can these things be?" A great many people say, "You must reason it out, but if you don't reason it out,

don't ask us to believe it." Now, I can imagine a great many people in this hall saying that. When you ask me to reason it out, I tell you frankly I can't do it. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and you hear the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." I can't understand all about the wind. You ask me to reason it out. I can't. It may blow due north here, and up to Boston it may blow due south. I may go up a few hundred feet and find it blowing in an entirely opposite direction from what it is down here. You ask me to explain these currents of wind, but because I can't explain it, and because I don't understand it, suppose I stand here and assert, "O humph! there is no such thing as wind." I can imagine that little girl down there saying, "I know more about it than that man does, often have I heard the wind and felt the wind blowing against my face," and she says, "Didn't the wind blow my umbrella out of my hands the other day, and didn't I see it blow a man's hat off in the street? Haven't I seen it blow the trees in the forests and the grain in the country?" My friends, you might just as well tell me to-night that there is no wind as to tell me there is no such thing as a man born of the Spirit. I have felt the Spirit of God working in my heart just as much as I have felt the wind blowing in my face. I can't reason it out. There are a great many things I can't reason out that I believe. I never could reason out the Creation. I can see the world, but I can't tell how God made it out of nothing. All your Tyndalls and your philosophers of the present day can't create one grain of sand out of nothing. But even these men will admit there is a creating power. There are a great many things that I can't explain and that I can't reason out, that I believe. I heard a commercial traveller say that he had heard that the ministry and religion of Jesus Christ was a matter of revelation and not investigation. "When it pleases God to reveal His Son to me," says Paul. There were a party of young men together, and these men went back to the country, and on their journey they made up their minds not to believe anything they could not reason out. An old man heard them, and presently he said, "I heard you say you would not believe anything you could not reason out." "Yes," they said, "that was so." "Well," he said, "coming down on the train to-day, I noticed some geese, some sheep, some swine, and some cattle, all eating grass. Can you tell me by what process that same grass was turned into hair, feathers, bristles, and wool? Do you believe it is a fact?"

"Oh yes," they said, "we can't help believing that, though we fail to see it." "Well," said the old man, "I can't help believing in Jesus Christ." I can't help believing in the regeneration of man when I see men that have been reclaimed. I see men that have been reformed. Haven't some of the very worst men in the city been regenerated—picked up out of the pit and their feet put upon the rock and a new song put in their mouth? It was cursing and blaspheming, and now it is praising God. Old things have passed away and all things have become new; not reformed only, but regenerated—a new man in Christ Jesus.

Look you, down there in the dark alleys of New York is a poor drunkard. I think if you want to get near hell, go to a poor drunkard's home. Go to the house of that poor miserable drunkard. Is there anything nearer like hell on earth? See the want and distress that reigns there. But hark! A footstep is heard at the door, and the children run and hide themselves. The patient wife waits to meet him. The man has been her torment. Many a time she has borne about for weeks the marks of blows. Many a time that strong right hand has been brought down on her defenceless head. And now she waits expecting to hear his oaths and suffer his brutal treatment. He comes in and says to her: "I have been to the meeting, and I heard there that if I will I can be converted. I believe that God is able to save me." Go down to that house again in a few weeks and what a change! As you approach you hear some one singing. It is not the song of a reveller, but they are singing the "Rock of Ages." The children are no longer afraid of him, but cluster around his knee. His wife is near him, her face lit up with a happy glow. Is not that a picture of regeneration? I can take you to thousands of such homes, made happy by the regenerating power of the religion of Christ. What men want is the power to overcome temptation, the power to lead a right life.

The only way to get into the kingdom of God is to be born into it. If the archangel Gabriel was to wing his way here to-night, and we could have a chance to tell him all our wishes, we couldn't ask him for a better way of getting into the kingdom of God. Christ has made salvation ready for us, and all we must do is just to take it. Oh, may we not hesitate to take it! There is a law in this country requiring that the president must be born in the country. When foreigners come to our shores they have no right to complain against such a law, which forbids them from ever becoming presidents.

Now, hasn't God a right to make a law that all those who become heirs of eternal life must be born into this kingdom? An unregenerated man would rather be in hell than in heaven. Take a man whose heart is full of corruption and wickedness, and place him in heaven among the pure, the holy, and the redeemed, and he wouldn't want to stay there. My friends, if we are to be happy in heaven we must begin to make a heaven here on earth. Heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people. If a gambler or blasphemer were taken out of the streets of New York and placed on the crystal pavement of heaven and under the shadow of the tree of life he would say, "I don't want to stay here." If men were taken to heaven just as they are by nature, without having their hearts regenerated, there would be another rebellion in heaven. Heaven is filled with a company of those that are twice born. When I was born in 1837 I received my old Adam nature, and when I was born again in 1856 I had another nature given to me.

It is impossible to serve God aright unless you first make up your mind to be born again. If a house is built upon the sand it falls; but if it is founded upon a rock it stands firm against the wind and wave. Our faith can never endure unless it is founded on Christ. We may travel through the earth and see many countries; but there is one country—the land of Beulah, which John Bunyan saw in vision—that country we shall never see unless we are born again—regenerated by Christ. We look abroad and see many beautiful trees, but the tree of life we shall never see until our eyes are made clear by faith in the Saviour. You may see the beautiful rivers of the earth—the Ohio, the Mississippi, the Hudson—you may ride upon their bosoms, but bear in mind that your eye will never rest upon the river which bursts out from the throne of God and flows through the upper kingdom. God has said it, and not man. You will never see the kingdom of God except you are born again. You may see the kings and lords of the earth, but the King of Kings and Lord of Lords you will never see except you are born again. When you are in London you may go to the tower and see the crown of England, which is worth millions, and is guarded there by soldiers; but bear in mind that your eye will never rest upon the crown of life except you are born again. You may come to these meetings and hear the songs of Zion which are sung here, but one song—that of Moses and the Lamb—the uncircumcised ear shall never hear that song unless you are born again. We may see the beautiful mansions of New York and the Hudson, but

bear in mind that the mansions which Christ has gone to prepare you shall never see unless you are born again. It is God who says it. You may see ten thousand beautiful things in this world, but the city that Abraham caught sight of—and from that time he became a pilgrim and a sojourner—you shall never see unless you are born again. Many of you may be invited to marriage feasts here, but you will never attend the marriage supper of the Lamb except you are born again. It is God who says it, dear friend. You may be looking on the face of your sainted mother to-night, and feel that she is praying for you, but the time will come when you shall never see her again except you are born again. I may be speaking to a young man or a young lady who has recently stood by the bedside of a dying mother, and she said to you, "Be sure and meet me in heaven," and you made the promise. Ah! you shall never see her again except you are born again. I believe Jesus of Nazareth sooner than those infidels who say you do not have to be born again. If you see your children who have gone before, you must be born of the Spirit. I may be speaking to-night to a father and mother who have recently borne a loved one to the grave, and how dark your home seems! You will never see her again except you are born again. If you wish to meet your loved ones you must be born again.

I may be speaking to a father and mother who have a loved one up yonder, and if you could hear her speak, she would say, "Come this way." Haven't you got a sainted friend? Young man or young lady, haven't you got a mother in the world of light, and if you could hear her speak, wouldn't she say, "Come this way, my son"—"Come this way, my daughter?" If ever you see her again you must be born again. Yes, we all have an elder Brother there. Nearly 1900 years ago He crossed over, and from the heavenly shores He is calling you to heaven. Let us turn our back upon the world. Let us give a deaf ear to the world. Let us get our heart in the kingdom of God, and cry, "Life! Life! Eternal life!" Let us pray that God may keep every soul now here from going out of this building to-night without being born again!

TENTH EVENING.

“Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.”—ST. JOHN, 3d chap., part of the 3d verse.

YOU who were here last night remember that I was speaking upon the text in the 3d chapter of John, “Ye must be born again.” Now, I want to call your attention to-night to the little word “must” in the same chapter. The Son of Man must be lifted up. I now come to the remedy, for when it was time to close last evening, I had not an opportunity to take up the subject. I want, on the present occasion, to take up the matter where I left off; I don’t know but some went away disappointed by hearing the statement that they must be born again. They must have said, “I do wish he had not left off so soon; I wish he had gone on and told me how I must be born again.” God helping me, I will try to tell it to you to-night, and I would ask, while I try to do this, that Christians would lift up to God their hearts in prayer, that the way be made so plain that every one may come into the kingdom of God.

Let us see how God is able to save unto the utmost. I want you to read the 14th and 15th verses of that chapter: “That as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have eternal life.” “That whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have eternal life.” Let me tell those who are unsaved within these walls to-night what God has done for you. He has done everything that He could do towards your salvation. You need not wait for God to do anything more. In one place He asks the question what more could He do. He sent His prophets and they killed them, and then He sent His beloved Son and they murdered Him. And at last He has sent the Holy Ghost to convince us of sin and how we are to be saved. We are all sinners, and every man and woman knows in their hearts that they are sinners. Now we come here to-night to tell you the remedy for sin, and to

tell you how you are to be saved from sin. Jesus came into the world to save that which was lost, for thou knowest there is no name given unto men whereby they can be saved but through the name of Jesus Christ our Lord. And again, "He shall be called Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." No sinner need die if he but put his trust in Christ. There is no salvation in anything else or in any other name. The apostles preached no other doctrine or any other name. All their word was that Christ died for our sake. Take the 2d chapter of Acts and you may read from there on through all the chapters, and there is hardly one but speaks of Christ's death and Christ crucified; of Christ dying for thee, of rising again for thee, of ascending into Heaven for thee, and of coming again for thee. That is the Gospel of St. Paul and of St. Peter; that is the gospel that Stephen preached when they condemned him to death. Paul preached that at Antioch, Corinth and Ephesus. Yes, Christ crucified—that is the remedy for sin. We hear a great many men murmur because God permitted sin to come into the world. They say it is a great mystery. Well, I say, too, it is a great mystery. You may recollect how it also was a mystery to Horatius Bonar. He said that although it was a great mystery how sin came into the world, it was a greater mystery how God came here to bear the blunt of it himself. We could speak all the time about the origin of sin; how it came into the world, but that is not going to help us. If I see a man tumble into the river and going to drown, it would do no good for me to sit down and bow my head and indulge in deep thought and reasoning how he came to get in there. The great question would then be how he was to be got out. Just look over your own life. You can prove that you are a sinner and have need of repentance; or if you cannot do it to your own satisfaction, there are some of your neighbors, no doubt, who can do it for you.

And right here comes in the remedy for sin. In the 3rd chapter of John we are told how men are to be saved—namely, by Him who was lifted up on the cross. Just as Moses lifted up the brazen serpent in the wilderness, so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever that believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. And here some men complain and say that it is very unreasonable that they should be held responsible for the sin of a man six thousand years ago. It was not long ago that a man was talking to me about the injustice of being condemned on account of a man having

sinned six thousand years ago. If there is a man here to-night who is going to answer in that way, I tell him it is not going to do him any good. If you are lost it will not be on account of Adam's sin. "Well," some say, "that is a strange statement for you to make, Mr. Moody." Well, I dare say you do think it strange. I wonder what some of the theologians think of it who are present here to-night. What do some of the ministers on this platform say to it? I would like to know. Yet, let me say it again: It will not be on the account of Adam's sin that you will be lost, if you are lost. "Why, Mr. Moody, that is a paradox; how do you explain that?"

Well, let me illustrate it, then, and perhaps you will be able to understand it. Suppose I am dying with consumption which I inherited from my father or mother. I did not get it by any fault of my own, by any neglect of my health; I inherited it, let us suppose. Well, I go to my physician, and to the best physicians, and they all give me up. They say I am incurable; I must die; I have not thirty days to live. Well, a friend happens to come along, and looks at me and says, "Moody, you have got the consumption." "I know it very well; I don't want any one to tell me that." "But," he says, "there is a remedy—a remedy, I tell you. Let me have your attention. I want to call your attention to it. I tell you there is a remedy." "But, sir, I don't believe it; I have tried the leading physicians in this country and in Europe, and they tell me there is no hope." "But you know me, Moody, you have known me for years." "Yes, sir." "Do you think, then, I would tell you a falsehood?" "No." "Well, ten years ago I was as far gone. I was given up by the physicians to die, but I took this medicine and it cured me. I am perfectly well. Look at me." "I say that it is a very strange case." "Yes, it may be strange, but it is a fact. That medicine cured me. Take this medicine and it will cure you. Although it has cost me a great deal, it shall not cost you anything. Although the salvation of Jesus Christ is as free as the air, it cost God the richest jewel of heaven. He had to give His only son; give all He had. He had only one Son, and He gave Him. Do not make light of it, then, I beg of you." "Well," I say, "I would like to believe you, but this is contrary to my reason." Hearing this, my friend goes away and brings another friend to me, and he testifies to the same thing. He again goes away when I do not yet believe, and brings in another friend, and another, and another, and an

other, and they all testify to the same thing. They say they were as bad as myself; that they took the same medicine that has been offered to me, and it cured them. He then hands me the medicine. I dash it to the ground; I do not believe in its saving power; I die. The reason is, then, that I spurned the remedy. So it will not be because Adam fell, but that you spurn the remedy offered to you to save you. You will have darkness rather than light. How, then, shall ye escape if ye neglect so great salvation? There is no hope for you if you neglect the remedy. It does no good to look at the wound. If we are in the camp and are bitten by the fiery serpents, it will do no good to look at the wound. Looking at a wound will never save any one. What we must do is to look at the remedy, to look away to Him who hath power to save you from your sin.

Behold the camp of the Israelites; look at the scene that is pictured to your eyes. Look at New York city to-day. Both there in that past age, and right here in the present age, all, all are dying because they neglect the remedy that is offered. Fathers and mothers are bearing away their children. In that arid desert is many a short and little grave; many a child has been bitten by the fiery serpents. Over yonder they are just burying a mother; a loved mother is about to be laid away. All the family, weeping, gather round the beloved form. You hear the mournful cries, you see the bitter tears. The father is being borne away to his last resting-place. There is wailing going up all over the camp. Tears are being shed for thousands who have passed away, and thousands more are dying, and the plague is raging from one end of the camp to the other. I see in one tent an Israelitish mother bending over the form of a beloved boy just coming into the bloom of life, just budding into manhood. She is wiping away the sweat of death that is gathering upon his brow. Yet a little while, and his eyes are glazed, and life is ebbing fast away. Now a little while and the boy is gone. His eyes are cast in death and her heart-strings are crushed and bleeding. All at once she hears a shout in the camp. It is a great shout about them. What does it mean? She goes to the door of the tent. "What is the excitement in the camp?" she asks those passing by, and some one says, "Why, my good woman, haven't you heard the good news that has come into the camp?" "No," says the woman. "Good news? what is it?" "Why, haven't you heard about it? God has provided a remedy." "What, for the bitten Israelites? Why, tell me

what is the remedy?" "Why, God has instructed Moses to make a brazen serpent and put it on a pole in the middle of the camp, that all who look upon it shall not die, and the shout that you hear is the shout of the people when they see the serpent lifted up." But the mother goes back into the tent, and she says: "My boy, I have got good news to tell you. You have not got to die. My boy, my boy, I have come with good tidings: you can live." He is already getting stupefied; he is so weak he cannot walk to the door of the tent. She puts her strong arms under him and lifts him up. "Look yonder; it is right there under the hill." But the boy don't see it; he says: "I don't see it. Where is it, mother?" And she says: "Keep looking and you will see it." At last he catches a glimpse of the glistening serpent and he is well. That is a young convert. Some men say, "Oh, we don't believe in sudden conversions." How long did it take to cure that boy? How long did it take to cure those serpent-bitten Israelites? It was just a look, and they were well. That is a young convert. I see him now calling on all those that were with him to praise God.

He sees another young man bitten as he was, and he runs up to him and tells him, "You have not got to die." "Oh, no," the young man says, "that is not possible. There is not a physician in Israel can cure me." He doesn't know that he has not got to die. "Why, haven't you heard the news? God has provided a remedy." "What remedy?" "Why, God has told Moses to lift up a brazen serpent, and all that look to that serpent shall not die." I can just see the young man. He is what you call an intellectual young man. He says to the young convert: "You don't think I am going to believe anything like that? If the physicians in Israel can't cure me, you don't think that an old brass serpent on a pole is going to cure me?" "Why, sir; I was as bad as yourself." "You don't say so?" "Yes, I do." "That is the most astonishing thing I ever heard," says the young man; "I wish you would explain the philosophy of it." "I can't. I only know that I looked at that serpent, and I was cured; that did it. I just looked; that is all. My mother told me the reports that were being heard through the camp, and I just believed what my mother said, and I am perfectly well." "Well, I don't believe you were bitten as badly as I have been." The young man pulls up his sleeve. "Look there! There is where I was bitten, and I tell you I was worse than you are." "Well, if I understood the philosophy of it I would look and get well."

"Let your philosophy go; look and live." "But, sir, you ask me to do an unreasonable thing. If God said just take the brass and rub it in the bite, there might be something in the brass that would cure the bite. Young man, explain the philosophy of it." I see some people just before me that have talked that way since I have been here. But the young man calls in another and takes him into the tent and says: "Just tell him how the Lord saved you;" and he tells just the same story, and he calls in others, and they all say the same thing. And so it is with the religion of Jesus Christ. One and another tells the same story, and by and by all God's people tell in one way how they are saved—by Jesus of Nazareth; no other name; no other way. If all nations could talk one language, they would only tell one story—only name one name, one remedy. The young man says it is a very strange thing. "If the Lord had told Moses to go and get some herbs and some plants and roots and boil them and take the medicine, there is something in that. It is so contrary to my nature to do such a thing as to look at the serpent that I can't do it." "You can do it." At last the mother has been off out in the camp, and she says, "My boy, I have got just the best news in the world for you. I went out in the camp, and I saw hundreds very far gone, and they are all perfectly well now." The young man says, "I would like to get well; it is a very painful thought to die. I want to go into the promised land, and it is terrible to die here in this wilderness, but the fact is I don't understand it. It don't appeal to my reason. I can't believe that I can get well in a moment;" and the young man dies in his own unbelief.

Whose fault? Whose fault is it, the unbelief here? Whose fault is it? God provided a remedy for this bitten Israelite—"look and live." And there is eternal life for every poor bitten Israelite here. Look, and you can be saved, my friends, this very night. God has provided a remedy, and it is offered to all. The trouble is a great many people are looking at the pole. Don't look at the pole; that don't do any good; that is the church. You need not look at the church. The church is all right, but the church can't save you. Look beyond the pole. Look at the crucified One; look at Calvary. Bear in mind, sinner, that He died for all. Look in time, sinner, and ~~be~~ you saved if there is none else. If Christ opened the way, it is the way. What other name is there given whereby we can be saved? We don't want to look at Moses. Moses is all right in his place, but Moses can't save

you. You need not look to these ministers. They are just God's chosen instruments to hold up the serpent, to hold the remedy, to hold up Christ. And so, my friends, take your eyes off from men. Take your eyes off from the church, but lift them up to Jesus, who took away the sins of the world, and there will be life from this hour. Thank God, we don't need an education to know how to look. That little girl who can't read, that little boy four years old who can't read, can look. That little boy, when the father is coming home, the mother says, "Look! look! look!" and the little child learns to look long before he is a year old, and that is the way to be saved. It is look at the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world; and there is life to-night and this moment for every man that is willing to look. Not look at the church, not look at yourselves, but look at Christ. Some people say, "There is a man; what faith he has got; I wish I had his faith." You might as well say, "I wish I had his eyes." You don't need his faith. What you need is his Christ. You need not be wishing for his eyes; you have got eyes of your own.

Some men say, "I wish I knew just how to be saved." Just take God at His word, and trust His Son this very night and this very hour and this very moment. He will save you if you will trust Him. I imagine I hear some one saying, "I don't feel the bite as much as I wish I could. I know I'm a sinner and all that, but I don't feel the bite enough." How much do you want to feel it? How much does God want you to feel it? When I was in Belfast I knew a doctor who had a friend, a leading surgeon there, and he told me that the surgeon's custom was, before performing an operation, to say to the patient, "Take a good look at the wound, and then fix your eyes on me and don't take them off till I get through." I thought at the time that was a good illustration. Sinner, take a good look at the wound to-night, and then fix your eye on Christ and don't take it off. It is better to look at the remedy than at the wound. See what a poor wretched sinner you are, and then look at the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. He died for the ungodly and the sinner. Say "I'll take him;" and may God help you to lift your eye to the man on Calvary, and as the Israelites looked upon the serpent and were healed, so may you look and live to-night.

After the battle of Pittsburgh Landing and Murfreesboro I was in a hospital at Murfreesboro. And one night, after midnight, I was woke up and told that there was a man in one of

the wards who wanted to see me. I went to him, and he called me "chaplain"—I wasn't a chaplain,—and he said he wanted me to help him die. And I said, "I'd take you right up in my arms and carry you into the kingdom of God if I could, but I can't do it; I can't help you to die." And he said, "Who can?" I said, "The Lord Jesus Christ can. He came for that purpose." He shook his head and said, "He can't save me; I have sinned all my life." And I said, "But he came to save sinners." I thought of his mother in the North, and I knew that she was anxious that he should die right, and I thought I'd stay with him. I prayed two or three times, and repeated all the promises I could, and I knew that in a few hours he would be gone. I said I wanted to read him a conversation that Christ had with a man who was anxious about his soul. I turned to the 3d chapter of John. His eyes were riveted on me; and when I came to the 14th and 15th verses, my text to-night, he caught up the words, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have eternal life." He stopped me and said, "Is that there?" I said "Yes," and he asked me to read it again, and I did so. He leaned his elbows on the cot and clasped his hands together and said, "That's good; won't you read it again?" I read it the third time, and then went on with the rest of the chapter. When I finished his eyes were closed, his hands were folded, and there was a smile on his face. Oh, how it was lit up! What a change had come over it! I saw his lips quivering, and I leaned over him and heard, in a faint whisper, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have eternal life." He opened his eyes and said, "That's enough; don't read any more." He lingered a few hours, and then pillowed his head on those two verses, and then went up in one of Christ's chariots and took his seat in the kingdom of God. You may spurn God's remedy and perish, but I tell you God don't want you to perish. He says, "As I live I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked." "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?" May God help you all to look unto him and be saved.

ELEVENTH EVENING.

WHAT IS CHRIST TO US?

I WANT to take for our subject to-night what Christ is to us, and when I get through, and any one of our friends says he is not convinced, it will not be because you don't want to be convinced, and will not have Him. He will be all that I make Him out to be, and a thousand times more. No man living could tell about His great love and great necessity to us in an hour; nay, he could not tell it in twenty-four hours. It is beyond time and beyond expression to tell what Christ is to us—that is, if he has believed on Him and been redeemed by Him. I remember speaking upon this subject some time ago in Europe, and when I got through and was going home, I said to a Scotch friend of mine who was in my company that I was very much disappointed; that I did not get through with the subject. He looked at me in astonishment and said, "My friend, what! did ye expect to tell what Christ is in half an hour? Ye need never expect to tell it in all eternity; ye would never get through with it." I have thought of it often since. Take eternity! Yes, I know it would.

Well, right here I want to ask you whether Christ is worth having? I imagine some of you will say that that is a strange question—a man to get up and ask that. Well, perhaps it is, but it does seem to me that a great many men do think that Christ is not worth having. If they did really want Him, let them take Him. He was God's greatest gift to the world. He is there for you and for me to partake of. Just let me ask that question again, Do you think that the Son of God is worth having? Oh, that God may open the eyes of every lost soul here to-night to see Christ here right in the midst of them. Oh, that you may worship Him in spirit and in truth, view Him as the chief among thousands, the One altogether lovely. Christ wants to be a Saviour to every one of us. In the 2d chapter of Luke and the 10th verse we read that a Saviour has been given us: "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great

joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day, in the City of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." And if we know He is our Lord and truth and wisdom and life, we must first know Him as our Saviour. You must first meet Him at Calvary—first see Him on the cross. There is no life in us except we come to Calvary—no life until we come to that mountain. Now, I don't want you to think I mean to ask you to trust in the form. Many, yea thousands, make that great mistake. We are not taking Him as a personal Saviour; we don't try to know Him as our own. That is a great mistake, and it is a common mistake. During the last few years I was not occupied with the person of Christ; it was more about the doctrine and about the form. But lately Christ is more to me personally. And it would be a great help to you to cultivate His acquaintance personally, and come to Him as the personal Saviour, and be able to take Him and look up to Him and say, "He is my Saviour." I don't know how many times I have heard men say during the past few weeks, "I would come to Him and love Him, but I don't think I could hold out." But I tell you, He is not only a Saviour but a deliverer. He can deliver us from the power of sin. He can deliver us from Satan. There is not a guilt, crime, trouble or trial but that if we go to the Son of God He is able to deliver us from it.

Bear in mind that we are the lawful captives of sin. If a man has committed a sin, Satan has a power over him and a claim upon him and holds him as his lawful prey. But saith the Lord, "Even the captives of the mighty shall be taken away." And He saith further that He will contend for thee and take thee from those that hold thee captive. Thanks be to God, we can go to Him with confidence, and have Him deliver us from the power of our besetting sin. If there be a man here who is the slave of strong drink, I bring him good news! God is able to deliver you from that which has gained the mastery over you. If there be a man here who is the slave of any passion, or any lust, I say unto him that the Son of God came into the world to destroy the works of the devil and deliver you from the power of Satan; and he wants to deliver not only you, but to deliver every soul, and you can, if you will, be saved this very minute. When He led the children of Israel out from Egypt and through the Red Sea, He saved them at once. So can every one be saved, no matter what church he belongs to, whether he belongs to the true Apostolic church or to any other church. The Son of God

can save in any church or in any denomination. Here is Dr. Tyng sitting here, and Dr. Armitage and Dr. Hall, and I ask them whether they do not believe that Dr. Tyng will say that his is the true Apostolic church, and Dr. Armitage will say his is, and Dr. Hall will say his is, and the Methodists say that John Wesley is the greatest man since Christ. But you can be saved in any church if you follow Him, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." The Son of God will be in the right church; he makes no mistake. He never leads his people into a wrong path. Christ is the way. He said unto Peter "follow me," and Peter did follow Him and found everlasting life. Who can lead people through the wilderness but the Lord Almighty? He created the wilderness, and he knows it better than any one else. He will take care that none of His children are lost. He will put before them the pillar of fire, and the cloud to shield them from the sun.

No man that follows in the footsteps of Christ can be in the wrong way. Christ says, "I am the way." Yes, but some people say that is the old way; I want something new. But I say unto you that the old way is the best and only way. The way, young man, that your sainted mother trod, is the right way. Don't you go in any other way. When men who don't believe in Christ come and say they have found a new way, don't believe them. Don't believe these infidels. They want to take the Bible from you. But what do they intend to give you in its place? They call to you to give up your Bible, but what can they do for you without that? They might offer you "Paine's Age of Reason!" What a book to put in the place of our beloved Bible! Why, even the infidels would not have it themselves. What consolation, what comfort, what joy, could be got from such a book as they would give to you? What pain would it assuage, what comfort would it bring to you? They say "We have grown wiser than the Bible, now; it is an old worn-out book. Why on the same principle they might complain of the sun, and yet what would they put in the place of its warmth, its genial influence, its life-giving power? Let them give up the sun, then, and try to supply the void with gas-light. The sun is thousands of years old, but gas is new; use gas then in place of the sun. Strike out all the windows of your houses, and have nothing to do with it. You might as well do that as to give up the Bible. Outgrown it! Why, there is no book to be compared with it. No other book will lift up the world. Try and bring up your children without the Bible and see what they will come to. Go into a

town and try to live without that good book. You would flee from it as they who left Sodom and Gomorrah. Have the infidels ever produced a Knox, Bunyan, or Milton? When a man goes into the wilderness to hunt, he takes a hatchet with him and cuts the bark off the trees—they call it “blazing”—and thus he can find his way out. So God has blazed the way along; He has gone up on high, and He says, “Follow me.” Just come now and follow the Son of God, for there is life there.

But this means something more than that. He is the light upon our way. Now, I hear so many people complaining about the darkness, but there is no darkness in following Christ. I have seen a picture lately that I don’t enjoy a great deal. It represents Christ knocking at the door with a lantern. What does the Son of God want of a lantern? Christ says, “I am the light of the world;” He doesn’t need any lantern. Did you ever find a man or woman anywhere in Christendom that was following the Son of God that was in darkness? Did you ever, Dr. Armitage? Did you, Dr. Hall? Not only that—you never will. A man who is following Christ can’t help but be in light, because He is the light of the world. Yes, and it carries us beyond the grave and beyond the judgment. We don’t fear death. It can’t be very dark, because Christ is there, and He will be in the way. Haven’t you been at the bedside of a dying saint, and haven’t you seen the light that streamed in there, and you thought you was just at the very portals of heaven? Do you know why it was light there? Why the curtain was lifted, and like Stephen they could look into the celestial city?

A great many people are looking for peace and are looking for joy, and they hear this minister and that minister and this person and that person speak about peace and joy. You just follow Christ and it will come of itself. When I was a little boy I used to try to catch my shadow, but I always failed. Many a time I might try to see if I could jump over my head; many a time I tried to see if I could not outrun it, but it always kept ahead of me. But I turned around and faced the sun, and, lo and behold, my shadow was coming after me. And so we want to look towards Christ, and peace and joy and happiness will come in turn. We don’t want to turn our backs to the light, but keep our eyes upon Christ. Look unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith; not look to see what neighbor Jones is doing, to see if we ain’t better than he is. We will never get much peace in that way. What is the standard? Look up. Look up to-night because there is dark

ness around us. We are not to look around us, but we are to keep looking up. Christ is the light of the world, and you know the world refused to have the light; they put it out. They took Him to Calvary and they put Him to death. Just before they put Him out He says, "Ye are the light of the world." What Christ has left us down here for is to shine. We are not put here to make money, but that we may shine out like Daniel in Babylon, and if man will let his light shine—it don't say make it shine—the light will shine out of our countenances, and the world will see there is a living reality in the religion of Jesus Christ.

I remember in the darkest hours in the history of our country, when it looked as if everything was going to pieces, I remember attending a prayer-meeting on Sunday night, and every one that spoke spoke on the dark side, and an old man, the light shining out of his eyes, and his beautiful white hair falling over his shoulders, said, "You don't talk like true sons of the King. It is all light up around the throne. If an unconverted man should come in here and listen to you he certainly wouldn't want to become a Christian." He said he had just come from the East, and he had heard one of his friends talk about a beautiful sunrise, and he made arrangements with the landlord to take him up on the summit to see the sunrise. So in the morning the guide aroused him and they started out. The guide went ahead and he followed. He said they had not been gone a great while when there came up a terrible thunder storm, and the old man said to the guide, "It will be no use to go up; we can't see the sunrise; the storm is fearful." "O, sir," said the guide, "I think we will get above the storm." They could see the lightning playing about them, and the great old mountain shook with the thunder, and it was very dark; but when they got up above the clouds all was light and clear. So if it is dark here, rise higher; it is light enough up around the throne. If I may rise up to the light, I have no business to be in darkness. Rise higher, higher, higher. It is the privilege of the child of God to walk on unclouded. Sinner, look up from this night and this hour. Now I don't know but there may be some infidel, some skeptic here. I heard of an infidel once who said, "Look at your convert; it is all moonshine." The young convert replied to him, "I thank you for the compliment. We are perfectly willing to be called that. The moon borrows the light from the sun, and so we borrow ours from Christ." And so bear in your minds, my friends, that we borrow our light from Christ.

In the 121st Psalm it is written, "Behold He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper." If he is our keeper, can anything hurt us? Keep this in your hearts, that Christ is able to save you; He is not only able to light you upon the way, but he is able to keep you from this night and from this hour, until He presents you before the throne without spot and without blemish. Don't tell me He doesn't have the power to keep you. He has. That is what Christ came into the world for, to keep sinners. Some men have an idea when they get converted that they have got to keep Christ and themselves too. It is all wrong. I remember one time my little girl was teasing her mother to get her a muff, and so one day her mother brought a muff home, and, although it was storming, she very naturally wanted to go out in order to try her new muff. So she tried to get me to go out with her. I went out with her, and I said, "Emma, better let me take your hand." She wanted to keep her hands in her muff, and so she refused to take my hand. Well, by and by she came to an icy place, her little feet slipped, and down she went. When I helped her up she said, "Papa, you may give me your little finger." "No, my daughter, just take my hand." "No, no, papa, give me your little finger." Well, I gave my finger to her, and for a little way she got along nicely, but pretty soon we came to another icy place, and again she fell. This time she hurt herself a little, and she said: "Papa, give me your hand," and I gave her my hand, and closed my fingers about her wrist, and held her up so that she could not fall. Just so God is our keeper. He is wiser than we. Run to your Elder Brother for aid. Is there a man here to whom a saloon is a temptation? Who can't go by a saloon without wanting to go in? Just let him throw himself upon the Lord. Say, "Lord Jesus, keep me."

There are thousands and millions around the throne of God to-night. Yes, God gave them grace, and overcame all things for them. Thank God, oh! thank God for that. When I was in England I had a great curiosity to visit the Zoological Gardens, because of a story I heard concerning them. There was a man who had a little dog which he had trained to run. So one day he made a bet about his dog's running, but when the time came for the race the little dog wouldn't run at all and the man lost all his money. This so enraged the man that he beat the dog terribly, and at last he tucked him into the lion's cage. He thought the lion would make quick work of him, but the lion lapped the dog and made a pet of him, so at last

the man wanted to get his dog back, and he called to him, and tried by every means to make the little dog come out of the cage, but he wouldn't come. So the man went and told a man about it, and the man told the keeper, and when the keeper came, the man said to him, "That's my dog in the cage there, and I want you to get him out for me." Then the keeper said, "How came the dog there?" And the man had to tell, and the keeper said, "If you want your dog you can take him out of the cage." He could not take him out, and there he stayed for twenty years. The only safety is to keep close to Christ. The Lion of the tribe of Judah conquered the lion of hell. Keep close to Christ. None shall pluck you out of His hand. It's no delusion! It has kept me for twenty years. If it's a delusion, it's a precious delusion.

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." Ah! what a Shepherd! The shepherd takes care of the sheep. Did you ever hear of the sheep taking care of the shepherd? Strive to get into the fold. The Lord is my Shepherd. Oh! what a good Shepherd! But I want to speak of another thing that the Lord is. He is a burden-bearer. I will not speak of His wisdom, righteousness, strength, power. It would take all eternity to tell all about God, but I will speak of Him as a bearer of burdens. There is not a poor, sin-weary mortal that may not at once cast his burden upon Christ. Cast all your burden upon the Lord. People sometimes pray to have their burdens taken from them, and then they will rise up and take their burdens on their shoulders and go away unrelieved. I like to think of Christ as the burden-bearer. A minister was moving his library up-stairs. His little boy wanted to help him, so he gave him the biggest book he could find, and the little fellow tugged at it till he got it about half way up, and then he sat down and cried. His father found him, and just took him in his arms, big book and all, and carried him up-stairs. So Christ will carry you and all your burdens.

TWELFTH EVENING.

“Where art thou?”—GEN., 3d chapter, part of the 9th verse.

I WANT to call your attention this evening to a verse in the 3d chapter of Genesis, a part of the 9th verse, “Where art thou?” the first question that God put to man after his fall. God, in respect to Adam, takes the position of the first seeker. Adam, after his fall, ought to have gone up and down throughout the earth crying, “Oh, my God, where art Thou?” But instead of that God takes the place of the first seeker, and for six thousand years this text has been rolling down through the ages. It is a question in my mind if Adam ever had a son or daughter that has not, at some period of his life, asked himself that question, “Where am I, who am I, and where am I going to?” And it seems to me one of the most solemn questions in the word of God. And now, before we go on with the sermon, won’t you just ask yourselves that question, for to-night we want to get home to ourselves. We who belong to some church, and who at least maintain an outward profession while our hearts are far from God, like people who draw near to God with their lips whose hearts are afar off, let us ask ourselves honestly to-night, Are we hypocrites? Where am I? “Where art thou?” That is the question. Oh, that we might go home to-night and get back to ourselves and find out where we are, not in our own sight, not in the sight of our neighbor, but in the sight of God. It is of very little account where we are in the sight of our neighbor, but it is of vast importance where we are in the sight of God.

There are three classes of persons I want to speak to to-night. First, those that profess to be Christians. Let us ask ourselves, Where are we, and is it just a profession we have got—we who profess to be followers of Christ? Now, the question for us is, “Do we follow Him? Are we like Him?” Let our minds go back over the past week or month or year. Dear Christians, can you think of anything you have done for God? Can you point to any one that has been made

better by your living in the world? For I contend that we are either doing good or we are not, and we are either a great blessing or a great curse. There is no class of people that can do more injury to the cause of Christ than those who make profession and do nothing and are lukewarm. Is there any one who is living on a cold profession of Christ, and don't possess Him? The world stumbles over you. They think Christianity a "sell," a myth. I once heard a young man say, "Ho! Christianity is a 'sell,' a farce, and all Christians are hypocrites." "What," said one who overheard him, "do you believe all Christians are hypocrites?" "Yes, I do." "Your mother is a Christian, and you wouldn't call your mother a hypocrite, would you?" "Well," said the young man, "I won't call my mother a hypocrite, for that wouldn't be respectful, but I will say this, my mother don't believe what she professes. Do you think my mother really thinks I am lost, and won't talk with me personally and pray with me?" And I think the young man had the argument.

If there is any reality in the religion of Jesus Christ, let us show it out. Let us show it in our conversation, let us show it in our life, so that the world shall not say there is nothing in it. One honest praying mother does more for Christ than all the books that were ever written. "You are living epistles, read by all men." Talk about the false "isms" of the day! I don't fear them half as much as I do those Christians who do nothing but make professions. Lukewarmness is the worst "ism" you have got. Let us have that swept away, and then the Lord will work in His own people. I once read an account, in which I was much interested, of a father who took his little child out one Sabbath into the field, and while he lay down under a tree the little child was gathering little flowers and blades of grass, and in his childish language called them "pretty, pretty." The father fell asleep and the little child wandered away. When he awoke from his slumber the first thought that came to his mind was, "Where is my child?" He called at the top of his voice, but all he could hear was the echo of his own voice coming back to him. He ran up to the top of a hill and shouted again, but all he could hear was the echo of his own voice, and on going some distance to a precipice, he saw his own darling child at the bottom of the precipice, all covered with blood. He ran to the spot and found that life had left the body. He took up his little child in his arms and pressed it to his bosom, and began to accuse himself with being the murderer of his own child. Oh, what a picture

it is of slumbering Christians! Now, you mothers who have unconverted sons, who have sons maybe that are drunkards, and they are bringing your gray hairs down to an untimely grave, isn't it time for us to be up? Now there is no one that the child watches so much as it does a mother, and if the mother don't live up to what she professes, be sure the child will stumble over you. When they see those of you who don't live right, and those of you who don't manifest Christ, they will say, "Oh, it is all a fable, it is all a myth, it isn't real." Oh, how the eyes of the world are upon you! Oh, may God help you not only to profess Christ, but to possess him! Not long ago a mother was making all manner of sport over these meetings—not here, but in another city,—ridiculing the singing, ridiculing the preaching, and making all manner of sport about the inquiry meeting. I made inquiries about her family, and I found she had only one son and he was a drunkard. That mother professed to be a Christian. Wasn't it strange, that mother making light of just the very means, perhaps, that the Lord would have used to save her boy? And there are many others like her who profess to be Christian; they put it on just as a garb, or for a position in society. Oh, professed children of God, take the question home with you, Are you a Christian? not in the sight of man, not in the sight of your neighbor. Where art thou? Where am I? Oh, that the text might sink into every heart!

The next class of people I want to speak to are those that have once tasted the love of God and gone back to the world. O, how I pity the backslider! Are there many here to-day that have gone back clear into the world? Let your mind go back to those happy days when you once had a family altar, when the Almighty was with you. I pity the backslider because it is ruin to their children. Where are your children, backsliders, you that have left the Lord God of heaven? Had you a family altar? What did He do to you that made you leave it? Wasn't He good to you? Can you give a reason why you left Him? Did you leave Him without a cause? Jesus said the Jews hated him without a cause. And now let me say there is one peculiarity about backsliders; they are in a ditch, and you have to get out of it just where you got in. You left Him. Do you want to come back? Well, come right back to Him the way you left him. He will heal your backsliding. He will heal your broken heart, if you come back to him in penitence. I do not know any hymn better adapted to the backslider than that hymn, "The Ninety and Nine" Am I

speaking to any one who has wandered from the faith? Does the world make you happy? Have you found any such friend in the world as Christ was to you? My friends, to-day come back, come back now. You know that you left Him without a cause. You can give no reason for leaving Him, and why not just come back to Him to-day? Will He ever be more ready to receive you than now?

There was a father who had a prodigal son. His boy wandered away from him and went to San Francisco. He heard from the boy occasionally how he was going on from bad to worse. Everything he heard about the boy was bad. One day a friend of the father's was going to San Francisco, and the father said to him: "If you find my boy, I wish you would tell him that I love him as much as I ever did, and if he will come home he shan't have a word. But he shall have a warm welcome if he will return." One night past midnight the friend found the boy in one of the gambling dens of San Francisco. He spoke to him kindly, and put his hand upon his shoulder; he called him one side and said that he saw his father only a few months ago, and he gave him the message that his father sent. And the moment the boy heard that his father loved him, he trembled. "What, my father say that he loved me as well as he ever did?" "Yes, and he wants to have you come home." The poor boy's heart was crushed and broken. Yes, it was the love that that father had that broke that boy's heart. May the love of God break your heart, backslider, and bring you back to-night! He will receive you, and He will give you a warm welcome; yes, and there will be a shout around the throne.

The next class are those who are not Christians. Let me urge you not to look at the failings of Christians; that won't help you in the day of judgment. Each one must stand for themselves. There is no reason why you shouldn't come to Him to-day. Now, will you just ask the question now, "Where am I?" Are you like Adam hiding away from God? I never saw a sinner in my life that was not trying to hide away from God. You can be saved now, this evening if you will. Why are you without God, and as the Bible says without hope and without excuse? Will you ask yourselves where you are? I can't help looking upon life like a man going up a hill and then down, and the last two years I have been coming up. I am what they call a man in middle life. I have just now gone over the top of the hill. The allotted period of a man's life is threescore years and ten. Some never reach it, and here ~~and~~

there there is one who has passed the limit and is living upon borrowed time. There may be some here who have just come up to the top of the hill. Let us look back over the path we have come up. What have you done during these years? How many times have you been invited and how many times have you said that you would become Christians? Have you kept your words? Look at that tombstone! it marks the resting-place of the loved mother. Didn't you promise your mother that you would become a Christian? At your mother's death-bed didn't you promise yourselves that you would become a Christian and didn't it bring you on your knees? And now, ten, fifteen, twenty years have rolled away on that grave and you are not any nearer seeking God. You are not so near. The sermon that moved you then will not touch you now. You are further and further from God every day and every month and every year, and further from answering this great question. Look again; there is a little, short grave; it marks the resting-place of a loved child. It nearly broke your heart strings. Then you said, I will commence to live for God. But the impression when you laid the little child in the grave has gone. Like the morning cloud it has passed away, and to-day you are without God and without hope. You have put off the question. Let me ask you again, Can you afford to put it off to-day?

Now you are at the top of the hill; many of you are going down the hill. It is an inch, and the eternal ages will roll on. Yes, look down at the foot of the hill towards the grave; there is the coffin; the shroud may be already woven, and in a little while we shall be gone. Death's hand will soon be upon the knob, and when his hand is on that door you cannot keep him out. You may fasten the door with bars and double chains, but it will be of no avail. He will lay his hand upon you, and after you have left the body, where will your soul be? What will you do in the swelling Jordan without Christ? Here you are surrounded by a praying circle of friends, here hearts plead for your salvation. Think of being in this beautiful hall this beautiful Sunday evening, and surrounded by a praying circle. Perhaps at no period in your lives were there so many praying for you. In an instant of time you may be snatched from this praying circle, cast into outer darkness and surrounded by fiends in hell. "Where art thou?" In this hall to-night there are hundreds of praying friends about you. Now won't you be saved? Won't you come right out? Do you love God? Won't you come to a loving Creator and ask Him to give you a new

heart? That is what He wants to do ; He don't want any to perish, but He wants all to be saved.

I heard a few years ago of a scene that took place in London. A French nobleman went to consult Dr. Forbes Winslow. He felt he was going to lose his reason. Dr. Winslow wanted to find out what had brought this young man into this terrible state of mind. The young nobleman said he didn't know of anything in particular. "Have you lost any friends?" said the doctor. No, he didn't know as he had lost any friends. "Any property?" No, he didn't know as there was anything of that kind troubling him. "But," said the doctor, "there is something driving you into this state of mind." At last the young man confessed that he was an infidel, and said he: "My father was an infidel and my grandfather was an infidel, but, sir, for the last two years, this question has haunted me day and night, 'Eternity, and where shall I spend it?'" "Well," says the doctor, "I can't help you; you have come to the wrong physician." Says the young man, "Is there no help for me? Have I got to be troubled with this forever? I cannot sleep more than an hour or two at night; I cannot rest; the question comes home to me, 'Eternity, and where shall I spend it?'" The doctor took him to the 53d chapter of Isaiah, and read that whole chapter through. "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities." "Well," said the young man, "do you really believe that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, and voluntarily gave up His life and came down into this world, and suffered and died, that we might live?" "Yes," said the doctor, "that is just what I believe. I was at one time an infidel myself. Settle that, and that question won't trouble you any more." And the light of eternity at last broke on this man, and he went back to Paris, and, just before Dr. Forbes Winslow died, he said that that nobleman had corresponded with him ever since like a Christian, and often mentioned where he settled the question where he would spend eternity. Going along the street the other day I heard one say, "It will make no difference a hundred years hence." Will it? Will it? Where will you be a hundred years hence? Where art thou? O, my friends, where are you? If your life is hid with God in Christ Satan can't get at it. I can now go out over death, and over the grave, and if you can do that it will be well. Now, my friends, if you can't say that, I hope you will have no rest. I hope sleep will depart from you, and you will have no peace until you confess Christ. It is glorious to look up and say, "Heaven is my home, God is my father,

and Jesus Christ is my advocate, my Saviour, and my Redeemer, I have a right to eternal life." My friends, to-night will you have Christ, to-night will you accept Him and be saved?

I heard a man say after the battle of Perryville, that when his brother enlisted he and his brother had never been separated. One night his brother came home and told him he had enlisted. Thereupon he enlisted in the same company, and they went into a number of battles together and fought shoulder to shoulder, and when the battle of Perryville came on a Minie ball passed through the lungs of his brother. The survivor pillowed his brother's dying head, and then bent over him and kissed him, and as he was going away—the battle was raging and he could not stay there—the dying brother said, "Charlie, come back here." And when he went back he kissed him upon the lips and said, "Take that home to mother, and tell her I died praying for her." The other brother had to leave him, and as he was going away, he heard him say, "This is glorious." There he was dying. Said he, "I could hear his dying groan, and I went back to him and said, what is glorious?" "It is glorious to die looking up," said he. It didn't seem like death at all. It is glorious to die looking up. O where art thou to-night? Running away from God? May God bring you from your hiding-place. May you be saved this day and this hour, is the prayer I believe of the thousands of Christian women here to-night.

THIRTEENTH EVENING.

"For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."
ST. LUKE, 19th chapter, 10th verse.

YOU will find my text this evening in the 19th chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke and the 10th verse: 'For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.' In this little short verse the whole mission of Christ is told out. He came for a purpose, he came to do a work, and we get the information of what he came to do in this verse. He came to save sinners, to save the lost. If you will look in your Bibles carefully you will find that every man that got sent before Christ had a work to do, and he always succeeded; and do you think that God will send His Son to do work on earth and not give Him power and strength to do that work? He sent His Son here to save sinners, and He did give Him the power to accomplish that work. Do you think that Christ, who voluntarily came into the world to save sinners, is not willing to receive all that come to Him—not willing to save them? Now let us take up this verse and look at it on every side, and look around it, and see how it was that he uttered these words. In the last part of the 18th chapter, that I read this evening, we find Christ coming near to the city of Jericho. A man who had come down to Jerusalem had met a poor blind beggar sitting by the wayside. The beggar had probably asked him for something—some money. But the stranger said to him, "I have got something more precious than silver or gold; you may get back your sight." "On," says Bartimeus, "that cannot be; there is no chance for me. I have not got eyeballs even. I was born blind; never saw the mother that gave me birth; never saw the wife that leaned on my breast; never saw my offspring; never saw my friends or neighbors or the light of heaven." "But," says the stranger, "it is yet true, for I have come down from Jerusalem, and I saw there a man who had been born blind, just as bad as you are now, and he received his sight." "Received

his sight?" said the beggar. "Oh, tell me how it was; tell me all about it." And the man went on and told him how Christ had given the man sight. He told him that he had seen Christ stoop down on the earth, spit upon it and make some mud of the clay, and put the mixture on the eyes of the man, and, behold! the man received his sight. Why, if a man has the best eyes in the world, to make a mixture like that and put it in his eyes! But God's ways are not like our ways. He does not work as we think He would work. But the man went on and assured Bartimeus that the man, after this operation, had actually received as good sight as ever he had. And the man proceeded, and further told the beggar that he had something more to say, and that was it did not cost the man anything. Oh, what a physician that was! We never had such a physician, and never will have. Just think that a man restores your sight and never charges you anything for it! It was never heard of before that a man should receive this great blessing and not receive it without paying money or doing anything to secure this great mercy. You have not got to send a deputation to this great Prophet, to give Him money, or to use influence with Him, or to plead with Him. All you have to do is to ask Him, and you will get your petition. After this information, which Bartimeus received with the greatest astonishment, he replied: "Oh, if He only comes this way, I will ask Him, and I will present my petition to Him."

And so it is, my Christian friends, with Christ to-day. Ask Him what you want, and ye have God's own word that ye shall receive it. Did you ever see a man that went to God and asked Him properly and for a proper thing that he didn't get it? Ask the Lord always, and He is always ready to give. And I can imagine the joy with which Bartimeus received these glad tidings. In what a forlorn and desperate condition had Bartimeus been! You can see him being led out by one of his children along the streets from day to day, or by a faithful dog, to ask alms from his fellows as they passed by. "Give," he would say, "a poor blind beggar a farthing. I have been blind these many years; I am destitute; help me." He had sat in the same place before, and he received his usual pittance. But now there is going to happen a great thing. He is in his accustomed place; he hears the footsteps of a crowd approaching, and he asks, "What does it mean? Who is that coming?" And they tell him that it is Jesus of Nazareth who is passing by. I can imagine the thrill that pervades the poor man. Here is Jesus of whom he has heard; here is his great

chance, his golden opportunity. This is his time, and he cries out with a loud voice, "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me."

Perhaps it was Peter that turned round upon him and told him to hush. He thought that Jesus was going to be crowned king of the Jews as soon as he reached the city, and he did not think it became any one to disturb Him. Or, perhaps it was John, who did not understand the cry. But he still kept on; they told him to be still in vain. "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy upon me!" And our Lord looked that way. He never hears a man cry unto Him in vain. And Jesus stopped and commanded the man to be brought unto Him. I can just picture that scene when they came running up to the poor blind man. "The man has sent for you," they say. Yes, God never sends for any one yet, but that He has a blessing in store for him. They take him by the hand and lead him to Jesus. The Lord asked what could He do for him, and Bartimeus replied, "Lord, that I may receive my sight." And the heart of the Son of God was moved with compassion, and He said to him that he should receive his sight, and immediately the man saw, and the first object he saw on getting the light was the Son of God Himself. Then he goes among the crowd, and no one shouts louder than Bartimeus. He shouts glory to God in the highest and he presses on after Christ on his way to the city. You can all take in the joy of that moment that had arrived to this poor man. When he gets to the city he leaves the crowd, and says he will just step around and see his wife. He had never seen her before, and wanted to find out what sort of a wife he had. He also wanted to see his children. Well, as he goes on his way, a man meets him and looks at him in astonishment. "What, who is this? Is your name Bartimeus?" "Yes," says Bartimeus, "it is me." "Why," says his fellow-citizen, "how's this? I thought you were blind." "Yes," says Bartimeus, "I was blind, but I just met Jesus, outside the city, and He has given me my sight."

Another man also heard of Jesus, and another convert was made—Zaccheus. And just here I want to put this picture before the minds of those who don't believe in sudden conversions. This Zaccheus had gone up among the branches and the leaves of a sycamore tree, but as Jesus passed under, He saw the man, and said at once to him, "Zaccheus, come down," and the eye and the voice of the Son of God flashed life into the soul of Zaccheus. He told Zaccheus that that was the last time he should pass that way; and, sinner, when

God calls upon you it may be the last time you will ever hear His voice. But Zaccheus heard the voice and obeyed it, and he was not scared into obeying it either. Some persons at the present day would rather be scared into the Kingdom of Heaven than any other way. But that is not the way that Jesus did.

Some of these professed Christians talk against sudden conversions; but how long did it take the Lord to convert Zaccheus? He must have been converted getting down. It was right in the air, between the branches and the ground. You see those people who say, "I don't believe these are genuine conversions." Ah, I wish we could have a few more conversions like Zaccheus. Zaccheus gave one-half of his goods to the poor. Do you think you could make a poor man in Jericho believe that conversion not genuine? If we could have a few more conversions like that here, do you think you could make the poor people in New York believe that that conversion wasn't genuine? I don't believe there was a poor man in Jericho that didn't believe in Zaccheus' conversion. Yes, why can't we have some Zaccheus converted in New York city? I tell you if men are converted like Zaccheus, the people wouldn't be talking against conversions then. Zaccheus gave half his goods to the poor. Zaccheus did more than that; he said, "If I have taken anything from any man falsely, I will restore him fourfold." It made a great stir in Jericho. The people said, "There is a true disciple." It was like a flashing meteor; and how sudden it was. You must remember one thing; if you don't give half your goods to the poor, you must make restitution. If you have lied about a man, if you have slandered a man, if you have abused a man, go and tell him you have done him an injustice; go and make a restitution. I felt much encouraged last night; a man came into the inquiry room and said, "Mr. Moody, I want you to forgive me." "Why," said I, "I have got nothing to forgive you for; I never met you before." "Well," said the man, "I have been abusing you for about a year. I was here last night and I got converted, and I want to ask your forgiveness." He had been abusing me, and slandering me, and had been talking about something he didn't know anything about. There was a man in Brooklyn who said about restitution: "There is a shoemaker's bill I have been owing, and I have owed it for nine years." So he went around the next day and paid it. The shoemaker said, "Well, I believe in those kind of meetings now." He didn't believe in them before. What

we want is to have men become disciples of Jesus Christ. I may be speaking to some clerk to-night who has taken money from his employer falsely. It may be that he has covered up his track, and no one knows it but the all-seeing eye of God. But you can't look up, and you can't have the sympathies of God, and you can't be converted unless you make restitution. It may be that you have squandered the money and can't make restitution; but go right to that man you have injured and confess it. There was a man who had robbed his employer of \$500, and the Spirit of God aroused him, and he went to one of our ministers and told the story. He wanted to become a Christian, but there was the \$500 right in his mind all the while. "Well," said the minister, "your path is very clear; you must pay back the money." "But," said the man, "I can't pay it back." "Then," said the minister, "you must go back to your employer and confess it." But the man said, "My employer is a hard-hearted man, and if I confess it he will put me in prison." And the man couldn't do it, he thought. "Well," said the minister, "I will go and see your employer." And he went into the office of the man and told the story. "Now," said the minister, "I have reason to believe that that man has been converted of his sin. I believe if you will forgive it, and if you give him a chance, you may save the soul of the man, and he will work and pay back the money." The man said, "He shall never hear a word from me," and the result is that the clerk has now become a joyful Christian. And so if you want to become followers of the Lord Jesus Christ you must make restitution. Zaccheus made restitution. He went into his office and made out a check for neighbor so and so, and for neighbor so and so, for £100 or \$100, and then sent his clerk around and offered and urged these different men to take this money; and do you think these men that had been robbed thought his conversion wasn't genuine? He paid back not only what he had taken, but he restored them fourfold. Do you think that those men didn't have confidence in Zaccheus? There wasn't a man in all Jericho that didn't believe in his conversion. I can imagine a man saying, "Your master didn't owe me anything." But the clerk answers, "My master told me to tell you he had taxed you too much." What a smile came over his face. "What has come over this man? There was a time when he was unreasonable. He is giving money to the poor, and he is making restitution; that is a genuine conversion!" That

is an evidence of a man who had the Son of God. That is an evidence of the Son of God breathing life into a man's soul.

If we could only get the confession of a man that he is lost, it wouldn't be long before he would be saved. If a man ain't lost what does he need of a Saviour? But oh, how refreshing it is to find one who will admit that he is lost! If you will admit that you are a sinner, I can tell you there's One mighty to save—One who came to save sinners. I was invited to preach in the Tombs a few years ago. I supposed there was a chapel, as there are in most of our prisons, in which the prisoners would be gathered for me to talk to them. But I found they were in their cells, and I had to speak to them there. There were two tiers of cells above me, one below, and one on a level with me. There were three or four hundred prisoners, but I couldn't see a face; it seemed as if I was talking to a wall or to the air. And when I got through I thought I'd like to see who and what I had been talking to. When I looked in the first cell, I saw the prisoners playing cards, and I said, "How is it with you?" And they hesitated, and then said there had been false witnesses in the case, and they ought not to be there. In the second cell, when I spoke to them, they said, "Well, we'll tell you, chaplain, we got into bad company, and those that were with us got away and we got caught. We hadn't done anything wrong." And the prisoner in the next cell had an excuse: "The man that did it looked just like me, but they took me for him, although I am innocent." And in the next cell they said they hadn't had their trial yet, but by next Sunday they would be out. So I went from cell to cell, and I never found so many innocent men in one day in my life. The only guilty ones, they said, were the officers who put them there. So you say to-night, "I'm not lost, but the man in the seat next behind me is." You are drawing the rages of self-righteousness around you, and think you are not bad. But God says, "He that breaks the least of the commandments is guilty of all." If you were taken away what would become of your soul? Every soul that is not born of God shall be lost for time and eternity. Don't let the infidels make you believe you are all right. Well, I went on through the cells, and at last in one I saw a man sitting with his head resting on his hands, and I could see tears falling from his eyes. How refreshing it was to see that! I asked him what his trouble was. He said, "My sins are greater than I can bear." And I said, "Thank God for that."

And he says, "Thank God for that? Ain't you the man that's been preaching to us?" "Yes," I said, "I'm your friend, and I am glad you feel your sins." "Well," he says, "you are a queer friend." And I said, "If your sins are more than you can bear you can cast them on One who is able to bear them. I've been hunting for you for a long time." "What," he says, "hunting for me?" And I said, "You are lost, and I am glad I have found one man who will admit that he is lost." And I preached Christ to him. I told him of Him who came to seek and save the lost, who came to open the prison doors and set the captive free, who gives life and light and peace and joy. I must have talked to him for half an hour, and then I said I would pray with him. So we knelt down, I on the outside and he on the inside. And after I had prayed I said, "Now, you pray." And he said it would be blasphemy for him to pray. But I told him that the blood of Jesus Christ cleansed from all sin, and he bowed his head down to the floor, and could only say, without so much as lifting his eyes towards heaven, "God be merciful to me, a poor miserable wretch." No man ever sends up such a cry that God doesn't hear him. And I put my hand through the little window and I felt a tear drop on it, and I said, "I'll be praying for you to-night between nine and ten o'clock at the hotel, and I want you to meet me at the throne of grace." That night it seemed as if the Spirit of God came upon me. I went to see him the next morning, and the moment my eyes rested on him I saw a great change. Remorse and despair were gone, and the light from yon world had come upon him. He seemed to me to be the happiest man in New York. He said, "I thought I could never again bear to see my old friends, but God came and set my soul free. I think it was about midnight. I cried and He heard me, and I am happy."

Do you see why Christ came to that one captive? It was because he took his place among lost sinners. Oh, sinner, cry, "Thou Son of David, have mercy upon me!" Take your place among the lost. Let the cry go up from every soul, "Be merciful to me a sinner." Don't you want to be saved? Won't all the Christians unite in the prayer that God would save every lost soul? I want to say a word to the lost, and I mean all the sinners who have not been converted. While the Christians pray, close your eyes and lift up your hearts to God, and ask Him to have mercy. These are solemn days. I never felt more power than in the meeting last night. God is near us, and His Spirit is here to-night. He is answering

the prayers of the Christians of New York. I believe the answer is come, and God is moving mightily in this city. Young men and young women, don't laugh at your praying friends who are anxious for your soul. If you have friends who pray and weep for you, treat them kindly. They are worth more to you than is the world. Go home and tell your anxious mother that you are saved, and make her heart glad that her God has become yours.

FOURTEENTH EVENING.

“For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.”—
ST. LUKE, 19th chap., 10th verse.

YOU that were here last night will remember that I preached from the 19th chapter of Luke, the 10th verse: “For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.” I did not get through with that text last night. I don’t know as I ever will as long as I am on earth. I want to speak to-night from the same text, and I want to ask the audience to ask themselves this question—I would like to have every one of you ask yourselves the question, “Am I saved, or am I lost?” For certainly you must be either saved or lost. Now I am not asking you if you belong to some church, or if you read your Bible, or if you pray, but are you saved? It strikes me that it is a question that ought to interest every one, and every one here ought to be able to answer the question. Present salvation is the only salvation worth having. The idea that you may be saved at some future time is not worth having, because we may be disciplined; we may be taken away with a stroke; we may be ushered into eternity before to-morrow morning, and what we want is present salvation, and to be able to say that “I am saved.” There are some people who say that it is presumption for a man to say that he is saved. It is great presumption for a man not to say that, if he has reason to believe that he is saved. Job says, “I know that my Redeemer liveth.” John says, “We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we have the brethren.” Peter says: “Christ, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again to an inheritance, incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time.” There is a salutary touch about that. Paul says: “For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God, a house not made with

hands, eternal in the heavens." It is the privilege of every child of God to know that he is saved, and of every man and woman that is not saved. God will teach you to-night, if you are willing to confess that you are lost, if you will let Him be your teacher. Let us not deceive ourselves. Now, just ask yourselves the question, "Am I saved or am I lost?" And it is the lost ones that I want to speak to to-night, because it was the lost ones that Christ came to save. He came to call sinners, not the righteous. He came to seek and to save that which was lost. He came for no other purpose—only to save sinners. I met a person not long ago who said he was lost because he had committed so many sins that God didn't have any love for him, that God didn't care for him any more. Now I may be speaking to some to-night that think they are so far from God that God hasn't any love for them, that he don't care for them. Now let me say that instead of proving that you are not lost, you want to confess that you are a sinner. Christ came to seek and to save that which was lost. Christ came to save the ungodly. Then make out yourself ungodly. If I want to buy a piece of land, I can't get too good a title for the land. The best title you can have to salvation is to find out that you are lost. It was Adam's fall that brought out God's love. God never told Adam, when He put him in Eden, that He loved him. It was after he was lost. It was that very thing that brought out the love of God.

There was an Englishman in Chicago, the winter before the fire, who was much impressed with the sudden growth of the city. He went back to Manchester, where he told the people about the city only forty years old, with all its fine buildings, its colleges, its churches. It was, he thought, a most wonderful city. But no one seemed to take any interest in Chicago. "But," he says, "one day the news came flashing over the wires that Chicago was on fire. The moment the people heard about the Chicago fire, they became suddenly interested about Chicago. Then every man that he had tried to tell about Chicago became suddenly interested, and they couldn't hear too much." The news came flashing over the wires that half the city was burnt. "Well," he said, "there were men there that couldn't help but weep." At last the news came that 100,000 people were burned out of their houses, and were in danger of starvation, unless immediate help was sent. Then these men came forward and gave their thousands. It was the calamity of Chicago that brought out the love and pity of those men. In Chicago, men went to bed on Sunday

night, millionnaires, and Monday morning all was swept away. I didn't see a man shed a tear over the loss of his property. At last the news came flashing over the wires that help was coming—that a delegation was coming from New York that was bringing clothing, and food, and money, and I saw men weep like little children, then. It was that that touched the heart of Chicago. I never loved America so much in my life. I loved the whole world. We couldn't help but love others, because they loved us.

And so it was the calamity of Adam that brought out God's love. A man said to me he wanted to be saved, but said he couldn't be saved until God sought him. I said to him, "My friend, how old are you?" He was thirty years old, he said. I looked at him; "And did God never seek you?" "No, sir," he said, "I am anxious, but I cannot be saved unless God seeks me." Do you believe there is a man in the city of New York that has lived thirty years that Christ hasn't sought? Is there a man within the hearing of my voice that Christ never sought after? That boy sitting there—do you suppose Christ never sought him? That young lady who is laughing—do you suppose Christ never sought her? That old man, there—do you think Christ never sought him? Do you tell me that there is a man in this hall whom Christ never sought? No; that man isn't here. Not only that, but He has been seeking you ever since you were born. You never hear a Gospel sermon but that the Son of God is seeking for your soul in that sermon. You never hear the Gospel preached in any part of the world but that the Son of God is seeking for you through that Gospel invitation. Did no man ever hand you a tract walking up the street? That was the Son of God seeking you through that tract. Who was seeking you? Certainly not Satan. Satan might put it in your heart to profess religion, but he didn't put it into the heart of a man to circulate tracts. It takes grace to do that. Did you never have a stranger come up to you and talk to you kindly, and plead with you to become a Christian? That was the Son of God. He put it into his heart to do that. Was that Satan's work? O, my friends, it was the Son of God seeking for your soul through that man. Haven't you had some godly minister talk with you, and didn't some of his spirit come over you that made you tremble at the thought of death and the judgment? Haven't you felt an unusual power in the meeting, drawing you away from the world? That was the Son of God seeking you through that minister, or through that

sermon, or through that tract. When we were in Brooklyn I found a man in the inquiry room that was greatly troubled about his soul. He told me he had had a godly, sainted mother; that she had died, and he had her picture put upon the wall, but he had been living such a miserable life he had to turn the face of that picture toward the wall; that mother's prayer haunted him so he could not sleep. That was the Son of God seeking for that young man through the picture on the wall. Don't go into this hall and say that Christ never sought for your soul. Don't go into that terrible delusion that you are to wait for some more favorable season. From childhood and through all these years He has been seeking for your lost soul. I wish I could make that real to you to-night.

Oh, if you understood what a lost soul was; what it cost God to redeem them, and what it means that Christ should leave the throne of heaven and come down to this world. He passed by others, He passed by the Pharisees, He passed by the assembly in the temple, He came clear down into the manger, He did not take up the rich and the powerful, but the lowly and the humble to heaven. He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor. O, if we could only see lost souls as Christ saw them, we would not be consulting our ease. We would hear and see the salvation of the Son of God and strive after heaven. If you could realize the reward of a saved soul and the punishment of a soul that has rejected the Saviour you would say that your soul was worth being saved. Yes my friends, Christ knew what a lost soul meant, and that is what brought Him down from heaven. If there are any who are not awake to this great question, I want them to wake up now, or you will be lost! Lost! Do you know what it means Do you know what it means to be without hope and without God in the world? The other evening as I was going home, I heard a man running up behind me. I turned and was accosted by one who said: "Sir, I just passed two ladies, and I heard one of them say, 'That is Mr. Moody.' Are you Mr. Moody?" I told him I was. He then said, "I want you to pray for me, Mr. Moody. I want you to intercede with Christ for my lost and sinful soul. I am without God and without hope in this world." Thank God, that was a man who had been woken up. He realized he was lost. I hope that there will be ten thousand people in the city of New York who will wake up too. There will be help for them when they wake up to the fact that their souls are lost—that they are in the

world without God and without hope. Satan goes around among you and among all the people in this city—yes, in all the world—telling them that they are not lost. Many men are under the power of the devil and don't believe they are lost. Do you think that Christ would have come into the world if man had not been lost? Do you think that He would have suffered a cruel death on the cross if man could have been saved any other way? What does the cross mean? What does the old story of Bartimeus mean, unless it is to save us from that terrible hell? Lost! Oh, that that word would ring through the hall and sink down into the soul of every man who is without God and without hope in the world. Lost! We know what it means to lose our property. I came across a friend the other day, who from being rich a few months ago had lost all. Of course, I sympathized with him, and we all sympathize with those we know where they have lost their all. But what is the loss of property in comparison with the loss of our soul? We mourn with them that lose their health; but what is the loss of health to the loss of our soul? If I know my own mind, I would rather lose my health and hasten down to the grave within thirty days, saving my soul, than to live on and lose it. We mourn with them that lose their reputation, their position in society; but what is that in comparison with Satan's leading them away, and, being overtaken by their sins, losing their souls? We know of those who by calamity have been deprived of their families, who have lost their beautiful homes, who have been cast into prison, and suffered innocently; we mourn with them and sympathize with them. But in this case their afflictions are only for a day, and they may become heirs of the kingdom.

Think of a man, though, that has suffered all these things and then lost his very soul into the bargain. I was in the eye infirmary the other day—and that reminds me. Last evening, when I was speaking of Bartimeus I saw right in front of me here a man overcome with great excitement and emotion; he started and jumped up like a fish jumps up after a fly. I could not understand it then, but now I hear that the poor man was blind himself. Oh, if that man is in the hall to-night, I pray God to bless him. He has found that he has a soul to save, and I ask all Christian people here to-night to pray for him. God bless him. But, as I was saying, I was in the eye infirmary the other day, when a woman came in with a beautiful babe. I was there talking to the doctor about a boy in the Sabbath-school. The woman said to the doctor: "Doctor, my

child has not had its eyes open for a few days, and I have come to see if there can't be something done for him. I did not like to open them, for it seemed to hurt him." The doctor, thereupon, pulled down the eyelids of the child, and the child gave a loud scream of pain. But he went on and made an examination, and then, turning to the poor woman, said: "Your child is blind of that eye." He then opened the other and said: "Yes, and this one too; your child will never see again." And it seemed to burst upon the poor woman so suddenly and so unexpectedly, that she screamed out at the top of her voice: "Oh, will my darling child never see me again? Oh, my darling child! oh, my darling child!" She pressed the child to her bosom, and I had to weep too. Don't you sympathize with that poor mother? Don't you suppose I sympathize with her? Yes; but if I know my heart, I would rather lose my sight—have my eyes dug out as Samson's were—than to lose my soul. What is sight to the soul? Yes, I would a thousand times rather lose my sight on earth and see God in heaven than have my sight here and darkness beyond the grave.

A friend of mine in Chicago took his Sabbath-school out on an excursion on the cars once. A little boy was allowed to sit on the platform of the car, when by some mischance he fell, and the whole train passed over him. They had to go on a half a mile before they could stop. They went back to him and found that the poor little fellow had been cut and mangled all to pieces. Two of the teachers went back with the remains to Chicago. Then came the terrible task of telling the parents about it. When they got to the house they dared not go in. They were waiting there for five minutes before any one had had the courage to tell the story. But at last they ventured in. They found the family at dinner. The father was called out—they thought they would tell the father first. He came out with the napkin in his hand. My friend said to him: "I have got very bad news to tell you. Your little Jimmy has got run over by the cars." The poor man turned deathly pale and rushed into the room crying out "Dead, dead." The mother sprang to her feet and came out to the sitting-room where the teachers were. When she heard the sad story she fainted dead away at their feet. "Moody," said my friend, "I wouldn't be the messenger of such tidings again if you gave me the whole of Chicago. I never suffered so much." I have got a son, dearer to me than my life, and yet I would rather have a team a mile long run over him than that he should die without God and without hope. What is the loss of a child to the loss of a soul?

Oh, let us be wise for eternity; let us seek the kingdom of God now; let us give to the Lord our hearts. The Son of God came to seek and to save that which was lost. Will you take your place among the lost, or will you seek the kingdom of God? If you seek the kingdom of God, you have the word of the Son of God that you shall find it. Do you not want to be saved now? Do you not want to be brought out from the curse of the lost? Do you not want to escape the damnation of hell? The Lord Jesus is here to seek and to save. Will you let him save you now? You remember when the Atlantic went down off the coast of Newfoundland, there was a young man on board, a business man just coming home. About 500 men, women, and children, if you recollect, went down on that awful day to a watery grave. Well, there came a despatch from some one of the wreck to his friends saying that he was gone. It plunged the whole family into mourning. His partner in Detroit closed the store and put crape upon the door. But after a few hours there came another despatch flashing over the wires—"Saved," with his own name signed to it. That partner was so gratified that he had the despatch framed and hung up in the office. When any one goes into that store to-day, he can see the word "saved." Oh, young man, go home and tell your mother, and tell your friends, that you are saved. Tell them that Jesus had taken compassion upon you. He will save you if you will let Him. A story is told of Rowland Hill, the great preacher. Lady Ann Erskine was passing by in her carriage, and she asked her coachman who that was that was drawing such a large assembly. He replied that it was Rowland Hill. "I have heard a good deal about him," she said; "drive up near the crowd." Mr. Hill soon saw her, and saw that she belonged to the aristocracy. He all at once stopped in the midst of his discourse and said: "My friends, I have something for sale." This astonished his hearers. "Yes, I have something for sale; it is the soul of Lady Ann Erskine. Is there any one here that will bid for her soul? Ah, do I hear a bid? Who bid? Satan bids. Satan, what will you give for her soul? 'I will give riches, honor, and pleasure.' But stop. Do I hear another bid? Yes, Jesus Christ bids. Jesus, what will you give for her soul? 'I will give eternal life.' Lady Ann Erskine, you have heard the two bids—which will you take?" And Lady Ann fell down on her knees and cried out, "I will have Jesus." The devil lies to you when he promises, but Christ always keeps His word.

O, sinner, let the question be settled now for time and eternity,

and there'll be a shout to-night around the throne. What would the world be without Jesus? He is knocking at your heart to-night. I knew a mother who had a little boy that was dying, and he looked out of the window and said he saw dark mountains over there. The mother told him she did not see them, but he continued to see them, and said he must cross them, and asked his mother if she wouldn't take him in her arms and carry him over. So the time will come to you, O sinner. That mother prayed for her boy, that he might see Jesus coming to carry him over the mountains. Then Eddie said, "Don't you hear the angels, mother? O take me!" But she told him that Jesus would take him, and the little fellow prayed, and then opened his eyes and said, "Good-by, mother; Jesus has come." O, sinner, Jesus will carry you to the kingdom of God if you will only let Him. "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

FIFTEENTH EVENING.

"Seek ye the Lord while He may be found call ye upon Him while He is near."—ISAIAH, 55th chap., 6th verse.

YOU will find my text this evening in that 55th chapter of Isaiah, in the 6th verse: "Seek the Lord while He may be found, and call ye upon Him while He is near." You that have been here for the last two nights will remember that I have been speaking from the text: "For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." I have been talking about God—as to how God is seeking for the sinner. To-night I want to turn the question and talk of man's state. Under this text we have got to-night, man is told to seek the Lord. "Seek the Lord while He may be found, and call ye upon Him while He is near." Now, I have learned this during the past few years, in dealing with men, that there isn't much hope of being saved until they seek the Lord with all their heart. One reason that men do not find the Lord is that they don't seek for Him with all their heart. Very often you meet people who say, "Well, I don't know as I have any objections to be saved." Well, I don't know as I ever knew of any one that found Christ that had that spirit. You have got to have something beyond that. I said to a man some time ago, that I could tell him the day he was going to be converted. I said to him, "I can tell you when you will be converted, although I ain't a prophet, and although I don't pretend to be a prophet." "Well," said he, "I would like to have you tell me that, for I would like to know, myself." "Well," I said, "you shall find Him when you seek for Him, and search for Him with all your heart." In the 29th chapter of Jeremiah, and the 13th verse, it says: "And ye shall seek Me and find Me, when ye shall search for Me with all your heart." I wish men would seek for Christ as they seek for wealth. I wish men would seek for Christ as they seek for position in this world. Man prepares his feast, and there is a great rush to see who will get there first. God pre-

pare his feast and the excuses come in, "I pray thee have me excused." Supposing I should state that last night a man came into this place and lost a very valuable present; something he valued a great deal more than the value of the present, because it was the gift of his dying mother. Suppose he should send up a note to me, saying, "Mr. Moody, I lost last night a very valuable diamond, and I am willing to give any one that can find that diamond, \$20,000." I am sure there would be a great search. How many do you suppose would be seeking for that diamond? I would not give much for my sermon to-night. A man might say, "I am poor, and if I could find that diamond, wouldn't that take me out of poverty and out of want?" You wouldn't wait until I got through my sermon, but you would be looking down at your feet, and under the benches. My friend, isn't the salvation of your soul worth more than all the diamonds that the world has seen? Isn't it worth more than the whole world itself, and isn't it the best thing you can do to-night to seek the Lord? Not only that, but it is a command to seek the Lord while He may be found, and call ye upon Him while He is near. It is just as much a command for you to seek the Lord as it is that you shan't swear. It is just as much a command, as it is that you shan't steal. It is a command. There are a great many commandments. Some people have got an idea that there are only ten commandments in the Bible. There are thousands of them, and this is one of them. It is the voice of the Lord, Himself. Seek Him with all your heart. Now just see how men seek for wealth. When the California fever—the gold fever—broke out, men left their wives, and left their children, and left their parents, and their homes and luxury, and went out to the Pacific coast, and slept out in the open air and under tents, and endured want. What for? That they might get wealth. They could not make too great a sacrifice to get wealth; and when I was out there in business, I was amazed when news came that gold was found 100 miles away. They would pack up, men, women and children, and away they would go. A whole town would move just to seek wealth. Then they went out to Australia in the time of the gold fever in that country. They were willing to make almost any sacrifice. Look and see these politicians work. Let one of them be nominated alderman, or for some position under the government, and how they will seek your vote. They will come around to your house early in the morning, just to seek your vote. They

don't sleep at night; they are willing to do everything they can do to accomplish their purpose.

Let us go and learn a lesson from that. If there is no reality in this gift of God, if it is all a myth, then let us dismiss it. If it is true, and we can find the Lord by seeking Him, let us seek Him. A man will go around this world for his health; he will cross oceans and climb steep mountains just to get his health. Thanks be to God, you haven't got to go around the world to get salvation. You haven't got to go out of this building to find salvation; "Ye shall find Me when ye shall search for Me with all your heart." Now there isn't anything a man values as he does his life. You take a man on a wrecked vessel; that vessel is going down, that man may be worth a million, and the only way he can save his life is to give up that million—he would do it as quick as a flash. Now the gift of God is eternal life; it is life without end. Christ says, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Now is it true that a man can be saved here to-night? I would like to ask this audience a question. Is it true that a man can find the Lord here to-night? Now won't you just stop and think a moment? Dr. Paxton, do you believe the Lord can be found here to-night? Do you believe it, Mr. Jesup? Do you, Mr. Dodge? [Mr. Dodge—I do.] Now, my friend, do you believe it? Young man, do you believe that the Lord can be found here to-night? If He can be found, why not seek for Him, and why not look? This cold, bleak night may be the night of your salvation. If it is true that the Lord is worth more than the whole world, and He can be found by seeking, why not seek for Him, not with half a heart, but with all your heart.

I read a number of years ago of a vessel that was wrecked. The life-boats were not enough to take all the passengers. A man who was swimming in the water, swam up to one of the life-boats that were full, and seized it with his hand. They tried to prevent him, but the man was terribly in earnest about saving his life, and one of the men in the boat just drew a sword and cut off his hand. But the man didn't give up; he reached out the other hand. He was terribly in earnest. He wanted to save his life. But the man in the boat took the sword and cut off his other hand. But the man did not give up. He swam up to the boat and seized it with his teeth. Some of them said, "Let us not cut his head off," and they drew him in. That man was terribly in earnest, and, my friends, if you want to get into the Kingdom of God, you will

seek your soul's salvation to-night. Be in earnest once as for your life, and seek the Kingdom of God with all your heart, and you shall find it to-night. It will be the night of your salvation. It is a good time to seek the Lord while the Spirit of God is abroad in the community. I contend that this is a proof that the Lord can be found here to-night, because I don't believe there has been a night but that some have found Him. Last night a brother came to my private room, and called me and said, "I want to introduce you to some one," and there stood a wife, her face lit up with joy. She wanted to tell me that her husband was converted. She said, "I have been praying for him these twenty years, and he has found the Lord to-night." "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near."

How many men were there that were converted in the great revival of '57 and '58, and yet some people cry out against revivals. They had rather be converted at any time than during a revival. It was not long after the revival of '57 and '58 that the nation was deluged with blood, and half a million of men laid down their lives. Wasn't it the best thing they could have done, to seek the Lord then? It was my privilege to be in the army at that time. I was by their cots when I saw them die. I never saw a man all through the war that regretted that he became a Christian. The best thing they could do was to call upon the Lord. It was a great calamity, and came right home to the heart of the nation. We are just now, I am afraid, going to have some of this sad work. I believe that we are even now on the eve of just such work. I believe that judgments are going to happen upon this nation again. Grace always precedes judgments. A great revival is in progress all over the country. So there was in Jerusalem a day of grace, but the opportunity was spurned. Jerusalem and the country took no heed to their ways, and soon Titus appeared with a great army and besieged it, and more than 1,100,000 people perished. Those men rejected the gospel and the word of God. So at the present day men won't call upon Christ when He may be found or see Him when He is near. All along in the history of the Church it is remarked that before some great calamity has fallen upon the earth there has been a great day of grace, offering salvation to those who will accept it. Before God has punished people, He holds out before them a chance to repent and to escape His wrath.

And now we hear Jesus calling to repentance throughout all the land. It is time, my friends, to be up and doing. Save

yourselves, and then plead with your friends and bring them to Jesus. Tell them the glad tidings, and bring them into the fold of the Good Shepherd. If we are faithful now and watch for souls, we shall see in every town and city thousands who will accept Christ. It is time for us to go out and say to our friends and relatives, "Come in; the Lord is coming, the Lord is at work. Jesus of Nazareth is passing through the city. Let us call upon Him while He may be found, let us implore Him to save us while He is near." The very text implies that the time is come when the world should throw off its sloth and wake to repentance. The text implies that God is near and pleads with His people, that the time and the Son of God are near now. Isn't it true that He is here to-night? Isn't it true that He is seeking for you when you seek for Him? Seek, then, the Lord while He may be found, call upon Him while He is near. Mr. Sankey sung to-night about those virgins. We read that five sought to gain admission too late. There was a time that they might have called upon the Lord; there was a time when, had they sought, they would have found Him. But they slumbered and slept until it was too late. Then they cried, but the door was shut—the day of grace was over. And so it may be the same to you. The day of grace may be drawing to a close with you too. It may be that I am speaking to many here for the last time. This may be the last year they may have on earth. The prophecy may be true in regard to you and me, "This year thou shalt die." Is it or isn't it a time to seek the kingdom of God—to seek His face while Christ is calling upon us to repent, while the Spirit of God is moving upon our hearts? Isn't it the very best time to seek the Lord while He may be found? Those antediluvian people called upon Noah to open the door of the ark and take them, but it was too late. God will shut the door against you too. You will soon be without hope. Undoubtedly these men, women and children called upon God to save them on that terrible day, but the day of grace was over for them. The day of wrath then had come, and the day of judgment had fallen upon them. Oh, who shall stand on the day of wrath? When the Lord shall shake the earth, what shall then save the souls of men? The day of grace is here. Save yourselves. Wash yourselves in His precious blood and be redeemed. Oh, this very night, this very hour, let there be a cry for salvation. In the 10th chapter of Romans it is written, "For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." I heard of a man away off in the mining district who

had wandered from his house and got lost. In that region the ground is full of holes and some pretty deep ones too. But it was night and he could not make his way along. Had he undertaken to move on, there were the holes before him, and every step might precipitate him into a cavern. He did not know what to do, and he could not stir a step. At last he commenced to cry out, "Help! help! help!" and his cry was heard. They came with lanterns and brought him safely out from his danger. The depths of sin are surrounding you; the next step may land you into darkness and death. Old man, do you hear? Young lady, do not laugh at it. Don't make light of this warning voice. "Seek the Lord while He may be found, call upon Him while He is near."

Let me warn you against the next verse. A great many people put the 7th verse ahead of the 6th. "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts." If we would be saved call upon God first, and then God will give you help, and by His power you can then turn away from sin and from your evil thoughts, and will get pardon. But you haven't power to give up your evil courses until you call upon God and until He gives you strength. After you have called upon the Lord, you must receive Him when He comes; you must make room for Him. He has gone to make room for you, and you must make room for Him. I once found a man in the inquiry room who was puzzled to know how there would be room for the saved in heaven. I tell you, my friends, as I told him, you needn't borrow trouble on that account. If He finds He will not have room for you or me or for any of his chosen people in the heaven that He now has He will make another. Can He not make another heaven by a word? Can He not make another place of happiness as easy as He made the present one? The Lord God of Heaven can make plenty of room for you. You must not give that as an excuse. The Lord can make all the room He wants. Now, my friends, let me ask you this question. In all candor, why don't you settle the question now? Will the Son of God have more power than He has to-night? Will He be more ready to use it for your salvation at any other time than He is to-night? Hasn't He said that all power is given unto Him both in heaven and on earth? Has He not the power to save every one here? Is He not able to save, even unto the uttermost? Hasn't He the power and hasn't He the will? Hasn't He said, "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked. Oh, turn ye, turn ye, why should ye die, oh House of Israel"? If you turn now and call upon Him He will forgive you your

sins. He will forgive every one all his sins, no matter how many they are. He will save you if you truly repent and write your name in the Book of Life. But you must call upon Him with the heart.

As Spurgeon remarks, the Bible does not say that you must have new heads, or that you must seek Him with your head, but it says you must have new hearts, and must seek Him with your heart. If it meant head, it would have said so. Seek ye the Lord, therefore, with your hearts, and Christ will enter into your hearts and not into your heads. Give Christ your whole heart, and He will enter into it. If your heart is all right your head will be also, for out of the heart proceeds all evil. Let that reservoir of sin be broken up and emptied, and all the rest of you will come around right. Is there one here to-night who will not cry out, "God be merciful to me, a sinner"? "Lord, have mercy upon me"? Why not call upon Him? Why not seek the Lord now? Why not make up your mind that you will not leave the room until the great question of eternity is settled? If it is true what these gentlemen have said here to-night, when I asked them the question, that the Lord could be found, why don't you find Him? Why should you let the night pass without seeking Him? It is commanded, "Seek the Lord while He may be found." Don't put it off until it is too late. Don't neglect salvation. Some people say, "Why, what have I done?" I tell you if you have done nothing but neglect salvation you will go to death and ruin. Look at the man in the river in his boat; he is not rowing; he is making no effort, but he has his hands folded, and is letting his boat drift down the stream towards the rapid. The current is taking him on without any help from him; he will soon go over the rapid into the jaws of death. All he has to do is to sit still and be lost. Yes, I tell you if you don't actually do any sin, yet if you neglect Christ and neglect salvation as a gift from God, you must perish. I am told that there were two men seen above the falls of Niagara. They were drinking champagne and carousing. They had no thought of danger. They formed no perception of the end that was awaiting them. They sang and they drank. But by and by a warning voice came to their ears. They looked at the friend on shore, but paid no attention. They even mocked him; they lifted up the bottle, drank to him and shook the bottle at him. Some one further on seeing their danger also undertook to warn them, but they treated his voice with laughter and derision. There are some here to-night that act just the same way. You come here and laugh and make

light of the solemn services and ridicule the word of God. These men mocked the danger also. They drifted a little further on, when a third voice was lifted up to give them notice of the approaching rapids. But the men still mocked on, and the current still took them on every second nearer to the great and fatal plunge. But they soon saw the water going over the falls, and in wild desperation seized the oars. They battled against the current with all their strength. Too late! too late! They had neglected it too long, and with a wild cry they were forever engulfed. What a picture! And yet hundreds and thousands have died just the same way.

By and by will come the piercing cry, "It's too late!" To-night I plead with you to neglect it no longer. Some of you here may hear the appeal for the last time. Oh, may the Holy Spirit open your eyes to-night! While we were in Europe a man came into one of the meetings in the coal region, and when the audience was dismissed he was seen to remain standing against a post. One of the elders approached him, and asked why he remained. He said he had made up his mind not to leave that church until he found the kingdom of God. The elder remained with him for a long time, and at last the miner made a surrender. The next day he went into the coal-pit, and before night the mine fell in and buried him. He was taken from the ruins just before life became extinct, and was heard to say, "It is a good thing; I settled it last night." Wasn't it a good thing? Young lady, what say you? Young man, what do you think? When Mr. Sankey and I were in the North of England, I was preaching one evening, and before me sat a lady who was a skeptic. When I had finished, I asked all who were anxious to remain. Nearly all remained, herself among the number. I asked her if she was a Christian, and she said she was not, nor did she care to be. I prayed for her there. On inquiry I learned that she was a lady of good social position, but very worldly. She continued to attend the meetings, and in a week after I saw her in tears. After the sermon I went to her and asked if she was of the same mind as before. She replied that Christ had come to her and she was happy. Last autumn I had a note from her husband, saying she was dead, that her love for her Master had continually increased. When I read that note I felt paid for crossing the Atlantic. She worked sweetly after her conversion, and was the means of winning many of her fashionable friends to Christ. Oh, may you seek the Lord while He may be found, and may you call upon Him while you may.

SIXTEENTH EVENING.

GRACE.

I AM going to take, to-night, a subject, rather than a text. I want to talk to you about free grace. I say free grace; perhaps I had better drop the word "free," and say just "grace." There is a sermon just in the meaning of the word. It is one of those words that are very little understood at the present time, like the word gospel. There are a great many that are partakers of the Spirit of Christ, or of grace, that don't know its meaning. I think it is a good idea to go to Webster's dictionary and look up the meaning of these words that we hear so often but don't fully understand. You seldom go into a religious assembly but you hear the word grace, and yet I was a partaker of the grace of God for years before I knew what it meant. I could not tell the difference between grace and law. Now grace means unlimited mercy, undeserved favor, or unmerited love. I had a man come to me to-day, to see me, and his plea was that he was not fit to be saved. He said there was no hope for him because he had sinned all his life, and there was nothing good in him. I was very much gratified to hear him say that. There is hope for that man—and I suppose he is here to-night—and there is hope for any man who thinks there is nothing good in him. That was the lesson Christ tried to teach the Jews—the lesson of grace. But they were trying to prove themselves to be better than other people. They were of the seed of Abraham, and under the Mosaic law, and better than the people about them.

Now let us get at the source of this stream that has been flowing through the world these hundreds of years. You know that men have been trying to find the source of the Nile. Wouldn't it be as profitable to try to find the source of grace, because this is a stream we are all interested in? I want to call your attention to the 1st chapter of John, the

14th and 17th verses: "And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." Then the 17th verse: "For the law is given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." Then in the 5th chapter of Romans, the 15th verse: "But not as the offence, so also is the free gift. For if through the offence of one, many be dead, much more the grace of God, and the gift by grace which is by one man, Jesus Christ, hath abounded unto many." There it is called the free gift—it abounded unto many. Then in Paul's epistle to the Corinthians, the 1st chapter and the 3d verse: "Grace be unto you and peace from God our Father and from the Lord Jesus Christ. I thank my God always on your behalf for the grace of God which is given you by Jesus Christ." Now bear in mind that He is the God of all grace. We wouldn't know anything about grace if it wasn't for Jesus Christ. Men talk about grace, but they don't know much about it. These bankers, they talk about grace. If you want to borrow a thousand dollars, if you can give good security, they will let you have it, and take your note, and you give your note, and say, "So many months after date I promise to pay a thousand dollars." Then they give you what they call three days grace, but they make you pay interest for those three days. That ain't grace. Then when your note comes due, if you can't pay but \$950, they would sell everything you have got and make you pay the fifty dollars. Grace is giving the interest, principal and all. I tell you, if you want to get any grace, you must know God. He is the God of all grace. He wants to deal in grace: He wants to deal with that unmerited mercy, undeserved favor, unmerited love; and if God don't love man until he is worthy of His love, He won't have time for very much love for him. He is the God of all grace.

Unto whom does He offer grace? I would like to have you turn to your Bibles, to two or three texts; to the 21st chapter of Matthew, the 28th verse: "But what think ye? A certain man had two sons, and he came to the first and said, Son, go work to-day in my vineyard. He answered, and said, I will not; but afterward he repented, and went. And he came to the second and said likewise. But he answered, and said, I go, sir; and went not. Whether of them twain did the will of his father? They say unto him, The first. Jesus saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, That the publicans and the harlots go into the Kingdom of God before you." Why?

Because He loved those publicans and harlots more than He did those Pharisees? No; it was because they wouldn't repent, because they wouldn't take grace. They didn't believe they needed the grace of God. A man who believes that he is lost, is near salvation. Why? Because you haven't got to work to convince him that he is lost. Now here is a man that said he wouldn't go, and then he saw that he was wrong, and repented, and went, and this man was the man that grace held up. Any man or any woman here to-night who will repent and turn to God, God will save him. It don't make any difference what your life has been in the past. He will turn to any that will turn to Him. I was preaching one Sunday in a church where there was a fashionable audience, and after I got through the sermon, I said: "If there are any that would like to tarry a little while, and would like to stay and talk, I would be glad to talk with you." They all got up, turned around, and went out. I felt as though I was abandoned. When I was going out, I saw a man getting behind the furnace. He hadn't any coat on, and he was weeping bitterly. I said, "My friend, what is the trouble?" He said, "You told me to-night that I could be saved: that the grace of God would reach me. You told me that there wasn't a man so far gone but the grace of God would reach him." He said: "I am an exile from my family; I have drunk up \$20,000 within the last few months; I have drunk up the coat off my back, and if there is hope for a poor sinner like me, I should like to be saved." It was just like a cup of refreshment to talk to that man. I didn't dare give him money, for fear that he would drink it up, but I got him a place to stay that night, took an interest in him, and got him a coat, and six months after that, when I left Chicago for Europe—four months after—that man was one of the most earnest Christian men I knew. The Lord had blessed him wonderfully. He was an active, capable man. The grace of God can save just such if they will only repent. I don't care how low he has become, the grace of God can purge him of all sin, and place him among the blessed. In proportion as man is a sinner, much more does the grace of God abound. There isn't a man but that the grace of God will give him the victory if he will only accept it.

I want you to turn a moment to a passage you will find in the 7th chapter of Mark: "And from thence He arose, and went into the borders of Tyre and Sidon, and entered into a house, and would have no man know it; but He could not be

hid. For a certain woman whose young daughter had an unclean spirit heard Him, and came and fell at His feet. The woman was a Greek, a Syro-Phœnician by nation; and she besought Him that He would cast forth the devil out of her daughter. But Jesus said unto her, Let the children first be filled, for it is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it unto the dogs. And she answered and said unto Him, Yes, Lord; yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs. And He said unto her, For this saying go thy way; the devil is gone out of thy daughter." Now, just see how Christ dealt with that woman—a Syro-Phœnician, a Gentile; she didn't belong to the seed of Abraham at all. He came to save His own, but His own received Him not. Christ was willing to give to the Jews grace. He dealt in grace with a liberal hand, but those that He was desirous to shower grace upon wouldn't take it. But this woman belonged to a different people—and just hear her story. I wonder what would happen if Christ should come and speak that way now? Suppose He should come into this assembly and take any woman here and call her a dog. Why, that Syro-Phœnician woman might have said, "Call me a dog! Talk to me like that! Why I know a woman who belongs to the seed of Abraham who lives down near me, and she is the worst and meanest woman in the neighborhood. I am as good as she is any day." She might have gone away without a blessing if she had not felt her utter destitution and lost condition. But Jesus only said that to her just to try her, and after calling her a dog, she only broke forth into a despairing cry, "Yes, Lord—yes, Lord." Christ had said it was more blessed to give than to receive. She took His place and received His blessing and His commands. She was satisfied to be given only a crumb, as long as He heard her petition. So, instead of giving her a crumb, she got a whole loaf. And so will you get the fullest beneficence of Christ if you lift your heart up to Him. Oh, that many would but just take her place, understand how low and unworthy they are, and cry unto Jesus. If you do, Christ will lift you up and bless you. But then the great trouble is that people will not confess that they have need of grace. Such miserable Pharisaism is the worst feature of the present time. They think they can get salvation without the grace of God. The old saying is, that when you come to Jesus as a beggar you go away as a prince. Instead of doing that, they feel so self-confident and proud that they come always as princes and go away beggars. If you

want the Son of God to deal with you, come as a beggar and He will have mercy upon you. Look at the great crowd going up to the Temple; they feel they have strength of themselves, and all pass on, proud and haughty, except one poor man, who smites himself on the breast and says, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

If you want to see the idea that the Jews had as to who was worthy, and how they thought that that kind of worthiness should be rewarded, just take your Bibles and look at the 7th chapter of Luke. It reads there, "Now when He had ended all His sayings in the audience of the people, He entered into Capernaum. And a certain Centurion's servant who was dear unto Him was sick and ready to die. And when he heard of Jesus he sent unto Him the elders of the Jews, beseeching Him that He would come and heal his servant. And when they came to Jesus they besought Him instantly"—now, just listen—"saying that he was worthy for whom He should do this." Yes, that was the Jews' idea of the reason He should come, because he was "worthy." What made him worthy? "For he loveth our nation, and he hath built us a synagogue." He was not worthy because he was a sinner; oh, no; not at all. But he was worthy because "he hath built us a synagogue." Ha! that was the same old story—the story of the present day. There is a great deal of that now. Give that man the most prominent place in the church; let him have the best pew and the one furthest up in church, because he is "worthy." He has built the church perhaps; or he has endowed a seminary. No matter where his money came from. He may have got it gambling in stocks, or doing something else of a like character; but he has given it to us. Oh, yes, he is worthy. He may have made his enormous gains by distilling whiskey even. Make room for him, he has got a gold ring on; make room for her, she has got a good dress on. So said the Jews: Now, Lord, come at once, for he hath built us a synagogue. Oh, he is worthy; You must not refuse or halt; You must come at once. That was the Jews' idea, and it is the idea of the world to-day. But how do you expect to get grace that way? The moment you put it on the ground of being worthy of it, then to receive it would not be grace at all. It would only amount to this: that if the Lord should give a man grace because He owed it to him, He would only be paying a debt. Jesus, however, went with them in this instance to teach them a lesson. Luke goes on to say: "Then Jesus went with them. And when He was not far

from the house, the Centurion sent friends to Him, saying unto Him, Lord, trouble not Thyself; for I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof." That is the kind of humility that we want; that is the kind of men we are hunting after—a man that is not worthy. See how quick he will be saved when he is in that frame of mind. I suppose that some one had run in to tell this Centurion that Jesus was approaching the house. And the Centurion sent to Him to say he was not worthy that He should come unto him, "neither thought I myself worthy to come unto Thee; but say in a word and my servant shall be healed." This Centurion had faith at any rate. If he thought himself unworthy to come to Jesus, he sent friends, them that he considered better than himself. How common it is to think yourself good and all other people bad! It is good to see a man consider himself a poor unworthy man. "God, I didn't think myself worthy to come unto Thee, but say the word and my servant shall be healed." Thank God he had faith. No matter how many sins we have if we only have faith. In this case, because he had faith, Jesus healed his servant without coming to him at all. He hadn't to go to the house and examine his pulse, and see his tongue. Then He didn't have to write out a prescription and send him to the drug store. No; He said, "All right; your servant shall live." "For I also am a man set under authority, having under me soldiers, and I say unto one, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it. When Jesus heard these things, He marvelled." It is only twice, I think, that Jesus marvelled. He marvelled at the unbelief of the Jews; and, again, at the faith of the Centurion—"and turned Him about, and said unto the people that followed Him, 'I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel.'" Here is a Gentile, he said in effect, here is a man not of the seed of Abraham, and yet what faith he shows! Why, here is a Centurion, and he has more faith than the chosen people of God. Jesus granted the petition at once. When he saw a genuine check presented for payment, He cashed it at once. He pays instantly in the gold of Heaven, without any hesitation or discount. "And they that were sent, returning to the house, found the servant whole that had been sick." Found him perfectly well, leaping and dancing around the house, praising God. He had been at the point of death one minute, and the next he had been made perfectly well.

You may be made whole too, friends. You may even be

on the borders of hell, and yet be made an inhabitant of the Kingdom of Heaven. Think of this, you men that are the slave of strong drink. You may be mangled and bruised by sin, but the grace of God can save you. He is the God of grace. I hope that grace will flow into your souls to-night. Christ is the sinner's friend. If you have read your Bibles carefully you will see that Christ always took the side of the sinner. Of course, He came down on the hypocrites, and well He might. Those haughty Pharisees He took sides against, but where a poor, miserable, humble, penitent sinner came to Him for grace He always found it. You always read that He deals in grace, and to-night He will have mercy upon you that confess your sins to Him. •If you want to be saved, come right straight to Him. He comes to deal in grace; He comes to bless, and why don't you let Him? Let Him bless you now. Let Him take your sins away now. A man said to me the other night, "I feel I have got to do something." I said to him, "If this grace is unmerited and free, what are you going to do?" And I warn you to-night, my friends, against trying to work out your own salvation. It really is a question whether it don't keep more people out of the Kingdom of God than anything else. When at Newcastle, I was preaching one night, and I said that grace was free; that all were to stop trying to be saved. A woman came down and said to me: "Oh! how wretched I am; I have been trying to be a Christian, and yet you have been telling me to-night not to try." "Has that made you wretched?" I asked. "Yes; if I stop trying what will become of me?" I said, "But if grace is free what are you going to do? You cannot get it by working." She said, "I can't understand it." Well, let me call your attention now to a few passages of Scripture. I turn to the 2d chapter of Ephesians, and the 8th and 9th verses: "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God:"—"Not of works, lest any man should boast."

Salvation is a gift from God. If a man worked it out, he would boast of what he had done and say, "Oh, I did it." A Scotchman once said it took two persons to effect his salvation—"God gave me His grace and I fought against Him." It is not then for men to work, or they will boast of it, and when a man boasts you may be sure there is no conversion. The Ethiopian cannot change his skin, neither can the leopard change his spots. We do not work to get salvation, but we work it out after we get it. If we are ever saved it must be

by grace alone. If you pay anything for salvation it ceases to be a gift. But God isn't down here selling salvation. And what have you to give Him if He was? What do you suppose you would give? Ah, we're bankrupt. "The gift of God is eternal life;" that's your hope. "He that climbeth up some other way, the same is the thief and the robber." Now, who will take salvation to-night? Oh, you may have it if you will. "To him that worketh the reward is not reckoned of grace but of death." The difference between Martha and Mary was, that Martha was trying to do something for the Lord, and Mary was just taking something from Him as a gift. He'll smile upon you if you'll just take grace from Him. "It's to Him that worketh not but believeth," that blessings come. After you get to the Cross, there you may work all you can. If you are lost, you go to hell in the full blaze of the Gospel. That grace is free to all. Wears every policeman here, every fireman, every usher, every singer, every man, woman and child, every reporter, all of you. What more do you want God to do than He has done? Oh, I hope the grace of God will reach every heart here. Oh, be wise and open the door of your hearts and let in the King of glory. You'll be saved when you believe. It is written, "For the grace of God hath appeared, bringing salvation to all." If you are lost there is one thing you must do, and that is trample the grace of God under your feet. It won't be because you can't be saved, but because you won't. Young man, will you be saved to-night? It's a question for you yourself to settle. If we could settle it for you we would, but you must believe for yourself. Christ said to that poor sinning woman, "neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more." Oh, sinner, hear those words. Oh, may the grace of God reach your hearts to-night.

SEVENTEENTH EVENING.

“Moreover, the law entered, that the offence might abound. But where sin abounded grace did much more abound. That as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Christ Jesus our Lord.”—ROMANS, 5th chapter, 20th and 21st verses.

LAST night, if you remember, we were talking on the subject of grace, and to-night I want to continue the subject. Last evening I brought the subject down to Titus, where he says that the grace of God has appeared, bringing salvation to all men. Now I want to call your attention to the fifth chapter of Romans and the 20th verse: “Moreover, the law entered that the offence might abound. But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound. That as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ, our Lord.” Now sin reigns unto death. The penalty of the law of God is death. “The soul that sinneth, it shall die.” No use of having a law if there is not a penalty attached to the disobedience of it. Suppose this State—the State of New York—should pass a law that you shall not steal or that you shall not murder, and put no penalty to the infraction of that law. What would be the use of that law? What would it be good for? Now sin hath reigned unto death, but grace has reigned unto eternal life. It don’t stop with death, grace don’t. It carries us past death—right through the grave, clear over into the Promised Land. Now, in the closing verses of Deuteronomy, and in the 1st chapter of Joshua, you read that Moses brought the children of Israel down to Jordan. But he couldn’t take them any further. He was the representative of the law, and that is where the law brings us to—to Jordan. Jordan means death, judgment. After bringing them to death and judgment, he couldn’t proceed any further, but left them there. The law brings us to death, and there it leaves us. It don’t give life; it never has given life, and it never can. Sin reigns unto death, but the grace of God hath reigned unto eternal life. So when Moses had brought the children of Israel down to Jordan,

and couldn't go any further, then came Joshua and took the congregation over and away on their journey. Joshua means Jesus. And as Joshua led them past the Jordan, so Jesus will take His people through the dark valley of the shadow of death unto eternal life. He is the Good Shepherd and He came to save His people from their sins. When John came he appeared as the forerunner of grace and Jesus. He was the last representative of the old dispensation. He brought the people who came to be baptized down into the Jordan, and he left them in Jordan. When Christ came he commenced where John had left off. He went into the Jordan and brought the people out of it. That is the difference between law and grace; law slays a man, but grace makes him live; the law takes a man to death and judgment, but Christ comes and quickens him, giving eternal life.

There is a great difference, then, between law and grace, and I want you to bear this in mind and keep the distinction between the two separate and clear in your minds. Let me repeat: Law leads unto death, but grace to eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord. Some people are lingering around Sinai yet—around the old dispensation—around the law. You can't get them to come away from Horeb. It is better to come to the Mount of Olives, better to come to Calvary. Now I want to carry you to another verse, the 14th of the 6th chapter of Romans. There it is written: "For sin shall not have dominion over you; for ye are not under the law, but under grace. What, then, shall we sin because we are not under the law, but under grace? God forbid." Bear that in mind; ye are not under the law, but under grace. The Lord Jesus came to bring us out from under the law. It is not any more thou shalt not do this; thou shalt not do that. That was the law. Under that dispensation it was do and live—now it is live and do. Christ came and says, "If you love Me, keep My commandments." Before that it was thou shalt not do this or that. But grace reigns unto eternal life by Him, and if you love Him you will keep His commandments, and grace shall bring you unto everlasting happiness. Yet, notwithstanding all these plain texts, some will still have it that we are not under grace, but remain under the law. Now just turn to the 21st chapter of Deuteronomy and the 18th verse, and you will see what would happen under this law: "If a man have a stubborn and rebellious son, which will not obey the voice of his father, or the voice of his mother, and that, when they have chastened him, will not hearken unto them.

then shall his father and his mother lay hold on him and bring him out unto the elders of his city and unto the gate of his place. And they shall say unto the elders of his city, This, our son, is stubborn and rebellious; he will not obey our voice; he is a glutton and a drunkard. And all the men of his city shall stone him with stones that he die: so shalt thou put evil away from among you, and all Israel shall hear and fear."

A very strange state of things would take place now if we lived under the law. Think of a man in these days taking his son into Madison-square, and have the aldermen of New York come up there and stone him to death. It would be pretty effectual in breaking up the rum-shops and the whiskey-selling saloons of New York. A man takes his son, who is a confirmed drunkard, and kills him or has him killed—wouldn't that soon put a stop to the buying and selling of this vile whiskey and intoxicating and maddening stuff that is now going on throughout the country? The distillers would have a good deal of whiskey on their hands. But grace deals differently with men. See the prodigal son. He went away and lived a low and vicious life. He squandered all he had. He was a drunkard, and spent his substance on harlots and thieves. How did his father treat him? Did his father take him out and have him stoned to death? No. That would have been his end under the law I have read to you; but see how his father acted toward him under grace. He met him with a kiss and treated him with kindness and love. The law says, "Stone him;" grace says, "Forgive him." When Moses was in Egypt to punish Pharaoh, he turned the waters into blood. When Christ was on earth He turned the water into wine. That is the difference between law and grace. The law says, "Kill him;" grace, "Forgive." Law says, "Let him die;" grace says, "Love him." Law makes us crooked: grace straightens us. The law makes us vile: grace cleanses us. That is the difference between law and grace. When the law came out of Horeb 3000 men were lost. At Pentecost, under grace, 3000 men got life. What a difference! When Moses came to the burning bush, he was commanded to take the shoes from off his feet. When the Prodigal came home after sinning he was given a pair of shoes to put on his feet. I would a thousand times rather be under grace than under the law.

Why, the law is a schoolmaster, a cold severe man that is continually holding a ratan over you. Well some of us know

what that means. You know what it is to see a ratan and perhaps to feel it. Thou shalt do this and thou shalt do that. That is the law, with a ratan at the back of it. But under grace the schoolmaster tries to rule the school with kindness and love. He says if you love me do this, if you love me don't do that. The schoolmaster that I was taught by was a harsh, severe man. It was a word and a blow with him, and generally the blow came first. I knew what it was to have severity in my school-days, and I also knew what it was to have kindness. After that stern school-teacher came a kind-hearted lady, who commenced to rule by love. Well, we thought we should have a grand time; do just as we pleased; didn't fear her. The first time I broke a rule, though, instead of seeing a ratan in her hand, I saw tears in her eyes. That was a good deal worse than a stick or a raw hide to me. She asked me to remain after school; and when we were alone she took me by the hand and talked to me in a low, kind voice, with the tears in her eyes. "If you love me," she said, "keep my rules." I tell you I never broke a rule after that; her kind words went straight to my heart. But take a further view of this difference between law and grace. Here is a boy in school, and the master's name is Mr. Law. He holds his cane over him; and says, in a cold, severe tone, "Thou shalt not do this and thou shalt not do that." This went on for some time, and there was no love or affection between the boy and his teacher. But by and by the head master comes and takes the pupil out of that room and puts him in another class, the teacher of which is Mr. Grace. The boy, you see, can't be in both rooms at the same time—can't have both teachers at the same time. Now, we are not under law, but under grace, and all the Lord wants is to deal in grace and bring us out from the curse of the law. He wants to partake of love with every one. Thank God, I am not under the law to-night, but under grace, and as I said last night, the Lord Jesus is trying to reach every man by grace. A friend of mine, the last time I was in England, told me this story, gave me this illustration of grace. "Suppose," said he, "that a man had a beautiful farm on the side of a mountain. Everything was in an enclosure; he had a great wall all around it. Everything within the walls was bright and green, while everything outside was hot and dried up. One day there came a messenger to the man that had the beautiful farm, and he said to him: 'Sir, you have a beautiful, flourishing farm, but I want to make it better. I will increase its fertility; I will make it a thousand times better than it now is.' 'No,'

says the farmer, 'my farm is good enough; you can do nothing to better it;' and drove him away. He wouldn't have his farm made better, and he built his walls still higher to keep all men out. Up in a mountain near the house was a fountain. Its stream was used to irrigate and beautify the farm, and from it the crystal waters came to the garden. And the man that sent to him said to himself, 'This man won't let me make his garden more beautiful; he won't accept my kindness. I will build up a wall and cut the stream off.' When the wall arose around the fountain's head the waters ceased to flow to the farm, the flowers began to fade and wither, and soon everything presented the appearance of desolation and ruin." So the Lord of Glory comes, and wants to give us His grace, but we spurn it, refuse to accept his blessing, and we perish. Why, Christ had the hardest work of His ministration to teach this subject even to His apostles. When they were offered grace they wouldn't have it. They couldn't keep grace in the country. They built up a wall of unbelief, the stream of grace ceased to flow to them, and what was the result? The garden that once was there is now the only dried up and withered spot on the whole mountain round about. Grace has flowed out to the Gentiles and to all the nations, and what a blessing it has been! It was just because they built a wall of unbelief. That is just what the sinner is doing now. But if you'll only let the grace flow, nothing can hinder you from getting a blessing.

And now the question comes, How are we to become partakers of this grace? In the 4th chapter of Hebrews and 16th verse we read, "Let us come boldly to the throne of grace, and find grace and strength to help in time of need." God wants us to come and get all the grace we need. The reason why there are so many half-starved Christians is because they don't come to the throne of grace. It is related of Alexander that he gave one of his generals who had pleased him permission to draw on his treasurer for any sum. When the draft came in the treasurer was scared, and wouldn't pay it till he saw his master. And when the treasurer told him what he had done, Alexander said, "Don't you know that he has honored me and my kingdom by making a large draft?" So we honor God by making a large draft on Him. If there is a drunkard here who wishes to get control of his appetite all he has got to do is to come and get all the grace he needs. You can get enough to overcome every trial and sorrow. When Dr. Arnold was in this country—he is now in heaven—I heard him use in a sermon an illustration that impressed me.

He said, "Haven't you ever been in a home where the family were at dinner, and haven't you seen the old family dog standing near and watching his master, and looking at every morsel of food as if he wished he had it? If his master drops a crumb he at once licks it up and devours it, but if he should set the dish of roast beef down and say, 'Come, come,' he wouldn't touch it; it's too much for him. So with God's children. They are willing to take a crumb, but refuse when God wants them to go for the platter." God wants you to come right to the throne of grace, and to come boldly. A while ago I learned from the Chicago papers that there had been a run on the banks there and many of them were broken. What a good thing it would be to get up a run on the bank of heaven! What a glorious thing to get up a run on the throne of grace! God is able to help thee and deliver thee if you will only come to Him. That's what grace is for. I want you to turn to the 8th verse of the 9th chapter of 2 Corinthians. I want you to mark that verse. If you have got your Bibles with you, draw a black mark right around that verse. Many want to know why Christians fail. It's because they don't come to God for grace. It's not because He hasn't got the ability. Men fail because they try to do too large a business on too small a capital. So with Christians; but God has got grace enough and capital enough. What would you think of a man who had \$1,000,000 in the bank and only drew out a penny a day? That's you and I, and the sinner is blinder than we are. The throne of grace is established, and there we are to get all the grace we need. Sin is not so strong as the arm of God. He will help and deliver you if you will come and get the grace you need.

Now, take all the afflictions that flesh is heir to, and all the troubles and trials of this life, no matter how numerous, and God has grace enough to carry you right through without a shadow. Some people borrow all the trouble they can from the past and the future and then multiply it by 10, and get a big load, and go reeling and staggering under it. If you ask them to help any one else, they say they can't; they've got enough to do to take care of their own, forgetting, "Casting all your care on Him, for He careth for you." A man was once travelling along a highway, and he overtook one carrying a heavy burden on his back, and he asked him to ride. But the man, after he got up, kept his bundle on, saying, "I am willing to carry it if I can only get a ride." So, many are content to be nominal Christians, and go along with great loads and

burdens. What is the throne of grace for, but to help you carry your burdens? God says "Come," and "As your day so shall your strength be." I suppose we all have thorns in the flesh. Instead of praying God to take the thorns out, let us pray for grace to bear them. Let us live day by day, casting our care on God. In this 5th chapter of Romans there are these precious words—peace for the past, grace for the present, glory for the future. Some think when they get to Calvary they have got all. They have just commenced. By and by we shall see the King in His beauty. The glory is just beyond.

A man said to me some time ago, "Moody, have you got grace to go to the stake as a martyr?" "No, what do I want to go to the stake for?" A person said to me, "Moody, if God should take your son, have you grace to bear it?" I said, "What do I want grace for? I don't want grace to bear that which has not been sent. If God should call upon me to part with my boy He would give me strength to bear it." What we want is grace for the present, to bear the trials and temptations for every day. "As thy day so shall thy strength be." The woman who had lost her husband went to Elisha with a story that would move the heart of Elisha or any one else. Her husband had died a bankrupt, and they would sell her boys into slavery. She came to Elisha and told her story. He asked her what she had to pay. She replied a pot of oil. Elisha told her to go home, "borrow vessels not a few, take oil and pour into the empty vessels." Men in these times wouldn't believe in this. They would say, "What, take a pot of oil and pour into all these vessels? What good will that do?" Not so this poor widow; she has faith, and does as she is told. She goes to her neighbors and asks for vessels; they can lend her a few. She takes all they have and goes on. She clears out the next house, and the next, and the next. Borrow, says the prophet, and she goes on until her house is filled with vessels. "Now, close the doors," she says to her sons. And she pours oil into the first vessel and fills it full, and the next, and the next, and the next, in the same way. She pours it in and pours it in, and the boys run and get more vessels until the house is full of oil. Then she goes to Elisha, and asks what she shall do. He tells her "go sell the oil and pay the debt." Now, Christ pays the debt and gives us enough to live on besides. He doesn't merely pay our debt; he gives us enough to live on. He gives according to our need. "As thy day so shall thy strength be." Rowland

Hill tells a story of a rich man and a poor man of his congregation. The rich man came to Mr. Hill with a sum of money which he wished to give to the poor man, and asked Mr. Hill to give it to him as he thought best, either all at once or in small amounts. Mr. Hill sent the poor man a five pound note with the indorsement, "More to follow." Now, which do you think did the most good? Every few months came the remittance with the same message, "More to follow." Now, that's grace. More to follow. Yes, thank God, there's more to follow. Oh, wondrous grace! May the grace of God reach every heart in this assemblage to-night is my earnest prayer.

EIGHTEENTH EVENING.

“What think ye of Christ?”—ST. MATTHEW, 22d chap., part of 42d verse.

WE have for our text this evening a part of the 42d verse of the 22d chapter of Matthew: “What think ye of Christ?” We find in this chapter that the Pharisees had made two attempts to entangle Him in His talk and in His teaching. The Sadducees tried it, but they were silenced by the wisdom of Christ. After they had appealed to Christ, Christ turns and asks them a question. He says, “What think ye of Christ, whose Son is He?” And they said, “He is the Son of David.” Then says Christ, “How then did David call Him his Lord?” and they were silenced forever. The Sadducees did not believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ. They would never have put Him to death if they had believed Him to be the God-man—what He proclaimed Himself to be. Now, before I go on, I want to ask you a question—not what you think of this church or that church; not what you think of this minister or that minister; not what you think of this creed or that creed; not what you think of this denomination or that denomination. The question is not what do you think of this belief or that belief, but “What think ye of Christ?” And I think it is a proper question. There isn’t a noted public man in this country but that if I ask what you think of him, you would give your opinion quite freely. I hear some of you going out of the hall giving your opinion about the sermon, and sometimes it isn’t very complimentary, but that is nothing. The question is not what you think of the preaching, or what you think of the singing, but “What think ye of Christ?” It is of very little account what you think of the minister; it is of very little account what you think of this dogma or that dogma, but it is of vast importance what you think of Christ.

I don’t think there is any one in this hall, unless it is some little infant, but ought to have an opinion about Christ. I

would like to talk about Him as a preacher, for there never was a preacher that preached as He did. He preached in words so very plain that little boys, like these down here, and little girls could understand them, yet the deepest theologians could not understand their meaning. Coming down to-day, I heard the little birds singing, and I could not help but think of His saying, "The foxes of the ground have holes, and the little birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not whereon to lay His head." He makes even the rocks preach. I am told by travellers in the East, that there isn't a spot that hasn't got some sermon of His. He just touched them, and He made them preach. There isn't a prodigal in New York but that knows the story of the prodigal son. He drew a picture of the prodigal so vivid that you can't forget it. Try as much as they will to wipe out the picture, they can't forget it; it is like a nail in a sure place. Oh! he is a wonderful preacher. I have got a boy six years old, and sometimes he comes and tumbles into bed with me—sometimes much earlier than I wish he would—and wants to have me tel' him a story, and there is no story interests him so much as the stories that Christ preaches. Yes, I would like to have time to talk to you, and ask you what you think of him as a preacher.

I want you just to ask yourselves this question: Do you believe in Christ? Do you believe that He was the Son of God? Do you believe that He was the God-man? Do you believe that He was with God before the morning stars sang together, and voluntarily left heaven and came down into this world? Whose Son was He? Was He the Son of Man and the Son of God? Who was He, the God-man? That is the question. Now, if I had come into this city to find out about some one, to find out about his character, who he was, what he was, there would be two classes of people I would go to see. I wouldn't go to his friends only; I would go to his enemies; I would go to both classes. I would go to his friends and go to his enemies, and see what his enemies had to say about him, before I gave judgment about the man. I have got a few witnesses I want to examine, and I will just imagine my audience is the jury. My witnesses are the men that talked with Christ—the bitterest enemies that He had. The first I would like to summon into this court would be the Sadducees. What was it they had against the Son of God? Why, He proclaimed the resurrection, and they didn't believe in the resurrection. They didn't believe in future punishment. They didn't believe that they were going to rise again. And they put a

question to Christ: "Now here is a woman married seven times; whose wife will she be in the resurrection?" and Christ answered that question. And then the Pharisees went about planning how they might destroy Him. "This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them"—that was all they could bring against Him. That is what we like to glory in. Suppose we could summon the officers that arrested Him. The Sanhedrim sent out officers to arrest the Son of God. Where did they find Him? Did they find Him breaking the law? Well, these officers, they found Him in Gethsemane. What was He doing? Praying for a lost world. There He was, the drops of blood trickling down upon His cheeks, for we are told that He sweat great drops of blood. They set false witnesses to testify against Him. They couldn't find any for a long time, and at last they found two men that would come in and swear falsely, and what did they swear to? They heard Him say "Destroy this temple and I will raise it up again in three days." Destroy this temple, that is—as explained by John—destroy this body, and He would raise it up. Let us bring in Caiaphas, the highest ecclesiastical potentate of the earth, president of the Sanhedrim, the chief priest, and let Caiaphas open his lips, and let him tell us why he condemned the Son of God to death. They did not go and summon his friends; they did not go and bring up Zaccheus of Jericho, they did not bring the poor man that had those legions of devils cast out of him; they did not bring the blind man of Jericho—they brought His enemies. Let Caiaphas tell his own story—suppose he stood in my place. Caiaphas, just tell us what was the evidence you found against the Son of God. He said to him, "I adjure thee by the living God, Art thou the Son of God?" And He said, "I am." And Caiaphas says: "When I heard it I tore my mantle and said He was guilty of blasphemy." That is what we glory in, His being the Son of God. Stephen said, when the curtains were lifted he looked in and saw Him standing at the right hand of God. That is why they condemned the Son of God, just because He was the God-man. If He wasn't divine, they did right to put Him to death; but He was.

Let Pilate come in; now he is an impartial witness. He is no Jew, he has no prejudice against Christ. Pilate, just speak out now and tell us why you condemned Him to the scourge, and to be crucified, and why you wrote up there upon the cross, "This is Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews." Tell us what did you find in Him; what fault? And hear what Pilate

says: "I find no fault in Him." Now men condemn Pilate, and yet there are a great many men who are worse than Pilate, for they find fault in Jesus Christ. Said he, "I will chastise this Man and let Him go, for I find no fault in Him." But I have got a woman we can bring in as a witness; it was Caiaphas's wife. Whose messenger is that that comes from the palace? He brings a message from Caiaphas's wife: "Have nothing to do with that just Person, for I have suffered much in a dream through Him." She thought He was a just Person. Yea, my friends, I will bring in Judas, the very prince of traitors. Suppose I should say: "Judas, you sold the Son of God for thirty pieces of silver; you betrayed Him; you knew more about Him than Caiaphas; you knew more about Him than Pilate. Come now, Judas, tell us why you betrayed Christ? You were with Him; you ate with Him, and drank with Him, and slept with Him; tell us what you think of Him? I can imagine him throw down the thirty pieces of silver, as he cries in agony, "I betrayed innocent blood." O yes, it is easy to condemn Judas nowadays; but how many men are worse than that! And he went out and put an end to his existence. Now bear in mind I am not calling up His friends, I am calling up His enemies. The testimony is perfectly overwhelming in favor of Jesus Christ that He was the Son of God, as well as the Son of David. But here is another witness, and that is the Roman centurion. He occupied the same position as the sheriff does now. This centurion of the Roman band had to go to Calvary and put the Son of God to death. He is a Gentile, and an impartial judge; let him tell us what he thinks of the Son of God. Come, now, centurion, you had charge of the execution of Jesus of Nazareth; you were there when He died. Here is his testimony: "Truly, this was the Son of God." That is what he thought, and to me it is one of the most striking things in all Scripture that God made every man testify that He was not guilty. I will go further. I will take the very devils in hell, for God made them testify; and what did they testify? They called Him "that Son of the Most High God." They knew Him. "We adjure Thee by the living God why hast Thou come here to torment us before our time." And, my friends, what think ye to-day: was He the Son of God? and did He die for a sinful world? What think ye of Christ to-day? Whose Son is He?

I wish I had time to examine His friends. It would take all day and all night, and I think the whole of the week.

Suppose I could examine that mighty preacher, the prince of preachers, a man that with his eloquence—and he had the eloquence of Heaven—drew all men to hear him. All Judea and Jerusalem came down from the mountains to hear him. He drew the cities of Judea into the wilderness to hear him preach. What mighty power he had! Now, let us call in this wilderness preacher, who looks more like Elijah than any other prophet since Elijah. Ask John the Baptist, What think ye, John, of Christ? Hear his testimony: “I bear record this is the Son of God.” That is what he thought. He forever settled that question. Another time he says of Christ, “Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.” Jesus didn’t have but one text after that, “Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.” John said, “He must increase, but I must decrease.” O sinner, what do you think of Him to-day? Do you think He will save you if you trust Him? Let us bring in some more of these witnesses. There is Peter. You know there was a time he swore he never knew Him. Do you think he would say now with a curse, “I never knew Him?” We are told that he was crucified with his head downward because he was not worthy to be crucified in the same way that Christ was. Peter thought a good deal of Him. I might bring in doubting Thomas; he didn’t believe Christ had risen, but Christ says, “Thomas, did you say that you wouldn’t believe unless you saw? Put your fingers in my side and feel the wound there. Put your fingers in the palm of my hand and feel the wound there,” and Thomas cried out, “My Lord and my God.” Convinced of the divinity of Jesus Christ, his cloud of unbelief was scattered to the four winds of Heaven. If I should call up that beloved disciple who knew Him better than any one else upon earth, it would take a great while to find out what John thought of Him. I could just summon into this audience another witness, and one that had such a hatred against Christ. The Frenchman said, “It took twelve fishermen to establish the Kingdom of Christ, and one Frenchman could tear it down.” So Saul of Tarsus thought. The Son of God just spoke to him, “Saul! Saul! why persecutest thou Me?” “Who art thou, Lord?” “I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest.” “Lord, what wilt thou have me do?” One glance and he became a new man. He held a high position in Jerusalem. O sinner, may you hear that tender, loving voice of the Saviour, and may you this day and this hour think well of the Son of God. If you will pardon me, and I say it with

reference we might summon the angels of heaven here—only once they were permitted to burst through the clouds and come down to this world. Yes, they were there, long before the morning stars sang together; there when Christ was in glory. They saw Him when He left the throne of God and came down into a manger; they saw Him pass by thrones on earth and come down into a manger. Hear them upon the plains of Bethlehem, "Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy which shall be unto all people, for unto us is born this day in the city of David a Saviour." The angels of heaven thought that He was a Saviour, and so He is, the Saviour of the world. If we could ask the angels what they think of God's Son, what a shout would go up from around the throne. John heard the voice of many angels ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, and they were singing "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."

I would to God that I had the voice of an angel that I might win your soul to the Son of God. A man was preaching in Brooklyn to-day about the white robes, and a friend said the halls of that building never heard such preaching before. And the minister said they might be wearing those robes a good deal sooner than they thought. And just as he got through he threw up both his hands and said "Jesus," and fell dead. Would that I could stand aside and let him take my place for five minutes. O, won't you think well of Jesus? Won't you think well of Jesus of the New Testament? Won't you think well of God's own Son? I want to bring one more witness. "May my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth and this right hand forget its cunning if I cease to give praises unto His name." There is one more witness, which is that Beloved One. When Jesus of Nazareth was coming up out of the Jordan, lo! a voice from the throne—a voice from Heaven—Hark! Sinners, listen! God speaks: "This is my Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." That is what God thought of Him. Once He took Peter, James, and John where Moses and Elias were, and He spoke, "This is My Beloved Son in whom I am well pleased; hear ye Him." Won't you think something of the Son of God? Young lady, what do you think? Mother, what do you think? Do you think enough of Him to trust Him? If you want to please the Father here on earth, you will think well of His Son, and if you want to please the Heavenly Father you will think well of His Son.

Now, before I close, let me ask you one question—take it home with you—and that is this: "Why don't you love Him?"

Just think now, can you give a reason for not loving Him? I knew an infidel who was asked by a little child why he didn't love Jesus, and he finally said to himself, I will just find out why I don't love Jesus. He took the Bible and opened it to the book of John—if you want to find out why you don't love Jesus, don't you look there. He found that God so loved the world that He gave Christ for it, and the poor infidel's heart was broken. And that night he was on his knees crying for mercy. Oh, sinner, do think well of Christ to-day! Love Him to-day! Give your souls to Him this blessed evening, the last Sabbath of this blessed month! This day and this hour let us press into the Kingdom of God.

NINETEENTH EVENING.

FAITH.

I WANT to call your attention to-night to the subject of Faith. I think I hear some of you say: "That is a very dull subject: if I had known that would be the subject I would not have come." But it is a very important subject. It is faith that brings the blessing after all. Some one has said there are three things to faith—knowledge, assent, laying hold. Knowledge! A man may have a good deal of knowledge about Christ, but that does not save him. I suppose Nôah's carpenters knew as much about the ark as Noah did, but they perished miserably nevertheless, because they were not in the ark. A good many men know a good deal about Christ, but they are not saved by it, and our knowledge about Christ does not help us if we do not act upon it. But knowledge is very important. Knowledge, assent, then, laying hold; and it is that last clause that saves, that brings the soul and Christ together. The best definition I can find of faith is the dependence upon the veracity of another. The Bible definition in the 11th chapter of Hebrews is, "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen." In other words, faith says amen to everything that God says. Faith takes God without any if's. If God says it, faith says I believe it; faith says amen to it.

But now the question is, who shall we have faith in? A man got up in one of our young men's meetings the other night, and wanted to know why it was there were so many that backslid. One reason for backsliding is because men are not sound in their faith; it is because they have not really been converted to God. A good many men are converted to a church; they say, "I like that church; it is a beautiful church, and there is beautiful singing; I like that quartet choir and the grand organ, and there is a good minister." And so they are converted to the church, and they are converted to the

singing, and converted to the organ, and converted to the minister, or they are converted to the people who go there. They get into good society by going there. But that is not being born of God, or being converted to God. Once there was an old chap sat down among some army soldiers who were telling stories of adventure, and one fellow got up and told all about how he had backslid; but the old soldier said, "I think there is some mistake, and the truth of the matter is, that you have never yet slid forward." Now if a man has faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, he has got something he can anchor to, and the anchor will hold, and when the hour of temptation comes to him, and the hour of trial comes to him, the man will stand firm. If we are only converted to man, and our faith is in man, we will certainly be disappointed. How very often we hear a man say, "There is a member of the church who cheated me out of five dollars, and I am not going to have anything more to do with people who call themselves Christians." But if the man had had faith in Jesus Christ, you do not suppose he would have had his faith shattered because some one cheated him out of five dollars, do you? What we want is some one to have faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Turn to the prophecy of Jeremiah, 17th chapter, beginning with the 15th verse: "Thus saith the Lord, Cursed be the man that trusteth in man and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord. Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord and whose hope the Lord is." But cursed is the man who puts his trust in man; that is the reason why so many people are all the time being disappointed, and why there are so many that find their faith shaken. It is because they have been trusting in man, and man has failed them, and they have been trusting in themselves, and their hearts are deceitful and desperately wicked, and we cannot have trust in ourselves; and because man has failed us, or because we have failed ourselves, we think God will fail us. But if we put our trust in the God of Jacob, He will surely not fail us.

Faith is very important. You talk about financial panic—if business men lost faith among themselves, and in each other, how quickly all business would go to the wall! It is the foundation of society. It is the foundation of everything. Some people think when we talk about faith in Christ, that it must be some miraculous faith, and that they have got to wait until it comes down out of heaven; that it is some shock which is to come upon them. But this faith in Christ is the same

kind of faith that men have in one another. If a man has faith in the God of Jacob, God will never disappoint him. I never yet have seen a man whose faith God has disappointed, in all my life. There are men who say it does not make any difference what a man believes if he is in earnest, if he is sincere in his belief. We often hear people ask, "You do not think it makes any difference what kind of a belief a man has, if he is only sincere in it, do you?" But, oh, my friends, I tell you it makes all the difference in the world whether a man believes a truth or a lie. If the devil can make you believe a lie, and that you are going to be saved because you are sincere in your belief in it, that is all he wants. Do not suppose for a moment that it does not make any difference what you believe in, or what your faith is, so you are only sincere. Do not go over to that terrible illusion, which is one of the devil's lies. Once there were a couple of men arranging a balloon ascension. They thought they had two ropes fastened to the car, but one of them only was fastened, and they unfastened that one rope, and the balloon started to go up. One of the men seized hold of the car, and the other seized hold of the rope. Up went the balloon, and the man who seized hold of the car went up with it, and was lost. The man who laid hold of the rope was just as sincere as the man who laid hold of the car. There was just as much reason to say that the man who laid hold of that would be saved because he was sincere as the man who believed in a lie, because he is sincere in the belief. I like a man to be able to give a reason for the faith that is in him. Once I asked a man what he believed, and he said he believed what his church believed. I asked him what his church believed, and he said he supposed his church believed what he did, and that was all I could get out of him. And so men believe what other people believe, and what their church believes, without really knowing what the church and other people do believe.

Now, we must know distinctly in whom we believe. Jesus Christ tells us to have faith in God, and if we have faith in God that it will carry us through all darkness, and storm, and affliction, and troubles, and trials. If our faith is in churches, and dogmas, and creeds, and men, and in this thing and that, we will come into trouble and difficulties before we get through our pilgrim's journey. But for him who has faith in God the light will shine brighter and brighter until he comes at last into the glory of the perfect day. Some people put their faith in a man. Some say, "There is such a minister; I have con-

fidence in him and in his Christianity." They pin their faith to a good man, and sometimes the good man deviates a little, and this friend who imitates him thinks that he need not be as perfect as the elder. He says, "If he can do it I can do it," and he deviates a little more, and a little more until he is at last very far away from the moorings. If a teacher teaches a child writing, he teaches him to imitate the copy as closely as he possibly can. Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and those heroic men that lived and moved as the heroes of olden times—there is a long line of them named in the 11th chapter of Hebrews, but in the next chapter the writer takes the eye away from the contemplation of them and says, "Look at Jesus." You need not look at Abraham, or Isaac, or Jacob, but look unto Jesus, the author and the finisher of our faith; look to Him alone. Let us learn a lesson that we are not to pin our faith to good men; we are not to have supreme faith in them. They cannot save us. We are to have confidence in them, but when it comes to the great question of salvation, we are to have faith in God, and God alone. You are not even to obey good men; we are to obey God, and Him only. If God tells us to do a thing, we are to do it; if He tells us to believe a thing, we are to believe it; we are to have faith in God. Have faith in God, and if God tells you to believe a thing believe it, and then you will have peace and confidence and joy. Now we are to have faith. Christ says, "Have faith in God."

But I hear a great many people saying, "How am I going to get this faith? I would come to Christ, but I don't know how to get faith." It would take months and years to get that. Now, I was a long time getting faith. I was anxious to work for the Lord, but I wanted faith. I wanted to get faith, but I went about it the wrong way. I prayed for it, and did nothing else. That ain't the way to get faith, to pray for it and neglect the word of God. The way to get faith is to know who God is, and I never knew a man or woman that was well acquainted with God that wanted faith. Some one said to a Scotch woman, "You are a woman of great faith." "No," she says, "I am a women of little faith, but I have got a great God." Now, would you just turn a moment to the 20th chapter of the Gospel of John, and the 31st verse: "But these are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through His name." Now the whole Gospel of John was written for one purpose. John took up his pen and he

wrote that Gospel that we might believe that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, and that by believing we might have eternal life. And so, instead of praying for faith, and mourning because we haven't got faith, let us study the Word of God, and get acquainted with the God of Israel, and then we will have faith in Him. You can't find a man or woman that is acquainted with God, but that has strong faith in God. That is the reason these infidels won't trust Him, because they don't know Him. Now, would you turn to the 10th chapter of Romans, and the 17th verse: "So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God."—Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God! Now, sinner, do you want to be saved to-night? Have faith in God! Take Him at His word! Believe what He says! Believe the record God has given in His Son? I can imagine some of you saying: "I want to, but I have not got the right kind of faith." What kind of faith do you want? Now, the idea that you want a different kind of faith is all wrong. Use the faith you have got, just believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Not only that, you can't give any reason for not believing. If a man told me he couldn't believe me, I should have a right to ask him why he couldn't believe me. I should have a right to ask him if I had ever broken my word with him, and if I had not broken my word with him, he ought to believe me. I would like to ask you, has God ever broke His word? Can you come forward and tell me, our God has ever failed to keep His word? Never. My friends, He will keep His word.

I tell you, dear friends, it is the damning sin of the world to come through that one door and say there is a blight over the whole world, just because man don't believe. It is all unbelief that has brought misfortune among us. It is the sin of the world. We have sinned, not because we have murdered, not because we have sworn, not because we have lied. God condemns the world because they believe not on him; that is the root of all evil. A man who believes in the Lord Jesus Christ won't murder and lie and do all these awful things. Don't get caught on that terrible delusion that unbelief is a misfortune. Unbelief is not a misfortune, but is the sin of the world. Christ found it on all sides of the world. When He first got up from the grave, He found that his disciples doubted. He had reason to cry out against unbelief. There was Thomas doubted, in fact, all the rest of the disciples, and it is what is keeping back God's blessing in the city of New York. I believe we would have a great revival here, and

thousands of persons would be converted, if we only had faith in God. Now God is able to do great things if we only believe in Him. Let us have faith. Don't be looking to see if you have got the right kind of faith; look and see if you have got the right kind of Christ. Now faith is just the hand that reaches out and gets the blessing. Faith sees a thing in God's hand. Faith says I will have it. I see that book in Mr. Dodge's hand; I go and take it; I have got faith that he will let me have the book. Now, my friends, have faith in God to-night. Faith is an outward look, not an inward look. A great many people are looking at their feelings, a great many people are looking down here. Don't be looking at your feelings, but look at heaven, and if you have got the right kind of Christ you will have the right kind of faith. Suppose a man who had been in the habit of meeting a beggar on the street, and he might say, "I have met this man for years out here begging, and as I go up to-night I meet him; he has got a nice suit of clothes on, and I say to him: 'Hullo, beggar!' and he says, 'Don't you call me a beggar; I am no beggar.' 'Why, are you not a beggar?' 'No, sir, I am not a beggar.' 'What is the reason you are not a beggar?' 'Why, I was sitting there to-day, and I put out my hand and asked a man to give me something, and Mr. Dodge came along and he put \$5000 right into my hand.' 'How do you know it is good money?' 'I took it to the bank.' 'How did you get it?' 'I put my hand out, and he just put it in my hand.' 'How do you know it is the right kind of a hand?' 'Oh, pooh! what do I care what kind of a hand it was!'"

And so we have only to reach out the hand of faith to-night and take God's Son. The gift of God is His Son and this Son is eternal life. Do you want it? Take it. Who will have faith in Him to-night? You must have a poor opinion of God if you won't trust Him. I can imagine some people saying, "Oh, we have a great respect for God, but we have not got faith in Him." How if your children should say, "Oh, we love papa so much, but we don't have faith in him"? You smile at that, and yet how many Christians talk in that way? Oh, this miserable, wretched unbelief! What grounds have we got for not believing God! Let us ask God to-night to take us from it. Let us put our whole confidence in God, and let us trust Him now. If we don't believe Him, John says we make Him a liar, and that is what unbelief is. Many a man has been knocked down in the streets of New York for calling another a liar. Men take it as a great insult. It

isn't very often that it is such a great insult. We very often tell that which is not true. When a man tells God He lies, is it true? The devil said God was a liar, and men rather believe him than believe God. God is truth. Let us trust Him with all our hearts. Now, there is a verse here I would like to call your attention to—a brother spoke of in the inquiry meeting to the inquirers—the 3d chapter of John and the 33d verse, “He that hath received His testimony hath set to his seal that God is true.” “He that hath received His testimony—‘His,’ that is, God’s testimony—hath set to his seal that God is true.” In the old days men used to wear a ring, a signet ring, and instead of signing their names to a document they used to take that ring and sign that document, and so Christ uses that as an illustration. Now Christ says if you will set to your seal that God is true, He will believe it. You then set to your seal that God is true. Now, oh lay hold of that verse to-night—“He that hath received His testimony hath set to his seal that God is true.” Who will indorse Him? Who will believe? Faith says, I will. I will set to my seal that God is true. Isn't there some one here that won't set to his seal that God is true? There will be joy in heaven to-night. Isn't there some one that will do it?

My little Willie I once told to jump off a high table and I would catch him. But he looked down and said, “Papa, I’s afraid.” I again told him I’d catch him, and he looked down and said, “Papa, I’s afraid.” You smile, but that’s just the way with the unbeliever. He looks down and dare not trust the Lord. You say that would be blind faith, but I say it wouldn’t. I told Willie to look at me and then jump, and he did it and was delighted. He wanted to jump again, and finally his faith became so great that he would have jumped when I was eight or ten feet away and said, “Papa, I’s a comin’.” I remember seeing a man in Mobile putting little boys on the fence posts, and they jumped into his arms with perfect confidence. But there was one large boy nine or ten years old who would not jump. I asked the man why it was and he said the boy wasn’t his. Ah, that’s it! The boy wasn’t his. He hadn’t learned to trust him. But the other boys knew him and could trust him. Oh, sinner, will you not learn Christ to-night, and jump into the arms of a loving Saviour? He’ll keep you. Who will believe in the Lord Jesus Christ to-night? Who will come to Him and be saved? Will you not take God at His word? Oh, may He give you strength and faith to-night to trust Him as Job did!

TWENTIETH EVENING.

“For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.”—ROMANS, 10th chap., 10th verse.

LAST night I spoke to you about believing. I want to follow that subject to-night with another subject as important, and that is Confession of Christ; not confessing sin, that is not what I want to talk about to-night, but confessing Christ. In the 10th chapter of Romans, 10th verse—a very little verse—you will find these words: “For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.” I believe there are a great many people who have got into trouble and difficulty right in the middle of that verse, because they do not understand why it is that they do not have the joy they have heard other Christian people talk about. They say they believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; they say they trust Him, and Him alone, for salvation; they say that Christ is their only hope; but there they stop. Now, I say to you that confession is as important as faith. “With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.” Then the next verse says, “For the Scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed.” Now, if a man really believes in his heart, the next thing he ought to do is to confess Christ, is it not? And you won’t get the blessing until you do. “With the mouth confession is made unto salvation.” The fact of the matter is, that we are all moral cowards; we are ashamed to come out and confess Christ, and take our stand on the Lord’s side, and on the side of His religion. It is the only religion in the world that is worth having; it is the only religion in the world that gives life to man; but, strange to say, I believe we are the only people on earth who are ashamed of their religion. You cannot find a man who holds any false doctrine of religion who is not proud of it. If a man has got hold of an error he is not ashamed to confess it and acknowledge it to all men. A

man who is in the service of Satan is not ashamed of it. You hear such men swearing on the street, proclaiming who is their master every day; they seem to be proud of the devil, and to like to have every one know that they are servants of his.

But how do men confess their allegiance to Christ? As disciples of Jesus what cowards we are! It sometimes happens that those who have gone away from our meetings under the influence of a changed heart, come to me afterward and say that they are still in darkness. I say to them, there is a reason for this; did you confess Christ when you went home? "No, I thought I would wait and see how it would hold out before I told any one." But that is not the right way to do. You see it is with the heart man believeth, and the next step is to confess Him with the mouth; that is what the mouth is for—to confess Christ; to tell all that He has done for you. If a man is ashamed to do this, to take his stand on the Lord's side, he will not get the benefit of his conviction. In fact, it is confession unto salvation; salvation comes when we take our stand for Jesus Christ before all the world. If I belonged to the Republican party, and got tired and sick of it and wanted to join the Democratic party, I should not be ashamed to come out and acknowledge it. You never saw a man leave one party to join another who did not like to come out and let every one know it. They want to use all the influence they can to get their friends to join them. If a man is on the wrong side of this question of religion, and goes over on the Lord's side, ought he not to be just as willing to publish it, and to make every one know that he is on the Lord's side? Isn't it amazing how few there are who are ready to come out boldly and acknowledge to every one that they want to be on the Lord's side?

One thing that made our one o'clock meeting so interesting to-day was, a young man got up and said, "My sister and my mother are very anxious to have me become a Christian, and I myself want to." I said, "Thank God for that; that man has more courage; he is willing to let the world know that he wants to be on the Lord's side." I never yet have seen a man who came out boldly in that way but that he surely turns out all right at last. Look at the 9th chapter of Luke, the 23d verse: "And He said unto them all, If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me." But the cross is what men do not like; they want to get to heaven without taking up the cross—any way but that. If men could buy salvation, they would be willing

to pay a good price for it; they would go round the world to get to heaven without the burden of the cross. The way to heaven is straight as an arrow; it is perfectly straight. A man need not be in darkness about the way if he really wants to know. But on the way to heaven there is a cross, and if you try to go around it, or to step over it, or to do anything else than take it up and bear it onward, you get lost. When men are ready to follow Christ, to deny themselves, and humble themselves, and take up the cross, then salvation is ready for them. Satan puts a straw across our path and magnifies it, and makes us believe it is a mountain, but all the devil's mountains are mountains of smoke; when you come up to them they are not there, but mere mountains of smoke. Now, there is nothing to hinder this whole audience from coming out on the Lord's side to-night, and confessing Jesus Christ to be their Saviour; there is nothing but your will to prevent it. Satan has not the power to keep you from it if you will. Christ says, except a man become converted, and like a little child, he is not fit for the Kingdom of God. Pride, I think, is the worst enemy we have. It keeps thousands of people out of the Kingdom of God. The idea that we have to humble ourselves and become like a little child is too much for our pride, but "whoever shall save his life shall lose it, and whoever shall lose his life for My sake shall find it;" but "whoever shall be ashamed of Me and of My Word, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when He shall come in His own glory and in His power, and amid all the angels." Ashamed of Him! A young convert got up in one of our meetings and tried to preach; he could not preach very well either, but he did the best he could—but some one stood up and said, "Young man, you cannot preach; you ought to be ashamed of yourself." Said the young man, "So I am, but I am not ashamed of my Lord." That is right. Do not be ashamed of Christ—of the Man that bought us with His own blood. Ought we to be ashamed to speak for His cause, to take our stand on His side? He might well be ashamed of us, for ten thousand reasons which I could show. But the idea of a poor, miserable, vile, blind, hell-deserving sinner being ashamed to own Christ! It is the strangest thing in the world. Look in the 12th chapter of Luke, the 8th and 9th verses: "Also I say unto you, Whosoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of Man also confess before the angels of God. But he that denieth me before men shall be denied before the angels of God."

During our war, when a General had accomplished some great victory, or had any great success, he thought it was a great honor to have a man stand up in Congress and mention his name. But think of having your name mentioned in the Courts of Heaven, and not only that, but by the Prince of Heaven, by the King of Kings and Lord of Lords! Think of Jesus speaking our names there! He says to us, If you will not be ashamed of Me here before men, in this old creation, I will not be ashamed of you in Heaven before the angels, in the new creation. You confess Me here, I will confess you there. You deny Me here, I will deny you there.

Will the Christian people in this room, in this assembly, to-night, take their stand and let every one know in the circle of their family and among their acquaintances that they are on the Lord's side? Why, if you do, it would be the best meeting, a meeting of more satisfaction than any we have had. The results of such a course taken by every one here to-night, would bring more to Jesus, and be productive of greater righteousness than any brought out by any previous assembly. Let you, young converts, tell your experience, take your stand and confess Christ. That is the way to show how strong your conversion is. Be sure you are on the Lord's side. "If the Lord be God, then follow Him. But if Baal be God, then follow him." It is one of the surest signs of your genuine repentance to come out before men and confess the Lord Jesus Christ. Take your stand and be a witness to the Lord. "He that confesseth me before men, the same will I also confess before the angels of heaven. But he that denieth me before men, the same will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven." I was in a Boston prayer-meeting a number of years ago—but I ought to say that I have lived for a number of years out west, a number of years in Chicago, and you know that that part of the country is made up principally of young men; at any rate, the prayer-meetings were for the most part made up of young men—hardly saw a gray-headed man in them at all. So, while I was in Boston, it was quite a treat to see old, gray-headed men in the assemblies. Well, in that meeting, a little, tow-headed Norwegian boy stood up. He could hardly speak a word of English, plain, but he got up and came to the front. He trembled all over, and the tears were all trickling down his cheeks, but he spoke out as well as he could, and said: "If I tell the world about Jesus, then will He tell the Father about me." He then took his seat; that was all he said, but I tell you in those few words he

said more than all of them, old and young, together. Those few words went straight down into the heart of every one present. "If I tell the world"—yes, that's what it means, to confess Christ.

And now are there not hundreds here to-night that are really ashamed of Christ—feel backward about confessing that they are Christians? I heard a story about two young men who came to this city from the country on a visit. They went to the same boarding-house to stay, and took a room together. Well, when they came to go to bed, each felt ashamed to go down on his knees before his companion first. So there they sat watching each other. In fact, to express the situation in one word, they were both cowards—yes, cowards! But at last one of them mustered up a little courage, but with burning blushes, as if he was about to do something wrong and wicked, he sunk down on his knees to say his prayers. As soon as the second saw that, he also knelt. And then, after they had said their prayers, each waited for the other to get up. When they did manage to get up, one said to the other: "I really am glad to see that you knelt; I was afraid of you." "Well," said the other, "and I was afraid of you." So it turned out that both were Christians, and yet they were afraid of each other. You smile at that, but how many times have you done the same thing—perhaps not in that way, but the same thing in effect. Henceforth, then, be not ashamed, but let every one know you are His. And I wish to say to the young converts here, to-night, that if you want peace and joy flowing into your heart like a river, commence at once and confess Him. It is not a work of merit; you are not making God a debtor to you; it is the very least you can do. And those who do so, come out boldly and confess Him, preach better and stronger than any minister of His. Each confession is worth more than a sermon; it is like to one raised from the dead.

The most powerful meeting we have ever had was that of last night, when the converts came boldly forth and told how they had been saved. I heard many say that it was the best meeting they had attended. Oh, what meetings of sweetness and communion with God we would have if every one would just come out and do his duty as God wants him to do! If we boldly took up our cross, and bore it manfully, the world would soon see the influence of these meetings. When I was in Ireland, I heard of a man who got great blessing from God. He was a business man—a landed proprietor. He had a large

family, and a great many men to work for him, taking care of his home. He came up to Dublin, and there he found Christ. And he came boldly out and thought he would go home and confess Him. He thought that if Christ had redeemed him with His precious blood, the least he could do would be to confess Him, and tell about it sometimes. So he called his family together, and his servants, and with tears running down his cheeks, he poured out his soul to them, and told them what Christ had done for him. He took the Bible down from its resting-place and read a few verses of gospel. Then he went down on his knees to pray, and so greatly was the little gathering blessed, that four or five out of that family were convicted of sin; they forsook the ways of the world, and accepted Christ and eternal life. It was like unto the household of Cornelius, which experienced the like working of the Holy Spirit. And that man and his family were not afraid to follow out their professions.

They were not like a great many men I have seen who accept Christ while there is no cross to bear, and where everything is plain and easy for them. Some men when they profess to accept Christ, immediately think they must go and join some church right away. So they go down and see the minister, and say: "Mr. So-and-so, I have become a Christian, and I want to take a pew in your church. I would like to be a member of your congregation, but I don't want to take any active part in the church. Now, don't ask me, some evening, to get up and tell my experience; I never did anything like that, and would not like to be pointed at so conspicuously." Well, he ~~does~~ join the church, and that is the last you ever hear of him. Last week, in this building, a man was converted, and he went right off and joined some church. Well, I hope after he did join, he didn't stop going to church. If a man is converted, I want him to come here and give his experience—let the thousands hear that he is a child of God; let his testimony be given to others, and the result may be that God will use his witnessing to the conversion of many. Mr. Sankey sang to-night, "Where are the Nine?" So may Christ ask the question, "Where are the Nine?" You have read of the story of the cleansing of the ten lepers—you know how the God of glory had compassion upon them. His command was, "Go show yourselves to the priests;" and so they went—behold, the leprosy was all gone. It must have been a wonderful sight. They are going along the road; all at once one discovers the great change that has been wrought in him,

and he stops suddenly. "Brothers, my leprosy is gone," he cries; "I am perfectly well, look." And another then sees his altered condition, and he cries out, "And I am well, too." And another, "Why, see! my fingers were nearly rotted off, and now the disease is all gone." So they all look at themselves, and the great truth bursts upon them that they have been made well. Nine of them continue on their journey, but one poor man turns back, and falls at the feet of Jesus, and glorifies God. Perhaps he did not find his Lord right away; perhaps he had to search for Him; but find Him he did, and gave Him the glory. Christ, after seeing him alone at His feet, out of all He had conferred the great boon upon, asked, in astonishment, "Were there not ten cleansed, but where are the nine?" Well, I don't know what became of them. Perhaps they went and joined some church; at any rate, that is the last we hear of them. So the people think that if they join some church that is all that is required of them. Ha! my friends, "where are the nine?" If the Lord has cleansed you, why don't you lift up your voice in His praise, and give thanks? Why do you bury your talents? Why don't you confess Christ? It is sweet to Christ to have men confess Him. One day He said, "Whom do men say that I am?" He wanted them to confess Him. But one said, "They say thou art Elias," and another, "That thou art Jeremiah;" and another—"Thou art St. John the Baptist." But He asked, "Whom do you say that I am?"—turning to His disciples. And Peter answers, "Thou art the Son of the living God." Then our Lord exclaimed, "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjonas." Yes, He blessed him right there because he confessed Him to be the Son of God. He was hungry to get some one to confess Him. Then let every one take his stand on the side of the Lord; confess Him here on earth, and He will confess you when you get to heaven. He will look around upon you with pride, because you stood up for Him here. If you want the blessing of heaven and the peace that passeth all understanding, you must be ready and willing to confess Him. Do you know how Peter fell? He fell like ten thousand people fall, because they don't confess the Son of God; that is the way Peter fell. He saw the people standing all around, and he was ashamed to own his Lord and Master. Am I speaking to any one here to-night who is ashamed to own Christ in his business; ashamed to own Him among his circle of acquaintances? Have you been out to some dinner party, the last week, and heard these meetings ridiculed, and

heard them scoff and jeer at Christ? If you did, and did not confess Him and own Him then, how can you expect to be acknowledged before the throne at the judgment day? If you are not willing to take your stand on the side of the Lord, you need not expect that He will bless you. I can imagine some one saying, "I don't believe in talking much about myself, and I don't." Well, I don't want you to confess yourselves; I want you to confess Christ. We have had enough of that first kind of work. Confess Him; that's what I want you to do.

Look into that 5th chapter of Mark. It is that man I spoke of the other night, how Christ cast out the legions of devils out of him, and how he prayed Him he might be with Him. "No," He said, "you go home and tell your friends how the Lord had compassion on you." The young converts say, "Well, I will go around to the synagogue every Sunday, but I can't tell any one; I won't say anything about it." But this man began to publish it, and it says that all men did marvel. They wouldn't have it that the Son of God did it; the man had never been to college. I don't know as he could write his name. I don't know as he had ever been to school. There was one thing he did know—he knew the Son of God had healed him and had put a new song into his mouth. Christ says, "Go home and tell your friends what great things the Lord has done." Thus he had the highest eloquence; he had the eloquence of heaven. The Spirit of the Lord God was upon him. Yes, but some of these women say, "If I was only a man I would confess." Look into the 4th chapter of John. There was a woman that stirred up the whole town. She took one draught of the living water, and when she went to publish it she says, "Come and see the man that told me everything I ever did; is not this Christ?" And then it says that many believed her testimony, and then they got Christ into town, and He stayed there two or three days, and many more believed on account of His own works. I wish we had a few more women like the woman of Samaria, willing to confess what the Lord Jesus Christ has done for our souls.

Now, there is one man in the 9th chapter of John I want to call your attention to. I do not know his name. I wish I did, because he is one of the men I want to see when I get to heaven. I would like to read the whole chapter, but it is so long. I will just read a few verses—in the 9th verse or 8th verse. It is that blind man that Christ gave sight to. Here is a whole chapter in John of forty-one verses just to tell how

the Lord blessed that blind beggar. It was put in this book, I think, just to bring out the confession of that man. "The neighbors, therefore, and they which before had seen him which was blind, said, Is not this he that sat and begged? Some said, This is he; others said, He is like him; but he said, I am he." If it had been our case I think we would have kept still; we would have said, "There is a storm brewing among the Pharisees, and they have said, 'if any man acknowledges Christ, we will put him out of the synagogue.' Now, I don't want to be put out of the synagogue." I am afraid we would have said that; that is the way with a good many of the young converts. What did the young convert here? He said, "I am he." And, bear in mind, he only told what he knew; he knew the man had given him his eyes. "Some said, He is like him, but he said, I am he." So, young converts, open your lips, and tell what Christ has done for you. If you can't do more than that, open your lips and do that. "Therefore said they unto him, How were thine eyes opened? He answered and said, A man that is called Jesus made clay and anointed mine eyes, and said unto me, Go to the pool of Siloam and wash; and I went and washed, and I received sight." He said, "I anointed my eyes with clay and I went to the pool and washed, and whereas I had no eyes, I have now got two good eyes." Some skeptic might ask, "What is the philosophy of it?" but he couldn't tell that. "Then said they unto him, Where is he? He said, I know not. They brought to the Pharisees him that aforetime was blind. And it was the Sabbath day when Jesus made the clay and opened his eyes. Then again the Pharisees also asked him how he had received his sight. He said unto them, I put clay upon mine eyes, and I washed and do see." He wasn't afraid to tell his experience twice; he had just told it once. "Therefore said some of the Pharisees, This man is not of God, because he keepeth not the Sabbath day. Others said, How can a man that is a sinner do such miracles? And there was a division among them." Now I am afraid if it had been us we would have kept still and said, "There is a storm brewing." "They say unto the blind man again, What sayest thou of Him, that He hath opened thine eyes? He said, He is a prophet."

Now, you see, he is got to talking of the Master, and that is a grand good thing. I pity a man or woman that has got an idea that the world can't get along without him. This man, he began to talk of his Master. "He is a prophet;" that is what I think about Him. He knew what he was coming to,

because the Pharisees had just said if any man confessed Him he was going to be cast out of the synagogue. It wasn't like our churches nowadays, for if one church casts a man out, another will take him in if he shows any signs of repentance, but if he was cast out of the synagogue, there were none others there to take him in. "And the Jews did not believe concerning him that he had been blind and received his sight until they called the parents of him that had received his sight, and they asked them, saying, Is this your son who ye say was born blind? How, then, doth he now see? His parents answered and said, We know that this is our son and that he was born blind. But by what means he now seeth we know not, or who hath opened his eyes we know not. He is of age; ask him; he will speak for himself." I do not like those parents; they did know. They just dodged the question; they were ashamed to confess. What a blessing they would have got if they had only confessed! "He is of age, ask him." They had rather sit in the synagogue than have Christ. "Then again called they the man that was blind and said unto him, Give God the praise; we know that this man is a sinner. He answered and said, Whether he be a sinner or no I know not. One thing I know, that whereas I was blind now I see." They couldn't beat that out of him; this young convert got assurance right away. "I know that whereas I was blind now I see." I had a good deal rather know that one thing than have all the wisdom of the world and not have that. "Then said they unto him again, What did He do unto thee? How opened He thine eyes? He answered then, I have told you already and ye did not hear; wherefore would ye hear it again, will ye also be his disciples?" He didn't even know Christ, but he is ready to preach for Him. Poor beggar! Unlearned man! If you are willing to be His disciple, I will tell it to you again. Will you do it? I like the faith that young convert had. You do not know what you can do by kindness and forbearance. I remember a family in Chicago who used to hoot at me and my scholars as we passed their house sometimes. One day one of the boys came into the Sunday-school and made light of it. As he went away I told him I was glad to see him there and hoped he would come again. He came and still made a noise, but I urged him to come the next time, and finally one day he said, "I wish you would pray for me, boys." That boy came to Christ. He went home and confessed his faith, and it wasn't long before that whole family had found the way into the Kingdom of God. Oh, let us confess Him to-night and not be ashamed of our religion!

TWENTY-FIRST EVENING.

“What must I do to be saved?”—ACTS, 16th chap., part of 30th verse.

I TAKE my text this evening from the 16th chapter of Acts, 30th verse: “What must I do to be saved?” At our afternoon meeting there were quite a number got up and told how they had been saved in the past two weeks. One young man rose and said that he had been saved within the last hour. I asked him how it was, and he said it was in the noon prayer-meeting, when we were talking about believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. He said the Lord saved him right there in the meeting. And in thinking of that I thought I would try and get hold of some one else to-night, in the same way. The only way to be saved is to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. This question, asked of Paul and Silas, is the most important that can be asked by a human being in this world. I have no doubt that every man and woman in this house to-night has at some time or other asked this question, “What must I do?” many and many a time. I wish they would add the words, “to be saved,” to that last word. A man of business gets up in the morning, and asks, “What must I do to-day? What shall I do to make the most money? It is hard times, and it is hard to make both ends meet. It is hard to meet the notes that are coming due.” But there is a good deal more important question than that, when a man is sick and asks what he must do to save his life; and even that is not so important a question as we have before us to-night. A man had better lose the life of the body than the life of the soul; and it is better to go into bankruptcy, and lose all through failure in business than to fail to save your soul.

From the highest to the lowest, it is an every-day question, “What must I do?” Now I want you to put on the rest of that question, and ask, “What must I do to be saved?” It is not “What must my brother do?” or “What must my friends do?” but, “What must I do to be saved?” We want to bring out that cardinal idea to-night—to bring it home to

ourselves. "What shall I do to be saved?" Now the answer was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Simply to believe! That Philippian jailor was like all the rest of mankind by nature. He was a sinner; he was already condemned, and what he wanted was salvation. What he wanted was to know what he should do to be saved—that is what every sinner wants to know when he becomes aroused and awakened. He thinks he has something to do. What was this Philippian jailor told to do? To pray earnestly, and weep, and mourn, and fast, and do penance, and cry aloud upon God? No; they did not tell him anything of the kind. They said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved, and not only thou, but thy whole house." Just simply "believe." A man's mind is always affected by the character of what he believes. If you believe that the Gospel is good news, it will make you glad. If you believe it is bad news, it will send you away sorrowful. We want to take God at His word, and believe that the Gospel is good news, and go on our way rejoicing. The Philippian jailor and his whole house rejoiced because they believed—so Paul and Silas say. In the next verse it says that he told how Christ died for sinners and a poor Philippian jailor, and he rejoiced. If we can make men believe that the Gospel is good news, it will fill them with gladness. I often hear people say, "Why do I not have the joy I have heard that others have when they are converted?" It is because you do not believe the Gospel is good news; if you did, it could not help making you glad. I had a friend who, last fall, came from Chicago with his wife and four children, who were going to France. After they sailed, as time went on, he kept looking at the papers to see if the steamer had arrived. As it did not arrive when due, he began to grow uneasy on the first day. On the second, they had not arrived, and he became alarmed. On the third, he was almost frantic with anxiety. One day when he had become almost mad with anxiety, and had been unable to sleep, a despatch came from his wife, saying, "Saved alone." All his children had gone to a watery grave. That was bad news, which made him very sad. I suppose if the despatch had said, "By the grace of God we are saved, not only myself, but all the family;" that would have been good news, and he would have rejoiced. When one hears good news, it makes him glad, and when he hears bad news, it makes him sad.

There were those four lepers, the messengers who brought the news that the Syrian army had gone, at which so many

rejoiced. There are a great many who are willing to believe the Gospel if they can have some polite messenger. They say: "You do not believe we would go and hear such a minister, do you? We do not believe in that kind of preaching." Now, if a boy brings you a despatch containing good news, you do not look to see who the boy is, do you? It is so in preaching; never mind who brings you the news of the Gospel; what you want is to be saved. When the news was brought to Samaria, people rushed out of the gate, and came where they could get good news. We see in the 8th chapter of Acts, that Philip went down and preached the gospel, and there was great joy in that city because they believed the Gospel of Jesus Christ. So there was good news brought to Samaria twice. Once was when the lepers brought the news that the army had left, and once when Philip went down and preached the gospel. To-night I want to make it so plain that every soul can understand what it is to be saved. A man said in one of our meetings, some time ago, that he had been forty-two years in learning three things; the first thing was that he could not do anything toward his own salvation. I said to myself, "I have learned that, too." The second thing was that God did not require him to do anything; and the third thing was, that Christ had done it all Himself. These things were worth knowing, if it did take him forty years to learn them. You cannot do anything toward saving yourself, you cannot work for salvation. It is a work of the mind, and not of the body. Though it is an act of faith, it certainly is not working; you would not say that trusting was working; or that believing a man's testimony was working. The first thing was, that he could not do anything; the second was, that God did not require him to do anything; and the third was, that Jesus Christ had done it all. All that you have to do is to believe in the finished work of Jesus Christ. When He said, "It is finished," He meant what He said. It is finished, it is completed, and all that poor mortals have to do is to accept it.

What shall I do to be saved? Accept of Jesus Christ personally; take Him in your heart now; let go of your own self; cease all your efforts, and just lay hold on Him. There were once two millers who used to keep their mill running day and night. Every night at midnight the man would go down the stream in his boat, and get out a few hundred yards above the dam, and from there a brother miller would take the boat and row back. One night the miller fell asleep,

and when he awoke he found he was only a few yards from the dam. He seized the oar, and pulled against the stream, but he found the current was so savage that he could make no headway. He managed in the darkness to get near enough the shore to get hold of a little twig; that twig began to give way near the roots, and he knew that if it did give way he would be lost. He had to stop trying to save himself: he gave a cry, "Help! help! help!" and at last some one heard his voice, and came and threw a rope from the shore. All that he had to do was to let go the twig and take hold of the rope, and they pulled him up from the jaws of death. Now, the rope let down into this unpleasant world is just the word "believe." Lay hold of this rope to-night; it is offered to every soul to-night, and all that you have to do is to lay hold of it. Another illustration I would give is about a dream—not that I believe in dreams, but sometimes they illustrate good truth. A woman was troubled about the condition of her soul, and tried to find peace by working her way up to Heaven; but she felt as every one else does who tries to do that. One night she dreamed that she was in a terrible pit; it was so steep that she could not climb out. She kept climbing up a little way and then slipping back until at last she got discouraged and gave up the whole. How many there are who have been saved just when they have got discouraged in trying to save themselves! So she threw herself down on the bottom of the pit to die. She looked up and saw a little star through the mouth of the pit and the star began to lift her up, and she was lifted higher and higher; then she took her eyes off and began to look at herself, and the moment she saw herself she went down again to the bottom of the pit. A second time she fixed her eyes upon the star and again it raised her higher, higher, higher; then again she looked at herself! What a picture it is of hundreds of sinners whom we meet every day! They take their eyes off of Christ and begin to look at themselves, and find they have the same old feelings again, and get discouraged. So when the woman looked at herself a second time, back she went again. The third time she fixed her eye on that star, and in her dream it lifted her, until at last she came out of the pit and her feet were landed safely. She has been looking at that star ever since and the darkness and clouds are now gone.

In order to be saved, you must look steadfastly unto the Lord. Jesus says to look into the ends of the earth and be saved, for God is able to give you help, and there is none else.

Don't look into your own sinful hearts, but away to Christ, for He alone can quicken you. He can draw you out of the pit that Adam dug for you and into which you have fallen. When he fell into it, he drew us all into it too. There are plenty of coal holes in America, and some pretty deep ones too; there are some hundreds and thousands of feet in depth, but I tell you that none of them are as deep as the one we are now in through Adam, and there is not one so hard to get out of as that same pit that Adam dug for us. Stop trying, therefore, for your efforts are fruitless; give up your own exertions and cry unto the Lord for succor. David says in the 40th Psalm: "He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock and established my goings. And He hath put a new song into my mouth, even praise unto our God." Yes, He did it, He did it himself. The Lord wants to bring you up out of the horrible pit this very night, if you only let Him. "He heard my cry." There is not a poor penitent anywhere on this earth, no matter in how low a place he may be, but God will hear his cry. If you come from the very depths of sin and cry unto the Lord, He will hear and save you.

I remember when I was in the north of England—at Newcastle—one time I came home very late from the meeting, and sat down at table to take a little something to eat before going to bed; and the lady of the house set something before me and then said, "Mr. Moody, is there anything that you would like that is not on the table?" Well, I said there was nothing except, perhaps, a glass of water, as I felt thirsty. She went out and brought in a jug of water—they use jugs, earthen jugs in that part of the country, that keep the water nice and cool. Well, she brought in and set it before me, and then stepped aside. I took up the jug to pour out some of the water, when I saw a little fly in the water. I didn't want to trouble her again so late at night, and so didn't say anything to her about it—set down the jug of water without drinking it. Soon she perceived that I didn't pour any out, and said, "Why, Mr. Moody, what is the matter? I thought you were thirsty; why don't you drink? Is there anything the matter with the water?" Well, I didn't want to put her to any further trouble, and I said, "Oh, never mind; it's all right; thank you." "No; I am sure there is something wrong with the water," said she; and she came over and looked into the jug and found the fly. "Oh, it is a fly," she said; "now, if Edith were here"—Edith was a little girl about ten years of

age—"she would have mercy upon the little fly and take it out." I immediately said, "Madam, Edith shan't be more merciful than I am," and I took the pickle-fork and put it down near the fly. The little thing had before given up struggling, and had resigned itself to its fate. But as soon as it saw the fork it commenced struggling again, and, when it had seized it, held on firmly with all its might, and I brought it out of its danger safely. I then placed it on my warm hand—it was so cold that it could hardly stir—and by and by it began to move its wings, and when it had them all free of the water, and felt they were strong enough to carry it, it left my hand and flew to the wall. It was rescued, and, no doubt, if it could have spoken, it would have said, "Thank you, thank you; you have saved me." That is just what Christ is doing now. He will save you if you trust in Him. You must have faith in heaven, and believe that help must come from above; it can come from nowhere else. Just stop trying; that is a lesson that God wants you to learn. "I will save you if you give up trying to save yourself," God says; give up all hope, and He will be near and bring you safely home. But men are all the time saying, "I must do something; I can't remain still; I must be up and doing." I tell you that God don't save until you give up all hope. When you come to the end of your struggles, then comes God and offers you salvation. A couple of men, two or three years ago, went out to bathe in Lake Michigan, in the month of July. They were both fine swimmers. But they had not been long in the water before one of them got attacked by the cramp. When he felt it in his limbs, he cried out to his friend to save him. Of course the man swam out to him, and came within his reach. But his drowning companion immediately seized him around the neck, notwithstanding his repeated warnings, and both went down together. By the greatest exertions his friend got away from him while under the water. When he rose to the surface, he said to his friend, who was but a few feet away from him, "Now, I can save you if you only let me. Don't seize me again, but let me take you by the collar and I will bring you ashore. You give up all effort and I will save you. If you promise me you won't touch me it will be all right. If you seize me you will drown me as well as yourself." The drowning man promised all he was asked. Upon that his friend swam over to him again, but his terrified friend took hold of him again harder than ever. After a life and death struggle, however, he was shaken

off, and his friend had, for safety, to swim away from him several yards. He dare not go near him again, and there he had to stay, and he heard the dying groans of his drowning friend, and saw him go down for the last time, never to breathe again. He might have been saved if he had stopped trying. And so it is with you now; and if you give up all hope of saving yourself, and fall quietly into the arms of Christ—into the loving arms of the Saviour—He will save you.

What must I do to be saved? the Jailor cried. The answer was, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." You can do nothing yourself. You, my friend, may have tried to stop swearing, but after a short period of endeavor you have failed—haven't you? You have tried to stop drinking, haven't you, and have failed too? You have a miserable, wretched temper, my friend, and have tried to overcome it and have failed, haven't you? You have tried, some of you have, to break off some sin or other, and you have failed. You have tried again, and failed again; tried and tried, and failed and failed, every time, haven't you? Now, if you give up all hope and stop trying, you will be strengthened by grace from above, and you will conquer. Stop trying, then, to-night, and fall into the arms of the loving Saviour. You should trust Him, and then how quick will your salvation come. Let Him come into your heart and dwell there, and create it into a new tabernacle of holiness. If the heart is right, the life is right. If the fountain is pure, the stream is pure. I remember some years ago I used to hold open-air meetings out in Illinois. In the summer evenings great crowds used to come out, and I noticed at one of the meetings a gentleman sitting in his carriage which was on the outskirts of the assembly, and he had a cigar in his mouth. And again the next morning he was there; and again the next evening. After the preaching was over, he always used to drive right away. One time I saw him take a great interest in what was said, and after a while I saw tears trickling down his cheeks. I made inquiries about him, and they told me who he was. I said to them that I must go and see him some day. They laughed. "Why, you don't know the man as well as we do. You have no idea of the ridicule he has made use of with respect to these meetings, and the lies he has told about you all around town." And they gave me his history. They said he was a man of large wealth, had a fine house, and had everything to make life pleasant to him, but he was a very profane, godless man. He would curse everything and everybody. Even the wife of his bosom has

curse showered down upon her, and his children used to be witnesses of his frightful oaths. One day I set out to go to see him. I was near his house when he stepped out of the front door. I stepped up—"This is Mr. P., I believe?" "Yes, sir," in a gruff, unwelcome voice, "that is my name; what do you want?" He knew very well who I was; he mistrusted what I wanted. "I would like to ask you a question," I replied. "Well, what is it?" "I am told," I said, "that you are very wealthy, that God has blessed you with great wealth, that you have a beautiful wife and lovely children, and I just want to know why you treat God in this way you do?" The tears came out of his eyes, and he said, "Come in, come in." So I entered, and he told me that he had tried a thousand times to stop swearing, but he couldn't. I told him to trust to Jesus and He would stop it for him—that's what He came into the world to do, and the result was that he let Christ take the burden. He confessed his sin, had the prayers of all the Christians round about, and in a year he became one of the elders of the church.

Then be saved, my friends, yourselves. Don't put it off. A Scotch lassie in Perth wanted somebody to pray for her in meeting once. The minister gave her afterward the 53d chapter of Isaiah to read. She said, in her Scotch language, "I canna read, I canna pray. Oh, Jesus, tak me just as I am." It is a mistake to send one away like that. Jesus can save you this very hour, this very minute. Oh, sinner! let Him save you now. Throw yourself into His arms, and He'll save you. What must you do to be saved? Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and He will save you this very minute. When I was preaching once in Illinois, the next morning I had an inquiry meeting. I went around, speaking to this one and that one. And among them I saw a girl about seven years old—about as big as this girl here on the front seat. I thought she was too young to know what an inquiry meeting was. But just as I got through, I thought I would say something to her. So I said, "My little girl, are you a Christian?" And she looked up with tears in her eyes and smiled, and said, "Yes." I said, "How long have you been one?" "Ever since last night," she said. "I was at the meeting, and I felt I was a sinner, and I went home and kneeled by the side of my bed, and I asked God to take away my sin, and He did it." And I said, "How do you know He did it?" And she said, "Why, He promised to." I couldn't say any more. "He promised to." If you believe He will save you. Oh, believe Him, trust Him; receive Christ and you are saved.

TWENTY-SECOND EVENING.

“And Jesus went forth and saw a great multitude, and was moved with compassion towards them, and He healed their sick.”—ST. MATTHEW, 14th chap., 14th verse.

I WANT to call your attention this evening to just one word—compassion. Some time ago I took up the Concordance, and ran through the life of Christ to see what it was that moved Him to compassion, for we read often in His life, while He was down here, that He was moved with compassion. I was deeply pleased in my own soul as I ran through His life and found those passages of Scripture that tell us what moved Him with compassion. In the 14th chapter of Matthew and 14th verse we find these words, “And Jesus went forth and saw a great multitude, and was moved with compassion towards them, and He healed their sick.” He saw the great multitude, and He was moved with compassion and He healed their sick. And in another place it says that He healed all that had need of it. There didn’t any one need to tell Him what was in the hearts of the people. When I stand before an audience like this I cannot read your history, but He knew the history of each one. It says in one place in Scripture, “each heart knows its own bitterness,” and when Christ stood before a multitude like this, He knew the particular bitterness in each heart. He could read every man’s biography; He knew the whole story, and as He stood before that vast multitude, the heart of the Son of God was moved with compassion, just as in the preceding verses we find Him, when John’s disciples had come to Him with their sad story, and with broken hearts. Their beloved master had just been beheaded by the wicked king; they had just buried the headless body, and came to Jesus to tell all their sorrow to Him. It was the best thing they could do. No one could sympathize with them as Jesus could, no one had the same compassion with them that Jesus had. In all our troubles the best thing we can do is to follow in the footsteps of John’s dis-

ciples and tell it all to Him. He is a high-priest that can be touched with our infirmities. We find after this, in a little while, that He, too, had to follow in the footsteps of the disciples. He had to lay down His life for that nation; but He forgot all about that as He looked upon the multitude, and His heart was moved with compassion. He sought to do them good; He sought to heal their sick.

In Mark, 1st chapter and 41st verse, there is a story that brings out the compassion of Christ. There came to Him a leper, and when He saw him His heart was moved with compassion. The poor leper was full of leprosy from head to foot. He was rotten with leprosy. I can just imagine how the leper told his whole story to Christ, and it was the very best thing he could do; he had no friends to be interested for him. He might have had a wife and family or a loved mother, but they could not be there to plead for him. The law forbid any one speaking to him or touching him, but undoubtedly some one had some day come out and lifted up his voice, and told him that a great prophet had arisen in Israel who could cure him of the leprosy; that he was quite sure that He could do it, because He had performed miracles equal to that, and that He could give him life if he would only ask Him. This leper told his sad story. Let us bring that scene down to our own day. Suppose that any one in this assembly here to-night should find that he was a leper and the law required him to leave home. What a scene it must have been when that poor leper left his home, left the wife of his bosom, left his own offspring, with the thought that he never was to see them again! It was worse than death; he had to go into a living sepulchre—to vanish from home, wife, from mother, father, children, friends, and live outside the walls of the city. And while he was out there, if any man should come near him, he had to cry, "Unclean, unclean, unclean!" He had to wear a certain kind of garment, so that all men should know him. You can see him outside of the walls of the city. It might happen in the course of years that some one came out and shouted at the top of his voice, and told him that his little child was dying, but he could not go to see his dying child or comfort his wife in her affliction. There in exile he had to remain, banished from home, while his body was rotting with that terrible disease, with no loved friends to care for him, nothing to do to occupy his time. That was the condition of the poor leper, and when he heard that Jesus could cure him, he went to Him and said, "Lord, if thou wilt Thou canst cure me; Lord, hear my pitiful story;

Lord, have mercy upon me; Lord, save me." And Jesus was moved with compassion, and He reached out His hand and touched him. The law forbade Him doing it, forbade any one touching him, but that great heart was moved, and He touched the man, and the moment He touched him the leprosy was gone; he was healed that very moment. He went home, and told his wife and family what a great blessing had come to him.

Did you ever stop to think that the leprosy of sin is a thousand times worse than that Eastern leprosy? All that it could do was to destroy the body. It might eat out the eye, it might eat off the hand, it might eat off the foot—but think of the leprosy of sin! It brought angels from heaven, from the highest heights of glory down, not only into this world, but into the very pit of hell. Satan once lifted on high hallelujahs of heaven, but sin brought him out of heaven down into darkness. Look into the home of the drunkard; look into the home of the libertine; look into the home of the harlot; look into the homes of those who are living in sin! The leprosy of sin is a thousand times worse than the Eastern leprosy of the body; but if the poor sinner, all polluted with sin, will come to Christ, and say as this leper did, that we have just read about, "Lord, thou canst have compassion upon me: thou canst take away this desire for sin; if thou wilt, thou canst save me," He will save you to-night. Oh, sinner, you had better come to Him; He is the very best friend that you have. It is Jesus that we preach here to-night, the Son of God. He has come to help you; He stands in this assembly, now. We cannot see Him with the bodily eye, but we can with the eye of faith, and He will save every sinner who will come to Him to-night! My dear friends, will you not come to Him and ask Him to have mercy and compassion upon you? If I were an artist, I would like to paint that scene, and bring out vividly that poor, filthy leper coming to the Son of God, and the Son of God reaching out His hand and touching and cleansing him.

And if I were an artist, I would like to draw another picture, and hang it up on yonder wall, that you might see it; that is of the father that came to Christ with his beloved boy. He had been up on the mountain with Peter, James and John, and there He met Elijah the prophet, and Moses the law-giver. Heaven and earth had come together, and there He had met His Father, and He had spoken to Him that memorable night on the mountain. In the morning when He came down, a crowd of people gathered round Him, and some were

laughing and talking; they had been trying to cast the evil spirit out of this boy, and told his pitiful story. No one knows but a father how much that man loved that boy; his heart was wrapped up in that child; but the boy was not only deaf and dumb, but he was possessed with a devil, and sometimes this devil would throw him into the fire, and sometimes into the water; and when the father came to Jesus, He said to him, "Bring him unto me." And when he was coming, the devil cast him down to the ground. So every man on his way to Christ must first be cast down. There he lay foaming, wallowing, and Jesus only said, "How long has this been?" "From his birth," was the answer; "Oh, you do not know how much I have suffered with this boy! When a child he was grievously tormented; he has broken my heart." Some of you here, perhaps, have children who are suffering from some terrible disease, and who are breaking your hearts—you can sympathize with that father. How that father wept when he brought that poor boy! And when Jesus saw that pitiful scene, His heart was moved with compassion, and with a word he cast out the devil. I can see the boy coming home with his father, leaping, and singing, and praying. Let us learn a lesson. Mother, father, have you got a son that the devil has taken possession of? Bring him to Jesus. He delights to save; He delights to bless. All we have to do is to take him in the arms of our faith and bring him to Jesus. I want to call your attention to a difference between the father we read of in the 9th chapter of Mark, and the poor leper in the 1st chapter. The leper says: "If thou wilt, thou canst make me whole." There was the "if" in the right place. The other said: "If thou canst, have compassion." He put the "if" in the wrong place. The Lord said: "If thou canst believe, all things are possible." Let us believe that the Son of God can save our sons and our daughters. Oh, have you got a poor drunken son? Have you a poor brother who is a slave to strong drink? Come; bring him to the meeting here to-morrow night, and let your cry be, "Lord, have compassion on my darling boy, and save him."

About Jesus there was a great number of disciples as He was going near the little city of Nain, and what met His eye? Why, there was a dead man carried out, and I cannot help but think of that passage. When I was preaching to the men last Sunday night, a poor man fell dead, and while we were preaching he was carried out. And here there was a dead man being carried out of the city of Nain, and there was a

great company of the friends accompanying that widow to lay away her only child, her only son. He was an only son, it says, and his mother was a widow. The father, the head of the house, had died perhaps long before, and long before that mother had watched over that husband, and at last she closed his eyes in death. It was a terrible blow, and now death had come again. You who are mothers can see how through all that sickness that mother was not willing to let the neighbors come in and watch over that baby. For weeks you can see a light burning in that little cottage in Nain. There is that mother, she is watching over that boy, her only son. How she loved him! You that are mothers can sympathize with her. You that are mothers can enter into full sympathy with her. You can see how hard it was to lose that only son. She will never look into that beautiful face again. She will never look into those beautiful eyes again. They have been closed; she has closed them with her own loving hands. She has imprinted the last kiss upon that lovely cheek. Now they lay him upon the coffin, or upon the bier, and perhaps four men take him up just as they did the man with the palsy, and they bear him away to his resting-place, and there is a great multitude coming out of Nain. All Nain is moved. The widow was loved very much and there was a great multitude attending her. And now we see them as they are coming out of the gate of the city. The disciples look, and they see a great crowd coming out of Nain, and the two crowds, the two great multitudes come together, and the Son of God looks upon that scene. We read often where He looked toward Heaven and sighed. He had followers on His right hand, followers on His left hand, followers behind Him, and followers before Him. He saw the woe and suffering in this wretched world, but he looked upon that weeping mother. Death had got its captive. And shall not the Son of God look upon that widow? He saw those tears trickling down her cheeks, and the great heart of the Son of God was moved. He would not suffer that son to pass. He commanded the young men to rest the bier. "Young man, I say unto thee, arise!" and the dead heard the voice of the Son of God and he arose. I can imagine him saying, "Blessed be God, I am alive."

You know Christ never preached any funeral sermons. Here death had met its conqueror, and when He spoke the word, away went death. The Son of God was moved with compassion for that poor widow, and there isn't a poor widow in all New York but that Christ sympathizes with them. You

that are widows mourning over loved ones, let me say to you Jesus is full of compassion. Let me say He is the same to-night that He was 1800 years ago when He bound up that poor widow's heart in Nain. He will comfort you, and to-night, if you will just come to Him and ask Him to bind up your wounded heart, ask Him to help you to bear this great affliction, the Son of God will do it. You will find that His arm is underneath you to help you carry the burden. There isn't a poor, suffering, crushed, bruised heart in all New York but that the Son of God is in sympathy with it, and He will have compassion on you if you only come home to Him, and He will bind up that heart of yours. Yes, Jesus was moved with compassion when He saw that poor widow. They did not need to tell Him the story; He saw how the heart of the mother was broken and so He just spoke the word. He didn't take him with Him. He might have taken him along with Him to glorify Himself, but He gave him back to the mother. He took him right out of the arms of death and handed him back to the mother. Yes, there was a happy home in Nain that night. How surprised the mother must have been; she could hardly believe her eyes. Oh, my friends, Jesus has got the same power to-night, and He will bind up your aching hearts if you will only just come to Him.

Did you ever hear of one coming to Christ that He did not accept? He don't care what position in life you hold. No matter how low down you are, no matter what your disposition has been. You may be low in your thoughts, words and actions, you may be selfish, your heart may be overflowing with corruption and wickedness, yet Jesus will have compassion upon you. He will speak comforting words to you, not treat you coldly or spurn you, as perhaps those of earth would, but will speak tender words, and words of love and affection and kindness. Just come at once. He is a faithful friend—a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. He is a brother born for adversity. Treat Him like a brother and like a friend, and you will have a heavenly balm placed upon your wretched, broken heart. He is real; He is tangible. We don't worship a myth, we don't praise an unreal being. He is an everlasting, living person, a Man sitting at the right hand of God, full of the power and the majesty of heaven. He comes here to-night in the Spirit. He is present with you. Oh, accept Him, and He will deliver you and save you and bless you. My friends, just treat Him as if you saw Him here in person, as if He stood here in person, the same as I do now.

Come to Him, then, with all your troubles, and He will bless you. If He were here, and you saw Him beckoning unto you, you would come, wouldn't you? Well, you would be saved then by sight, but He wants us to take Him by faith. There are those here to-night that believe He is here now. Mr. Dodge, you came here for Christ's name, didn't you? [Mr. Dodge.—“Yes.”] Isn't it Christ's name that has brought you here, Dr. Hepworth? [Dr. Hepworth.—“Yes.”] And you, Dr. Booth, didn't you come here in Christ's name? [Dr. Booth.—“Yes.”] Yes, you have come here for Christ, and are willing to confess His name. You are witnesses to His name. Yes, here are two or three gathered together in the name of Christ, and He is here because He has promised. Take Him at His word, then, my friends. The Son of God is here to-night. Do you doubt it? Is there a man or woman in this assembly to-night that doubts it? I tell you He is here. He is just here as much as if you saw Him. Press up to Him. He is infinite in compassion, and will take pity upon you.

Oh, my friends, that was earthly compassion, but what conception can you form of the compassion of Jesus? If you come and tell Him your sad stories His heart will be moved. Oh, come and tell Him your sins and misery. He knows what human nature is; He knows what poor, weak, frail mortals we are, and how prone we are to sin. He will have compassion upon you; He will reach out His tender hand and touch you as He did the poor leper. You will know the touch of His loving hand. There is virtue and sympathy in it. That story of the soldier reminds me of another. A mother received a despatch that her boy had been wounded. She resolved to go down to the front to see him; she knew that the nursing of the hospital would not be as tender as hers would be. After much solicitation she saw the doctor, and after repeated warnings from him not to touch the boy or wake him up—he had only a few days to live, at any rate, and waking him up would only hasten his death—she went to his bedside.

When she saw the poor boy lying there so still and lifeless, and with the marks of his suffering so fresh upon him, she could not resist the temptation to lay her hand on his brow. Instinct told him it was his mother's loving hand, and without opening his eyes, he said, “Oh, mother, have you come?” Let Jesus touch you to-night. His is a loving, tender hand, full of sympathy and compassion. Oh,

my brother (looking at a young man in one of the front rows), will you have him to-night? You will? Thank God, thank God, he says he will accept Him. We have been praying two or three days to this young man, and now he says he will take Christ. Oh, bless the Lord! Let us pray, and as we pray, let us make room for Jesus in our hearts as this man has done, upon whom He has had compassion and whom He has saved.

TWENTY-THIRD EVENING.

“The Prodigal Son.”—ST. LUKE, 15th chap., 11–32 verses.

WE have for our subject to-night one of the two young men we have read about in the 15th of Luke. There is not a person in this audience here to-night but who is as well acquainted with the 15th chapter of Luke as the preacher. Probably there is not a prodigal in all New York but that knows the story as contained in this chapter of Luke. It is not necessary for me to tell you why this young man went away. It was his nature. It is natural for a man to go away from God. “All we like sheep have gone astray ;” every one is turned too easily away. This prodigal went away without any reason that we know of; we are not told that his father was unkind to him, but I think, however, that the father made a mistake. I think if I had a son that wanted me to divide up my property and let him have the share that was coming to him, I should make a great mistake to give him the money. A great many people are making that mistake to-day, and if there is one person in this world to be pitied more than another, it is the man who has all the money that he wants to spend and nothing to do. When that young man came to his father and wanted him to let him have his portion, his father had better have said, “No, you had better wait until your father has gone.” When the prodigal son got that which was coming to him, it says he gathered his goods all together, and took his journey into a far country. Well, he was considered popular in that distant country—most men who have plenty of money and nothing to do are very popular; but how long his popularity lasted we are not told, because we do not know just how long his money held out. But his friends gathered round him; he had a good many friends until his money was gone, and then the poor man woke up to the fact that all those he called his friends had been after his money and not him; they were friends to his money, not to him. And when he had spent all, at last he came to want. Did you ever stop to think

how many prodigals there are in a city like New York? Suppose that we had them all here to-night, and that we could bring them up here and let them pass in front of this audience, it would take a long, long time—tramp, tramp, tramp—before this assembled audience. New York is full of prodigals. They have not only left their earthly parents, they have sent many of those parents to an untimely grave. And how many have turned their backs upon God and have wandered away!

I do not know where the prodigal son in this story went to, perhaps to Egypt; perhaps he went to Memphis—that was one of the magnificent cities in those days—but he got as far away as he could from home. Perhaps he wanted to get away from home restraint and home influences; perhaps he talked as many young men do now, in a laughing way, saying he was only “sowing his wild oats.” It makes my heart sad when I hear young men use that expression. A great many young men seem to forget that they have to reap what they sow tenfold. If a man sows a handful, he reaps a bushel; if a man sows the wind he reaps the whirlwind; it is only a question of time; he will surely come to want some day. All these earthly streams become dry some day; he will surely come to want. We read that when this prodigal’s money was all gone, a famine struck that land and there he was alone, in a strange country in great want. All his friends were gone now: he had lost every one of them; he thought he had a good many friends, but they were now all gone. If they had had pawn shops in those days, you would have seen him hanging round a pawnshop pawning what he had left. The rings he wore away from home are gone; perhaps he has worn out his shoes and has not got them to pawn; there he is stripped. But he did not go and beg, like a great many men in these days. For that one thing I have respect for the prodigal, because he did go to work. It was a very humble occupation to be sure, but if he could not get what he wanted he was willing to do most anything, rather than to beg; and there is no meaner occupation possible to a Jew than to feed swine; but he was willing to do that. If a great many of those people who are now called tramps would go to work we would all have sympathy for them.

The prodigal got down very low, but he did not get down low enough to beg; he went to work; his work was very mean; he could not have been in a meaner occupation than feeding those swine. When the backslider goes away from God he loses all the blessing of his work, and the prodigal

lost all his. He had no home. A man who is away from God has got no home; he has turned his back upon his home, and there was no home for him there among strangers. If the strangers had attempted to give him a home it would not have been home to him, but they did not. There he was among strangers, coatless, shoeless, hatless; some of the young men in that country came along, some of the very friends perhaps that had got his money away from him—for men gambled in those days as they do now—and they probably said, “Look at that fool; he came down here with \$20,000 only two or three years ago, and now it is all squandered.” Those very men who had got his money away from him began to make sport of him now. I think I can see him straightening himself up, and saying to them, “You call me a beggar! Why, my father’s servants dress better than you do!” And they laughed, and said, “Your father’s servants—why, you have not got any father.” No one believed him; he had lost his testimony. And just so has every backslider from God lost his testimony. You never can get any food for the soul in the devil’s country. There he was, away from home, starving, even the food the swine would eat—no one would give him even that. He would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat. Sin had taken him away from home, away from God; the point is, how did he ever get back?

I suppose you prodigals all want to know how he got back, and you want to know how to get back yourselves, hundreds of you here to-night. When the man began to come to himself, he woke up to the fact that the best friend he had in the world was his father. There was one thing that the prodigal never lost; he lost his work, he lost his food, his home, his testimony; but he never lost his father’s love. His father loved him right on through it all. I find that a good many men, who are living in sin, wonder why it is that God does not answer their prayers. Well, God loves them too much to answer their prayers. Suppose the son had written his father a letter, saying, “I am in want, suppose you send me some money.” The father would have loved him too well to answer that prayer. Your Heavenly Father loves you too well. If you have gone off into a foreign country; if you have got away from God’s tables, His arms will not reach you there to feed and clothe you. He wants you to go home to Him. That man had left home and gone into a foreign land, and the famine was sore upon him. One day a neighbor came down from his native country perhaps, and found the young man

there. Said he, "Why do you not go home?" "Well, I don't know. I am not sure my father will receive me." "Your father—he loves you as much as he ever did." "My father—did you see him?" "Yes; I was talking with your father one day last week." "What did he say? Does he ever speak of me?" "Ever speak of you! He never speaks of any one else. He dreams of you at night." Oh, if there is a poor prodigal here to-night, do not go on in that terrible delusion that your Father has forgotten you. Here is a father that has nine children, and one is a prodigal away from home, but he thinks more of that one son than he does of all the rest.

One of the greatest impediments a man has got is his terrible pride. This young man says, "I went away with abundance. I went away in grand style, and now I have got to go back in rags." Perhaps his pride kept him away for some time. One day he came to himself, and made up his mind to return to his father's house. He got down on his knees and buried his face in his hands, like Elijah upon Mount Carmel, and he began to think. He was busy thinking, and he says, "Well, I don't know, but I had better go home. I think perhaps I had. In fact, there is no one in the world who loves me as much as my father," and he just lets his mind go back into the past; it sweeps over his whole life; it goes down into his childhood; he remembers his father and mother,—how they loved him, and how they watched over him. He thinks of the tears of his mother. I cannot help but think he had lost his mother—for there is no one who could be more interested in the boy than his mother, and it don't say anything about her. He thinks how after mother died, father was about as tender as mother. He says, "I remember, the morning I left home, how the old man wept and sobbed over me. He tried to conceal his feelings, but I remember how he begged me to stay at home, and I remember how he prayed that morning around the family altar, how he asked the Lord God of Heaven to save his boy from sin, and how he asked that God might send His angels to watch over me." Everything was vivid in his mind miles away, back in his native town. He says, "Here I am, shoeless, coatless, and just covered with these miserable rags." And he took a look out in the future, and how dark it looked!

"Why, the very servants are better off than I am; there is bread enough and to spare in my father's house;" and the young man came to himself, and he said, "I will." That is the time that his heart turned back to his God. I would to

God we could get thousands to say that word to-night, "I will arise and go to my Father." Nine-tenths of the battle was won when he said, "I will arise and go to my father." He may be in a far country, but he will soon get home if he has made up his mind to come. And he made up a sort of a sermon he was going to preach when he got home. The first thing he was going to do was to confess. "I will confess that I have sinned against heaven. I will confess that I have done wrong, and I will ask if he will let me be as one of his servants."

Ah, he didn't know his father's heart; if he had he wouldn't have asked the rest. He says, "I will just ask my father to let me be as one of his servants." But now he had made up his mind to go home, and he starts. He goes to the citizen of that country, and he says, "I have made up my mind to go home, and I can't work for you any longer. My father is well off, and I am sure my father will receive me back." The citizen don't care anything about him; but there is a living heart there at home, and he starts. I see him on his way, and there is joy up there now; they ring the bells of heaven. I see the guardian angel that watches over him, and the moment he came to himself, then there was joy on high. Then the prodigal is out on his way—see him! I can just imagine his feelings as he came over the border of his native land—"It may be father has died; may be he is dead! If he is, may be I may not get a warm welcome." It was a good thing for the prodigal that his father was alive, wasn't it? He wouldn't have received a very warm welcome from that brother of his. Ah, young man, you had better make the most of that experience, and get home before that old father dies, unless you have got a godly, praying mother. Go down to your houses to-night, and write a letter to your mother or your father, and ask them to forgive you! Ask your Father in Heaven to forgive you.

But now see him as he is going along toward home, wondering if that father is alive waiting for him. There is the old man out on the flat roof. Many a time he has been there before. Many a time his eye has been looking in the direction where his boy went. He cannot tell him by any thing he has on; but love is keen. He saw his boy afar off; that was his long-lost boy. He starts out after him. You can see his long white hair floating through the air; he leaps over the highway; the spirit of youth has come upon him. The servants look at him leaping over the highway, and they wonder what

has come over him. It is the only time God is represented as running, just to meet a poor sinner. God walks. When those children of Israel were thrust in that fiery furnace, we find that God walked in that furnace. The whole story of that prodigal is just written to bring out God's love, or the compassion of God. "And when he saw him a great way off he had compassion on him." He did not wait for him to come. He did not say, "He went away without cause, I will not go to meet him." And when he meets him, he falls upon his neck, and he weeps over him; and the servants come running out to see what is the matter. And the boy begins to make his speech: "Father, I have sinned against Heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son!" And just as he was going to say, "Make me as one of thy hired servants," the father interrupts him, and he says to one servant, "Go bring the best robe and put it on him;" and to another, "Go to my jewel-box and get a ring and put it on his finger;" and to another one, "Go and get the shoes;" and to another, "Go and kill the fatted calf." And there was joy there. What joy there was in that home! "He had compassion on him."

My friend, don't you know that since then that story has been repeated nearly every day—prodigals going back—and I never yet heard of any man going back that did not get a warm welcome. There isn't a poor prodigal in New York but that if he will go back to his father he will receive a warm welcome. But that isn't the lesson we want to teach. It is not only to be reconciled to your earthly father, but, my friends, to your Heavenly Father. The most reasonable thing you can do is to go to your Heavenly Father and ask His forgiveness. I have got a letter here, I think it is one of the last letters I received from England. The letter goes on to state that a son and husband had left his father's house—left his wife and children without a cause; and now in closing up the letter the sister says, "He need not fear reproach, only love awaits him at home." That man may be here to-night. My words may reach him, and if so I beg him to return from his erring ways. Listen, your sister says that no reproach or harsh words will meet you on your return home, only love will welcome you when you enter the door. Oh, do not spurn your sister's words, or the tears of the loved ones far away. The father of the prodigal did not reproach his boy; did not have unwelcome words when he had returned from his wanderings. And so God does not reproach the sinner. He knows what human

nature is—how liable a mortal is to go astray. It is human to err. He is always ready to forgive and take you back. Christ says He will forgive; He is full of love and compassion and tenderness. If a poor sinner comes and confesses, God is willing and ready to forgive you. He will forgive you the hour, yes, the minute, of your return. Oh, you that have gone astray, remember this.

There was a lady that came down to Liverpool to see us privately; it was just before we were about to leave that city to go up to London to preach. With tears and sobs she told a very pitiful story. It was this: She said she had a boy of forty-nine years of age who had left her. She showed me his photograph, and asked me to put it in my pocket. "You stand before many and large assemblies, Mr. Moody. My boy may be in London now. Oh, look at the audiences to whom you will preach; look earnestly. You may see my dear boy before you. If you do see him tell him to come back to me. Oh, implore him to come to his sorrowing mother, to his deserted home. He may be in trouble; he may be suffering; tell him for his loving mother that all is forgiven and forgotten, and he will find comfort and peace at home." On the back of this photograph she had written his full name and address; she had noted his complexion, the color of his eyes and hair; why he had left home, and the cause of his so doing. "When you preach, Mr. Moody, look for my poor boy," were the parting words of that mother. That young man may be in this hall to-night. If he is, I want to tell him that your mother loves you still. I will read out his name, and if any of you ever hear of that young man just tell him that his mother is waiting with a loving heart and a tender embrace for him. His name is Arthur P. Oxley, of Manchester, England. You who have got children around and about you, and can feel the pangs that agitate the breasts of these families whose chief joy and delights are gone, lift up your hearts to God for this erring father and for this wandering boy. If they be anywhere yet on the face of the earth, pray to God that He will turn their hearts and bring them back.

Perhaps there is no subject in the Bible that takes hold of me with as great force as this subject of the wandering sinner. It enters deeply into my own life; it comes right home into our own family. The first thing I remember was the death of my father. It was a beautiful day in June when he fell suddenly dead. The shock made such an impression on me, young as I was, that I shall never forget it. I remember

nothing about the funeral, but his death has made a lasting impression upon me. The next thing that I remember was that my mother was taken very sick, and the next thing that occurred in our family that impressed itself on my young mind was that my eldest brother, to whom my mother looked up to comfort her in her loneliness and in great affliction, became a wanderer; he left home. I need not tell you how that mother mourned for her boy, how she waited day by day and month by month for his return. I need not say how night after night she watched and wept and prayed. Many a time we were told to go to the post-office to see if a letter had not come from him, but we had to bring back the sorrowful words, "No letter yet, mother." Many a time have I waked up and heard my mother pray, "O God, bring back my boy." Many a time did she lift her heart up to God in prayer for her boy. When the wintry gale would blow around the house, and the storm rage without the door, her dear face would wear a terribly anxious look, and she would utter, in piteous tones, "Oh, my dear boy; perhaps he is now on the ocean this fearful night. O God, preserve him!" We would sit around the fireside of an evening and ask her to tell us about our father, and she would talk for hours about him; but if the mention of my eldest brother should chance to come in, then all would be hushed; she never spoke of him but with tears. Many a time did she try to conceal them, but all would be in vain, and when Thanksgiving day would come a chair used to be set for him. Our friends and neighbors gave him up, but our mother had faith that she would see him again. One day in the middle of summer a stranger was seen approaching the house. He came up on the east piazza and looked upon my mother through the window. The man had a long beard, and when my mother first saw him she did not start or rise. But when she saw the great tears trickling down his cheeks, she cried, "It's my boy, my dear, dear boy," and sprang to the window. But there the boy stood, and said, "Mother, I will never cross the threshold until you say you forgive me." Do you think he had to stay there long? No, no; her arms were soon around him and she wept upon his shoulder, as did the father of the prodigal son. I heard of it while in a distant city, and what a thrill of joy shot through me! But what joy on earth can equal the joy in heaven when a prodigal comes home? This night your father wants you. Dear son, come to Him. Confess your sin, and He will have mercy upon you and forgive you. May heaven's blessing rest upon every soul here is my prayer. Let us pray.

TWENTY-FOURTH EVENING.

"And laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn."—ST. LUKE, 2d chap., part of 7th verse.

YOU will find my text this evening in the 2d chapter of the Gospel of Luke, a part of the 7th verse, "And laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn." For four thousand years the world had been looking for Christ. Prophets had been prophesying and the mothers of Israel had been praying and hoping that they might be the mother of that child, and now He has arrived, we find that He is laid in a borrowed cradle. "There was no room for them in the inn." He might have come with all the grandeur and glory of the upper world. He might have been ushered into this world with ten thousand angels, yea, legions upon legions of angels might have come to herald His advent. He might have been born in a palace or a castle. He might have been born upon a throne if He had chosen to, but He just became poor for your sake and mine. He passed by mansions and thrones and dominions, and went down into a manger. His cradle was not only borrowed, but almost everything that He had was borrowed—it was a borrowed beast He rode into Jerusalem on; it was a borrowed grave they laid Him in. When the Prince of Wales came to this country, what a welcome he received. There wasn't anything too good for him. When the Prince of Russia came to this country, I saw him as he was escorted up Broadway, and cheer upon cheer went up all the way. New York felt honored that they had such a guest. The Prince of Wales during the past few months has been in India, and what a reception he has been receiving there! Even those heathen are glad to do him honor. When the Prince of Heaven came down, what kind of a reception did He meet with? There were no hallelujahs from the people. He found that there was no room in Bethlehem for Him; there was no room in Jerusalem for Him. When He arrived at Jerusalem not only the King, but all Jerusalem, was

troubled. When the wise men told Herod, "He is King of the Jews, for we have seen His star in the East," not only the king upon the throne, but all Jerusalem was in trouble; and every man that had been looking for Him seemed to be troubled, and the whole city is excited. The king sends out and commands all infants under a certain age to be slain. No sooner the news comes that He is born the sword is unsheathed, and follows Him, you may say, to Calvary.

And has the world grown better? Is not this world about like that little town in Bethlehem—there is no room for Him? What nation wants Him to-day? Does this nation want Him? Suppose you should put it to a popular vote, I don't believe there is a town in the whole republic that would vote for Him. Does England want Him? England and the United States are perhaps the most Christianized countries on the globe, but I don't believe there is a town in England or in this country that would vote for Him. In fact, I might say, does the church of God want Him? We have got the forms, we are satisfied with them, but we deny the power. I am ashamed to say that there are many of our churches that really would not want Him. There would be a different state of things in the Church of God to-day if Christ should come. A great many church members do not want Him; they say "My life is not right." There are very few families in the whole city of New York that would make room for Him. They would make room for the greatest drunkard in New York, rather than make room for Him. Don't think the world is better if it don't make room for Him. If He should go to Washington, do you think they would make room for Him there? If a man should get up in Congress and say, "Thus saith the Lord," they would hoot him out; if Christ should go there, they would say, "He is too good, he is too honest, we don't want Him, we don't want honest men." When it comes to a real, personal God, the world don't want Him, the nations of the earth don't want Him. Does France want Him? Does Italy want Him? Oh, my friends, there is no room for Christ, yet it would be a glorious day if there was room for Him. I believe the millennium would soon be here. When He went to Decapolis, He found a man there filled with devils, and He cast out those devils, and the men of Decapolis came out and besought Him to go out of their coasts. Take what you call the fashionable society of New York, is He wanted there? They will talk about this church and that church; they will talk about Dr. So-and-so, and the Rev. So-and-so, and talk about

the Bible in schools, but when it comes to a real, personal Christ, and you ask them, "Do you want Christ in your heart?" they say, "O, sir, that is out of taste." I pity the man or woman that talks in that way. Is He wanted in commerce? Is He wanted on 'Change? If He was, men would have to keep their books different. Commercial men don't want Him.

You may ask the question, "Well, where is He wanted; who wants Him? Where is there room for the Son of God; who will make room for Him?" I wonder if there is any one here that ever had that feeling for five minutes. I think I have had that feeling for a day. There are some who wonder how people can commit suicide. It's no wonder to me. When men feel that there is no room for them, that no one wants them, when they feel that they are a burden to their friends, and a burden to themselves, why it drives them mad. I remember one day when I felt as if no one wanted me. I felt as if there was no room for me. For about twenty-four hours I had that awful feeling that no one wanted me. It seems to me as if that must have been the feeling of Christ. His neighbors didn't want Him; those Nazarenes didn't want Him; they would have taken Him to the brow of the hill and dashed Him to the bottom; they would have torn Him limb from limb, if they could. He went down into Capernaum, they didn't want Him there. Jerusalem didn't want Him, there was no room. To me, there is one of the most touching verses in the Bible, in the closing part of the 7th chapter of John. I believe it is the only place where Christ was left alone: "Every man went to his own house, and Jesus went to the Mount of Olives." I have often thought I would like to have met Him upon that mount. He was on the mount alone. There was no home for Him in Jerusalem; He was looked upon as a blasphemer; some thought He was possessed of devils, and so He was left alone. You could have seen Him under an olive tree, alone, and I imagine that night you could have heard Him crying to God for His own. And perhaps it was on that memorable occasion, or a similar occasion, when He said, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not whereon to lay His head." Thanks be to God there was a place. I have often thought of that little home at Bethany. It says that Martha received Him into her house. It was the best thing that Martha ever did; and do you think she ever regretted it? Little did she know that her loved brother was soon going to

die when she made room for Jesus. Ah, it was the best thing that Martha and Mary ever did when they received the village carpenter, the despised Nazarene, into their home. He used to have to walk down to the city two miles to Bethany, but there he always found room.

But look again, look in that home where Lazarus comes home sick. Some think his occupation was that of a scribe, that he was a writer, and one day he came home weary; perhaps he had headache, and fever seized him. One of the leading physicians of Jerusalem is sent for, and the third or fourth day he tells the sisters, "There is no hope for your brother, he is dying, he cannot live." And when all earthly hope had failed, and they had given up, then the sisters sent for Jesus. Those two sisters sent a messenger, perhaps one of the neighbors, off from Bethany; perhaps he would have to go twenty or thirty miles away, on the other side of Jordan, for they heard Jesus was there. They did not have papers in those days to tell them where He was, and if there had been papers they wouldn't have reported His meetings. There wouldn't have been a paper that would have taken the pains to report His meetings. They instructed the messenger to say, "Him whom Thou lovest is sick." That was enough. What a title to have to a man's name!—what a eulogy to have to a name! And when the messenger came and told the message, he told Him that him whom He loved was very sick; and the Lord Jesus turned to him and said, "I will go. Take back word to those two sisters. The sickness is not unto death, but I will come." And I can see those two sisters. How eager they are to find out what his success had been. "What did He say?" and the messenger answers, "Why, he said the sickness was not unto death, and he would come and see Lazarus." I can imagine Mary turns to the messenger and says, "I don't understand that. If He were a prophet He would certainly have known that Lazarus is dead, for he was dying when you went away, and he was already dead when he said the sickness is not unto death. Are you sure He said that?" "Yes, that was what He said." It might have been the second day after his death and He didn't come, and they watch and wait, and the third day they look for Him. "Why, it is so strange He treats us in this way." The fourth day comes, and it is noon, yet He has not come. I can imagine that on the fourth day in the afternoon they receive word that Jesus is just outside of the walls of Bethany with His disciples, and when He comes Martha says to Him, "If thou hadst been here my brother had

not died," and hear what gracious words fall from the lips of Jesus, "Thy brother shall live again." "Martha said unto Him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day." Hear the blissful words that fall from the lips of the Son of God: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Little did Martha think that He whom she was entertaining was the Resurrection and the Life, and what a privilege it was to have such a guest! And Christ says, "Where is Mary? go, call her." So Martha goes and calls Mary, and says, "Mary, the Master is come, and calleth for thee." Isn't there some Mary to-day whom He is calling for? Isn't there some unsaved Mary within these walls whom He is calling for? If there is, He wants to bind up your heart—He wants to take away your sin.

And when Mary comes she meets Him with the very same words that fell from the lips of Martha, "If thou hadst beer here my brother had not died;" and Christ says, "Where have ye laid him?" And now look at Him. Those two sisters are standing near Him, and perhaps are telling Him of the last moments of Lazarus, and how their hearts had been bleeding all these four days. And when He saw them weeping, and the Jews also weeping who came with them, the heart of the Son of God was moved with compassion and "Jesus wept." For it says, "He wept with them that wept," and the tears were streaming down His cheeks. "Then said the Jews, Behold how He loved him." And when Jesus came to the grave He said, "Take ye away the stone." But Martha says, "He has been dead four days, and by this time it is not proper to go near him." But He commanded them to take away the stone. "Then they took away the stone from the place where the dead was laid. And Jesus lifted up His eyes and said, Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast heard Me. And I knew Thou hearest Me always; but because of the people which stand by I said it that they may believe that Thou hast sent Me." And when he had thus spoken, he cried with a loud voice, "Lazarus, come forth." Some one has said, it was a good thing He called him by name, for if He hadn't all the dead men in that yard would have leaped up. "And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes, and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus saith unto them, 'Loose him and let him go.'"

In the little town of Bethany now the sun is just sinking

behind one of those Palestine hills, and it is now about dusk. You can see the Son of God perhaps, with Lazarus hold of His arm, and they walk through the street. Ah, that was the happiest home on earth that night. I believe there was no happier home than that in Bethany that night. Isn't it the very best thing that you can do to make room for Him?

Mothers, if you will make room for Him, you will entertain the best guest, the best stranger you ever entertained. Ah, Martha didn't know how near death was to that home when she received Christ, and, dear friends, you don't know how near death may be to you, and when death comes, what a comfort it is to have Christ to help us, to have His arms underneath us and bear us up. You need Him, and had better make room for Him, and if you make room for Him here in your hearts, He will make room for you, up there. He says in that chapter which I read, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." Instead of His disciples comforting Christ, there is Christ trying to comfort them. And now, while He is up yonder preparing a place for us, shall we not make room for Him down here? If the nations won't make room for Him, if the church won't make room for Him, if the families won't make room for Him, thanks be to God, we can make room for Him in our hearts. He says you are the temples of the Holy Ghost. "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?" Will you make room for Him this afternoon? Young lady, is there room for self? Is there room for the world? Is there room for pride? Is there room for jealousy? Is there room for every one and everything else but the Son of God? Will you turn Him away, or will you to-day make room for Him? Isn't it the very best thing you can do to make room for Christ? When He made this world, He made room for us, plenty of it. He made room for Himself in our hearts, but a usurper has come. My friends, won't you let the Son of God into your hearts, and won't you let Him dwell with you? The only room the world found for Him was just on the Cross. Now, suppose He were to come here, shall He come into this hall, and shall He go through this assembly, and shall He not find room in your hearts and mine, or will your heart be full like that full inn, in Bethlehem, or will you this afternoon, just while I am speaking, say, "Lord Jesus, I make room for you in my heart." Mother, ought not gratitude for

Him who has made a place for your loved ones in heaven, lead you to make room for Him? Won't you say, "Here is plenty of love, won't you come and dwell in my heart?" Just the very minute you receive Him, He will come. Am I speaking this afternoon to some poor fallen woman? Let me say to you, He received just such, and to-day He will come into your heart if you will just make room for Him. How many are there in this audience to-day that never have thanked the Lord Jesus for the blessings He has showered upon them! And, my friend, don't let this beautiful Sabbath pass without saying, "Jesus, there shall be room in my heart for thee hereafter," and then by-and-by He will receive you up yonder. If you will make room for Him here in your heart, you may be sure He will make room for you in one of His Father's mansions. Oh, this day and this hour, my friends, make room for Christ! Dear friends, don't you want Him? To-day, won't you make room for Him? Won't you just bow your heads, and, when you pray, pray that every soul that wants Christ, he may come to Him.

TWENTY-FIFTH EVENING.

THE BLOOD OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

WE have for our subject to-night, The Blood. I would like to call your attention to a few passages of Scripture in different portions of the Word of God. The first is in the 3d chapter of Genesis, the 21st verse: "Unto Adam also and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins and clothed them." That is the first glimpse we have of the shedding of blood.

To me it is a very sweet thought that God thus dealt in grace with Adam before He dealt in government. Some people complain of God's dealing with Adam, that He was very severe, but you will find God dealt in love with him. Some one said, He put the lamp of promise into his hand before He drove him out of Eden. The first thing was the promise that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head, and in the very same chapter we find that God consented to kill those innocent animals to make coats of skins. Of course the blood had to be shed in order to furnish those garments. As they went out of Eden, I think Adam might have said to Eve, "These garments are a token of God's love." God clothed them. He put cherubim at the gate of the garden, and a flaming sword to protect the Tree of Life, that they should not come and eat; but we find when the right time came, He took that very sword and opened the way back to the Tree of Life, so that we can all come to it now if we will.

In the 4th chapter of Genesis we find the great doctrine of the blood brought out: "And Abel, he also brought of the firstlings of his flock, and of the fat thereof, and the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering." In the morning of creation God had marked out a way for man to go. Abel took God's way; Cain wanted to go his own way. That is always the way. If you had talked to Cain, he would have said, "I do not know why the fruit of the earth should not be more acceptable to God than the blood of the lamb. I do

not understand why any one should bring blood for an offering; I am sure the ripened grain would be more acceptable to God than blood; I have a dislike for the very name of blood." You will find the world is full of Cainites and Abelites to-day. Some want to go to God in their way, and some wish to go to Him in His own way. The man who goes in his own way gets no life; it is all darkness until he goes in God's way. "Abel also brought of the firstlings of his flock, and of the fat thereof, and the Lord had respect unto Abel." He was a very religious man, but religion is one thing, and coming to God in His way is another. There are a great many who are very religious, and yet they do not like to go in God's way. There is no doctrine in the Old Bible written and spoken against so much as this very doctrine of the blood. From the time that Abel came with his bleeding lamb, man has disliked it. It shows how deceitful the heart is, that we do not like to go in God's way. These men had been brought up with the same surroundings. Up to this time we see no difference between the two men as to education, and yet there is a very great difference between their offerings. God accepted Abel's offering and did not accept Cain's, and consequently sin rose up in Cain's heart, and envy and hatred and malice, and he rose up and slew his brother. Sin leaped into the world full grown at one leap. The first-born was a murderer. When Abel first got to heaven and sang the song of redemption, there must have been but one soul in heaven when he came there alone, that could sing it. The angels could not join him, and they must have heard it with surprise; but that chorus has been swelling ever since that time, swelling for the last six thousand years. The first man who went to heaven had brought a bleeding lamb and put the blood thereof between him and his sin.

Will you look at the 8th chapter of Romans? "And Noah builded an altar unto the Lord, and took of every clean beast, and of every clean fowl, and offered burnt offerings on the altar." It was so important that he should have blood put between him and his sin, that God had him take clean animals for a sacrifice. We find the first 2000 years men were traveling by that highway. Way back there in Eden the scarlet line commences its course. You will find it running all through the Bible; you take it out of the Bible, and you take out all that book teaches. Those men who are trying to destroy that precious doctrine are at sea without sail; they do not know where they are. You cannot take up a place in

Scripture but you find the scarlet thread running through it. If you turn over to the 22d chapter of Genesis, you will find the story of Isaac's sacrifice. Abraham went in God's way. In the 13th verse, it is said, "And Abraham lifted up his eyes and looked, and behold, behind him a ram caught in the thicket by his horns, and Abraham went and took the ram and offered him up for a burnt offering instead of his son." There the doctrine of the blood is foreshadowed again. On that mountain we catch a glimpse of the blood; on Mount Moriah, which was close to Mount Calvary, where Christ was crucified—look at that scene!

For twenty-five long years, Abraham had been looking for that boy, and at the age of one hundred, God gave him Isaac. How he must have doted upon his boy! One night, God said to him, a few years after, "Abraham, take your son and go up to the mountain that I will show you, and offer him there as a sacrifice." He did not offer objections and ask why God had ordered it. God had told him to have faith in Him, and without consulting any one, not even his wife, he saddled an ass and took his son and told his wife he was going up to a mountain. He took the wood for a fire, and a knife, and his son, and away he went. I can imagine that father's feelings. He said to himself, "I do not understand it, but I know that God never makes any mistake. He never has told me to do anything but that it has brought honor and glory to His own name." I can imagine how the old man looked at the boy as he lay sleeping. He said, "In a little while my boy will be gone." I can see the tears on the old man's face as he gazed at him on that first night. On the second night I can see there was a struggle going on within him as he thought, "I will only have this lovely boy one night more." The third day comes, and in the morning he lifts up his eyes, and over yonder is Mount Moriah, and he says to the two young men who are with him, "You stay here, and Isaac and myself will go yonder and worship." They had the wood, they had the knife, but the lamb they had not. On the way up that mountain, the boy said to the father, "Father, where is the sacrifice? We have no lamb." And the father said, and it seemed prophetic, "The Lord will provide a lamb." And so He did in the fullness of time, the Son of His own bosom. "My son, the Lord will provide a lamb for a sacrifice," and on they went. The two worked together and built the altar, rolled up the stones and put wood on them. When everything was ready, I can imagine how the old man told his child that the Lord

had told him to take his boy and offer him up as a sacrifice, and after that they embraced and wept together. The old man binds his boy and puts him on that altar; he takes the knife, and is ready to drive it to the heart of his child; he is resolved to make quick work of it, but even while his hand is lifted, there is a voice from heaven, "Abraham, Abraham, spare thy son!" God so loved him that he spared his son, but He so loved you and me that He gave His own son for us all. There was no voice heard at Calvary, saying, "Spare my son." No angel came and took Him from the cross; but He gave Him up for us. And when Abraham looked around him, lo! there was a ram caught in a thicket, and he took the ram and slew him and offered him up for a burnt offering—and then was that scarlet thread trickling down Mount Moriah.

That was typical of God's own Son. We are told that when Abraham was on Mount Moriah God promised him that through his seed all nations of the earth should be blessed. Abraham walked by way of the blood. There is no other way. You cannot find any of God's children that have walked any other way. In Exodus, 12th chapter and 13th verse, you find, "And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are, and when I see the blood I will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon you when I smite the land of Egypt." "And when I see your good resolutions, your tears, your agonies, I will pass over you." The blood was a token that He gave them. Some people say, "Oh, it was not the death of Christ; it was His life; it was His moral character that was significant, and you should preach up His life and preach up His moral character." Let us preach these indeed, but let us not forget to preach His death—that Jesus Christ died for sinners, but did not live for them. He lay down His life and became a substitute for sinners. The Bible does not say that the living lamb shall be a token. If they had tied up a live lamb, death would have gone over that; but they were to take a lamb and kill it, and put its blood upon the door-posts, and when Death came down, wherever the blood was he did not go in.

Some say, "I wish I were as good as that one who has been visiting the poor and doing deeds of charity during the last fifty years; wouldn't I feel safe for heaven?" But oh, my dear friends, if you are sheltered by the blood of the Son of God, you are as safe as any man or woman on the face of the earth. That is not character, that is not deeds; it is the blood.

God says, "When I see the blood I will pass over you." Moses and Abraham and Joshua were no safer behind the blood than the little boy; it was the blood that kept Death out; it was not their good work. An old minister, when dying, said he had preached the gospel for fifty years, but when he was dying he did not rely upon his preaching or his works, but he requested them to bring his Bible to him, and put his hand upon the verse which said, "And the blood shall be to Him a token," and he said, "I put my hope upon that verse." It was not his preaching, it was not his good deeds; away with them. Works are all right in their place, but they do not save us. It was not what he had done, but what the blood had done. So, it is not the strongest, nor those who have the best character that are the safest, but those who are behind the blood.

Some one said the little fly in Noah's ark was as safe as the elephant. It was the ark that saved the elephant just as it was the ark that saved the fly. The question is, Have you got the token? It was the most absurd thing in the world to the Egyptians, this sprinkling of the blood. I can see the haughty Egyptian riding through the town and seeing the blood sprinkled on the door-posts, stopping to inquire what it meant. Every one was killing a lamb, and he heard their bleating. He said, "You must have gone clean mad. What is that for?" They answered, "God has told us that at midnight to-night there will be a cry in Egypt, that Death is doing his work, and every house that has not got blood upon its door-posts Death will enter and take the first-born." I can see that Egyptian now. How scornfully he looks upon those men! That is the way the world looks now upon it. They say, "What do you mean by the blood? The idea of being saved by the blood! The idea that the blood of another cleanses from sin!" And the proud, haughty world scoffs at the thought. Listen! At night Death came down. He entered the palace and the crown prince was laid low; and so on through every house in Egypt, taking the first-born alike of the rich and the poor. And only faith and its sign in blood upon the door-posts kept him out. The blood of Jesus Christ when it comes will be worth more than all the world. Your wealth, culture and refinement cannot help you when God comes to judge the world. The question is, Have you got the token? The world makes light and scoffs and ridicules the idea now as it did then.

But the time is coming when the blood of Jesus Christ will

be worth more to you than all the world. It is like Noah's ark. I can see those antediluvians scoffing at Noah. But one hour after the flood began to fall Noah's ark was worth more than all the world put together. My friends, you had better be wise. Be sure you have got the token. If I go down to the depot and want to go to Chicago, I go to the ticket office, I buy my ticket, and when I get aboard the train the conductor don't know who I am, and he don't care who I am. It makes no difference to him whether I am white or black, learned or unlearned. The question is, Have I got a ticket? Have I got the token? Pardon the illustration. The man that has got the token is safe. The man that has not got it is unsafe, I don't care what his life or character may be, and not only unsafe, but unsaved. And there is no salvation outside the blood of Jesus Christ. There is no other name whereby ye may be saved! To be sure this scene down in Goshen was typical.

Another thought. A good many Christians wonder they are so weak and have not more strength and do not grow strong like other people. You will find out in the eleventh verse. "And thou shalt yet eat it; with your loins girded, your shoes on your feet and your staff in your hand." They were not only to kill the lamb, and take the blood and put it on the doorpost, but they were to feed on the lamb. Now, the great trouble with Christians is they do not feed on the Lamb. Their idea is, if you get converted and join the church, that is enough, instead of feeding on the Lamb, and getting strong, and becoming giants in God's service. They have got the wilderness journey before them, and they should keep the staff in their hands and the shoes on their feet, and feed on the Lamb. Let us learn the lesson to feed on the Lamb, and if we feed on Christ we will have strength. If we neglect to feed and do not feed on it, we will become weak and feeble, and won't have the power. There is another thought. "This month shall be unto you the beginning of months." All the 400 years they had been in Egypt were rolled away. And, sinner, all these years that you are in the service of sin, you are just losing them; it is all lost time. These 400 years they had been in bondage in Egypt God rolled away, and said, "This shall be the beginning of months." And you know everything dates from the blood. What is 1874? You date back to the blood; you can't help it. It is the beginning of months to you, and God made Israel date back to that night when the lamb was slain, that they might not forget the

meaning of it. There is another thought in that chapter. The fourth verse is: "And if the household be too little for the lamb, let him and his neighbor next unto his house take it according to the number of the souls; every man according to his eating shall make your count for the lamb." It don't say, "If the lamb be too little for the household." Christ is enough for any family, for any household. If you will only just take Him, He is enough for the whole world and all can have Him if they will. Take now, Exodus 29th chapter and the 16th verse, "And thou shalt slay the ram and take his blood and sprinkle it round about upon the altar." Now, I have not got time to picture that scene, but I want to call your attention to this. The only way the High Priest came into the presence of God was to sprinkle blood round about the altar, and if he came without the blood he had no communion with God whatever. And from the time Adam fell until the present time, there has been no communion with God whatever, only through the blood. I don't care who the man is, if he ignores the blood, he has no communication with Heaven, he has no intercourse with Heaven. There is no other way. Away back in those days you find they came and sprinkled blood around the altar, and then they made their request to God. Don't think, dear friends, that God will have anything to do with you unless you come to Him in His way. If you attempt to come to God and ignore His Son, Heaven will be as brass to you. There will be no communication between your soul and God, until you go by His way. Then in the 30th chapter and the 10th verse, "And Aaron shall make an atonement upon the horns of it once in a year with the blood of the sin-offering of atonements." Atonement means at one. It brings the sinner and God at one. The only way they can come together is through the blood of Jesus.

Now, turn to Leviticus, 8th chapter and 23d verse. "And he slew it, and Moses took of the blood of it and put it upon the tip of Aaron's right ear, and upon the thumb of his right hand, and upon the great toe of his right foot." I used to read such passages and used to say, "What in the world does that mean?" Blood upon the ear, the hand, and the foot! What for? It seems very plain to me now. Blood upon the ear! A man can't hear the voice of God unless he is sheltered behind the blood. It is only the blood-bought that hear the voice of God. Why, you know in the 12th chapter of John, when God spake to His Son and said, "I have glorified my name and will glorify it again," the people said it thundered.

They could not tell the difference between the voice of God and thunder. But God's own children can hear it, and they can understand it. You take a man sheltered behind the blood, and let him come into this meeting, and he will understand what I mean. But next to him a man may sit and say, "What in the world is that man talking about?" It is a mystery to him. He don't understand it. Why? Because his ear is not open. No uncircumcised ear can hear the voice of God. And it is important to hear right.

Then blood upon the hand. A man may work for God, but it is only the blood-bought hand that can work for God. And now I tell you, dear friends, the greatest, the grandest mistake the church of God is making to-day, is getting ungodly men to do something for the church. It is keeping hundreds of men out of the Kingdom of God. We take ungodly men and make them trustees of the church, and take their money and say, "Their money is just as good as anybody else's money," and these men have an idea that they are buying their way to heaven, and they are even better in their own opinion than many true Christians. Then there are ungodly men singing in the choir and helping in the service of God. No man can do anything to please God until he is first sheltered behind the blood. I don't care who he is, I don't care what his life has been, God cannot accept it; he cannot work with God. Until sheltered behind the blood he cannot work or walk with God. A man will have no desire to walk with God until he is sheltered behind the blood, and brought into communion with God. God came down on sundry occasions and talked with Abraham and Jacob, but God never came down and walked with man until he put them behind the blood in Goshen. When the Israelites came to the Red Sea, they went through the Red Sea like giants. He walked with them in the wilderness. When they wanted bread He opened His hand and fed them: when they wanted water He brought it out of the rock. God walked with them. When Christ was down here they said to Him, "What shall we do?" Did he tell them to build colleges, teach in the Sabbath-school class, preach to the drunkard and feed the hungry, and clothe the naked? Ten thousand times, No! This is it: The work of God is to believe on Him, and if a man won't believe in God's Son he cannot hope to get to heaven in any other way. He that climbeth up the wall is a thief and a robber. No uncircumcised hand can work for God.

No uncircumcised foot can walk with God. Some may say,

"I cannot understand it; it is a very strange thing why God should demand blood." I will tell you why. He says, "The soul that sinneth shall surely die." That is the penalty. God's justice must be kept. He rides in a chariot with two wheels, of which justice is one and mercy another, and justice must be done as well as mercy. Why does God demand blood? God demands life. You have sold yourselves for naught. Christ comes and takes the place of the sinner, and dies in his stead, and it is through His precious blessed work of atonement on Calvary that we are saved. If there is any other way, my friends, I cannot find it. The life of all flesh is in the blood, and God has stamped the flesh with death, and He says it shall never come into His presence. And here comes in the glorious truth of the resurrection: "I am the resurrection and the life." All lost life in the first Adam; all got it in the second. Some people say: "It is a great mystery that sin came into the world." It is a greater mystery that God came down and bore the brunt of it Himself—that He took the saved into His own bosom and opened the way to the tree of life. Let me ask you to take up your Bibles and take up this great and glorious subject and study it a while, and you will have a reason for the hope within you. You will be able to tell how you are saved. It is not your good deeds, your tears, your prayers, but it is the finished work of Jesus Christ that saves you, because He died and gave Himself for us. I do not believe any one can get a true glimpse of Jesus Christ without loving Him.

There is a story of a man that went to California, when the excitement broke out, and left his wife and child in New England. He said as soon as he was successful he would send for them. It was a long time before he was successful, but at last he sent the money, and his wife and child came on to New York, and got on to one of those beautiful steamers, and started for San Francisco; and everything was going well. All at once, however, a cry was heard, "Fire, fire!" It ran through the vessel; the pumps were set to work and they got all the water they could, but they could not put it out. The flames gained on them and the captain ordered out the boats. But there were not life-boats enough to take all the passengers, and among the rest left on the deck was the mother of the lovely boy. The last boat was pushing away. If she did not get into that boat she must perish. She begged of the men to take her and her boy, but they said, "We dare not take any more." Her tears and entreaties at last touched the heart of

one of the men, and he said, "Let us take her." But the others would not, and at last they compromised by saying, "We will take one." What did that mother do? Did she leap into that life-boat and leave her boy behind to perish? That is not a mother's love. She hugged him, she kissed him and she dropped him over into the life-boat, and said, "If you live to see your father tell him I died to save you." Supposing that young boy has grown up to be a man, and he speaks contemptuously of such a mother, would you not say, "He is an ungrateful wretch?" But, sinner, what are you doing with Jesus? Did not He do more than that? Was not He numbered among the transgressors for us? Was not He wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities? Did not He die for the ungodly?

There is a story of a regiment in the Austrian army that was guilty of mutiny, and as they did not want to inflict the penalty of death upon the whole regiment, they decided that one man in ten should be shot. The regiment was drawn out in line and the officer went along taking out the tenth man. There was a father and a son. The son knew he could be spared better than the father. He was so anxious that the father should not be shot that he watched the officer, and saw, as he came nearer, that it would fall on his father. So the son stood behind his father, and pushed him into the place of life and took the place of death himself. So with us. We were condemned to die, and there was no hope and no way of escape, and Christ said, "Father, let me go and take that place," and He left the throne, and He came from heaven and died in our stead. And do you get up and go out of this hall and say, "I see no reason I should love Christ?" A young man said to me the other night, "I can go along without Christ; I don't need Him." Well, my friend, if you can get along without Him, He can get along without you. But He don't want you to perish; He wants you to live. May you find refuge behind the blood of Christ is my prayer.

TWENTY-SIXTH EVENING.

THE BLOOD OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

THOSE who were here yesterday will remember that we had for our subject, the blood, as found in the Old Testament. To-day we will consider it in the New Testament. There are those who say that it is all one story; that instead of being two books, it is but one. There is one class of people who say they believe in the New, but not in the Old Testament, and another class believes in the Old Testament, but not in the New. But if you read it carefully, you cannot divide it. If you change any part of it it is all gone. The very passages that some wish to throw out of the Old Testament and yet believe the New Testament, these very passages confirm the others. Some say, "I do not believe there was such a thing as a deluge; we do not believe there was any such thing as a flood." But Christ says, "As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be." Some say, "We do not believe that Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed in flames and buried, do you?" Yes, we believe what Christ believed. He says, "Remember Lot's wife." They say, "We do not believe the whale ever swallowed Jonah, do you?" Yes, we believe what Christ taught; and when Christ says, "As Jonah was three days in the whale's belly," He put His divine soul into the Old Testament as in the New. It is one book, therefore. Whoever touches any part of the Bible touches it all. That is what the questioner is trying to do, to break down the word of God, and our confidence in God's testimony, and God's record of His Son. Yesterday I did not have time to go through the Old Testament, to say all I wanted to say about the blood as there described. To-day we will pass over into the New Testament, and see what Scripture says about blood in the New Testament.

The first thing I call your attention to is that we are redeemed by the blood. There is no other redemption. In the 1st Epistle of Peter, 1st chapter, 18th verse: "Forasmuch as

ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers, . . . but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." You are redeemed by the precious blood of Christ. Redemption is more than salvation, really. A man might rescue another from sudden death. He might see a man in a carriage, with the horses dashing through the street, and in a moment his life would be gone, dashed to pieces against the wall. He might stop that steed and save the man's life. He would be the saviour of that man. Christ is more than our Saviour. He is our Redeemer. He has redeemed us with His blood. Redemption is to buy back. When Christ came, He bought us back. He says you have sold yourselves for naught, but you shall be redeemed without money. Though salvation is free to us, and it is without money and without price, yet it cost God all that He had to do it. It was the blood of Christ, His only Son, that redeemed us. It cost Him His precious blood to buy us back. Do you think silver and gold could have redeemed this world? Why God could have created millions of worlds of gold, if silver and gold could have done it, but we could be redeemed not by such corruptible things as silver and gold. The apostle looks upon these with scorn and contempt, when it comes to the subject of redemption. You are redeemed by the precious blood of the Son of God, as of a lamb without spot or blemish. The joy of every Christian is that he has been bought back by the blood of Christ. Once, when I was going to speak in a little town, on our way there, there was a young man riding in front of us, and I said to my companion, "Who is that young man? I do not remember to have seen him before." He said, Look over there. Do you see that beautiful meadow, and that large farm, and the house over there? That young man's father drank that all up while he lived, and his son, there, went away, and went industriously to work, and accumulated money, and came back, redeemed the old homestead, and took his mother out of the poorhouse, and is now on his way to church, there, with his mother." That was the story of the old Adam. He did the same thing. He sold us out to the hands of justice; and the Son of God came to buy us back. A friend of mine was coming from Dublin, some time ago, and met an Irish boy with an English sparrow in his hands. The bird was trembling for its life, and trying to get back its liberty; but the boy was stronger than the sparrow, and would not let it es-

cape. The man tried to get the boy to let the bird go. He said, "My boy, why don't you open your hands and let the bird fly away?" The boy replied, "Faith, and I won't be doing that, when I have been after him for hours, and have just got him." Then he tried to get the boy to do it from principle, telling him that it was right to let the poor bird have its freedom again, but the boy would not do it, and finally the man bought him with a piece of money. When he put the money into the boy's hand, in so doing he redeemed the sparrow. At first, the little thing did not realize that it had its liberty. It chirped a few times, and looked around, and then it tried its little wings again, and went up singing, as if it said, "Thank you, thank you; you have redeemed me." That is what Christ did. And He says, "I will contend with him that contendeth against thee." He gave us our ransom. He redeemed with His own blood this lost world. There is redemption for every soul that wants to be redeemed.

We are not only redeemed by blood, but we are justified. This is more than pardon. If a man is washed in the blood, he is as just as if he had never sinned. The question was asked me, "How can a man be justified with God?" A man is justified by His precious blood. In the 3d chapter of Romans, 23d verse, it says, "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God. Being justified freely by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus." So, if a man has been redeemed by the blood of Christ, he is justified. Or, in other words, God says, "I have nothing in my heart against you." We talk about our sins being pardoned and forgiven. In reality no sinner is forgiven. Sin has to be atoned for, and the Son of God has made atonement. He has justified us with His own blood. In the 5th chapter of Romans, 9th verse, it says, "Much more, then, being now justified by His blood, we shall be saved from wrath through Him." Then, another thing the blood does; it makes us all equal—one kindred, with one tongue, one language. A man that has been sheltered by the blood of Christ, he talks the same language with every other that has been so sheltered. You can tell a man that talks the language of Zion. He may not be able to talk the same language, but his language has the same spirit. Paul says in the 17th chapter of Acts, 26th verse, "And hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." Hath made of all nations one blood! The blood of Jesus Christ brings us together, makes us one, brings us all to one level.

Just before the war came on, during the days of slavery, I was in Boston. They were very exciting times there then, and Dr. Kirk was preaching on the subject of the cross. It was during the great strife, when there was a great deal of hatred and suspicion against foreigners then in our country. It was in the time of the Know-Nothing party, and there was a great deal of feeling against the blacks and a great deal of feeling against the Irish. Dr. Kirk said when he came up to the cross to get salvation, he found a poor black man on the right and an Irishman on his left, and the blood came trickling down from the wounded side of the Son of God, and made them all brothers and all alike and equal. That is what the blood does. It makes us all one kindred and brings us all into the family of God. We are all saved by the same blood. The blood has two cries. It either cries for our condemnation or for our salvation. If we reject the blood, it cries out for our condemnation. If we are sheltered behind the blood, and if we fly to that blood for refuge, it cries out for our protection and for our salvation. We will turn a moment to the First Colossians, 1st chapter and 20th verse, "And having made peace through the blood of His cross;" and then with that let us read a verse that one will find in John, 19th chapter and the 34th verse, "But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced His side, and forthwith came there out blood and water. And he that saw it bare record, and his record is true, and he knoweth that he saith true." He saw the blood that came out of that side, and thought now there is the blood that speaketh peace. But you know when Pilate washed his hands and said "I am innocent of the blood of this just man," the mob cried out, "Let His blood be upon us and upon our children." Not to save us, not to redeem us, not to wash us, not to justify us, not to cleanse us, but "Let His blood be upon us and upon our children. We are responsible for the act." They took it upon themselves, but what a prayer it was! Would to God that the prayer had been, "His blood be upon us and our children to cleanse us and save us and speak peace to our guilty conscience." How it would have been blessed! But their cry was let His blood be upon us, said in all scorn and derision. That is the cry to-day of hundreds of thousands: "We are not going to be saved by the blood; we don't believe in any such thing. We will be responsible for rejecting Him and casting Him away." Oh, my friends, if we ignore the blood we are lost. There is no other way of being cleansed from our sins. It says in the 1st chapter of Revelation and 5th verse

"Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood." Now, if He so washed us, we are clean. If the Son, by His coming, washed us, and if the blood did not cleanse us, how are we to be cleansed? How are we ever to come into the presence of the pure and holy God, and see Him in high heaven, where He sits upon His throne? No man until he is washed by the blood can see God—he will have no desire to see Him.

Some people tell us that the Bible does not contain anything on the subject of the blood. I received a letter from a lady some time ago stating that it was the Apostles that taught it; that Christ did not say one solitary word about it; so she threw out the epistles and the teaching of Paul, and said she took the teachings of Jesus Christ, because there was no blood in them. In Matthew, 26th chapter and 28th verse, it says, for this is "My blood of the New Testament which is shed for many for the remission of sins," and then you will find in the 9th chapter of Hebrews, 22d verse, that "without the shedding of blood there is no remission." I would like to ask the people who believe in the Bible and yet try to ignore the doctrine of blood, What are you going to do with that portion of Scripture where it says that "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission?" From the time that Adam fell in Eden to the present time there has never been a soul saved but by the shedding of blood, there has never been a soul prepared for the coming to God except by the shedding of blood. The Holy Ghost comes and dwells with that soul that is washed in the blood of redemption, and it becomes a temple for the Holy Ghost to dwell in, but never until it has been cleansed by the shedding of the blood.

"There is a fountain filled with blood, drawn from Immanuel's veins." Why do we sing that song? Why do we like to sing that hymn? It is because it has got the blood in it. The hymns that have the scarlet line running through them will never be lost. That hymn never will be lost; as long as there is a church on earth it will be sung. There is not a nation in the world, where there is a Christian, but that they have that hymn translated into their own language. I question if there is an hour in the whole twenty-four but in some parts of the earth they are singing that hymn—"There is a fountain filled with blood drawn from Immanuel's veins." Why do you like that hymn, "Just as I am, without one plea, save that Thy blood was shed for me?" Why is it that that hymn is so popular? Why does the Church of God like it and sing

it? Why do we sing it so often? Because it has got the precious blood in it. Then there is the familiar hymn, "Rock of ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in Thee," etc. Why do we all like that so much? Because it speaks of that fountain which has been opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanness, whereby your sins may be washed away in the blood of the Lamb. Everything that blood touches it redeems. When the blood came out of the Son of God and touched the Roman spear it touched the Roman covenant, and when the blood came out and touched this earth it redeemed it. Though the usurper has got it now, Jesus Christ will have it by and by. Everything that blood touches it purifies and redeems.

And so, my friends, what you want is to have the blood applied to you, applied to your sins. You want to be cleansed by it, and as long as there is blood upon the mercy-seat there is hope for the vilest sinner that walks the face of the earth. God, seeing us look at the blood upon the mercy-seat, says, "Press in! Press in, sinners! Press into the Kingdom of God!" The vilest can come if he will. That is what the blood of Christ was shed for, to cover sin and to bless us and wash us and prepare us for God's Kingdom. You may turn a moment to Hebrews, 10th chapter. I wish I had time to go through Hebrews with this wonderful subject, for there is more said in Hebrews about the blood than in any other book in the Bible. Now, it says at the 19th verse: "Having, therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which He hath consecrated for us through the vail, that is to say, His flesh." Before he had to go to the high priest, but now God has opened a new and living way and made all His children kings and priests, and we don't now need any one to intercede for us. When Christ said "It is finished," the vail of the temple was rent. It does not say it was rent from the bottom up. No, it was rent downwards. It was God that seized that vail and tore it open, and God came out and man can go in there now. Through His flesh the vail was rent, and now all of us, through the precious blood of Christ, are made kings and priests, and can go boldly into the holiest. Now a living way has been opened. That is what Christ has done. "By a new and living way which He hath consecrated for us through the vail, that is to say, His flesh; and having a high priest over the house of God, let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience and our bodies washed with pure water. Let us hold fast the profession of

our faith without wavering, for He is faithful that promised." Now turn to the 28th verse of that same chapter: "He that despised Moses's law died without mercy under two or three witnesses. Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy who hath trodden under foot the Son of God and hath counted the blood of the covenant wherewith he was sanctified an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the spirit of grace?"

Now, I would like to ask friends here to-day that ignore the whole subject of the blood, where is your hope? What is it based on? What are you building your hopes of heaven on? Is it on your good deeds? He says those men that despised Moses's law died without mercy. How much more worthy of punishment shall he be thought who hath trodden under foot the blood of the Son of God, the blood of the covenant? I heard of a man some time ago that was going to get into heaven in his own way. He did not believe in the Bible or the love of God, but was going to get in on account of his good deeds. He was very liberal, gave a great deal of money, and he thought the more he gave the better it would be in the other world. I don't, as a general thing, believe in dreams, but sometimes they teach good lessons. Well, this man dreamed one night that he was building a ladder to heaven, and he dreamed that every good deed he did it put him one round higher on this ladder, and when he did an extra good deed it put him up a good many rounds; and in his dream he kept going, going up, until at last he got out of sight, and he went on and on doing his good deeds, and the ladder went up higher and higher, until at last he thought he saw it run up to the very throne of God. Then, in his dream, he died, and a mighty Voice came rolling down from above, "He that climbeth up some other way the same is a thief and a robber," and down came his ladder, and he woke from his sleep and thought, "if I go to heaven I must go some other way." My friends, it is by the way of the blood that we are to get to heaven. If a man has got to pay his way there, only a few can get there. What are you going to do with these poor sick people who cannot work at all and make money to bestow on others? Are they to be lost and damned? No, thank God! He has made the way so easy and open that the weak and the young and the smallest and poorest can be saved if they will. He has made a new and living way right up to the Throne. The despised and persecuted can go up as well as anybody else. Let me read that again: "He that despised

Moses's law died without mercy under two or three witnesses." That is established. You can go out of the Bible and find that in history.

Now, friends, let me ask you where is your hope? How are you going to be saved? If the Bible is true, and I suppose there is hardly one here but believes in it, what are you going to do with that passage that says in Hebrews, "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission?" If you have this blessed Gospel of Jesus Christ offered to you, sent to you, and you send back the insulting message that you don't want it, where is your hope? What is your hope? How are you going to be saved? How are you going to escape the condemnation of the law? Now, I have travelled considerably during the last two or three years and have met many ministers, and I have learned that the man who makes much of the blood in his preaching, much of the Atonement, and holds up Christ as the only Substitute, God honors his preaching; and the man that covers up this glorious truth there is no power in his preaching. He may draw great crowds, and they may hover around him for a few years, but when he at last goes, the church itself goes down because it had no power in itself, their prayer-meetings had no power. The minister would get up a good choir and a great crowd to hear the music and the fine singing, but when it comes to a real spirit of power they have not got it; and any religion that takes the blood and covers it up hasn't any power.

I was in a city in Europe and a young minister came to me and said, "Moody, what makes the difference between your success in preaching and mine? Either you are right and I am wrong, or I am right and you are wrong." Said I, "I don't know what the difference is, for you have heard me and I have never heard you preach. What is the difference?" Said he, "You make a great deal out of the death of Christ, and I don't make anything out of it. I don't think it has anything to do with it. I preach the life." Said I, "What do you do with this: 'He hath borne our sins in His own body on the tree?'" Said he, "I never preached that." Said I, "What do you do with this: 'He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities, and with His stripes we are healed?'" Said he, "I never preached that." "Well," said I again, "what do you do with this—'without the shedding of blood there is no remission?'" Said he, "I never preached that." I asked him, "What do you preach?" "Well," he says, "I preach a moral essay." Said I, "My friend, if you take the blood out of the Bible, it is all a myth

to me." Said he, "I think the whole thing is a sham." "Then," said I, "I advise you to get out of the ministry very quick. I would not preach a sham. If the Bible is untrue, let us stop preaching, and come out at once like men, and fight against it if it is a sham and untrue; but if these things are true, and Jesus Christ left heaven and came into this world to shed His blood and save sinners, then let us lay hold of it and preach it, in season and out of season." In the college at Princeton this last year, when the students were ready to go forth into the world, the old man, their instructor, would stand up there and say, "Young men, make much of the blood. Young men, make much of the blood!" and I have learned this, that a minister who makes much of the blood and makes much of substitution and holds Christ up as the sinner's only hope, God blesses his preaching. And if the Apostles didn't preach that, what did they preach? You take the great doctrine of substitution out of the preaching of Paul, Peter, John. James, and Philip, and of all those holy men, and you take out all that they preached. And so, my friends, there don't seem to be one ray of hope for the man that ignores the blessed, blessed subject of the blood. "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission."

It is said of Julian, the great apostate, that when he was trying to stamp out Christianity in the days of Rome's prosperity, before it received Christianity, when he was trying to drive those Christians away, he received a mortal wound, and as he pulled the spear out of his side, he took a handful of the blood that gushed forth from the wound, and threw it toward heaven as he reeled and staggered, crying out, "There, Galilean! Thou hast conquered!" We are all conquered, overcome by the blood of the Lamb. The only way to Heaven is by the Word of His testimony and His blood. Revelation is full of the subject. It would take days to go through Revelation and see all it contains about blood. The only thing that Christ left down here in the world of His person was His blood. His flesh, His bones, He took away with Him, and when He hung there on Calvary, and the blood came out of His hands, and out of His feet, and from His bruised side, and trickled down on the earth, it was never gathered up. It was left there, and God holds the world responsible for it. What are you going to do with it? Are you going to trample it under foot, and send a message to Heaven that you don't care for it, that you despise, hate it? Or, are you going to find a refuge and shelter behind it? It is Christ's,

shed for the salvation of every soul here within these walls. It is said every man that goes up goes by the way of the blood. You cannot think about Abel, but you think of the bleeding Lamb. So, my friends, the question to-day is, what are you going to do with this subject? I have heard of an English lady who was greatly troubled about her soul for several months, and the way her conversion was brought about, was this: She told her servant one day to go out and kill a lamb, and told him what to do with all of the different parts except the blood, and presently after he had killed the lamb he came in and asked her, "What shall I do with the blood of the lamb?" And God used it as the arrow that should go down into her soul; and she began to walk her room and ask herself, "What shall I do with the blood of the Son of God?" What are you going to do with that precious blood that flows out of Calvary? Are you going to let it cleanse you from sin? What say you? Will you take it and by and by stand with your garments made white by the blood of the Lamb, and sing the song of redemption?

During the war, a New York minister, I think it was, came down among the soldiers in the hospital, and preached to them the way to Christ, and helped them in their dying hours. He found one man whose eyes were closed, and who was muttering something about "blood, blood;" and the old doctor thought he was thinking of the carnage of the battlefield and the blood he had seen there, and going up to him, he tried to divert his mind; but the young man looked up and said, "Oh, doctor, it was not that that I was thinking of; I was thinking how precious the blood of Christ is to me now that I am dying. It covers all my sins." Oh, my friends, the dying hour will come. We are hastening on to death. If Christ is not your all in all, what is to become of you? I was on the Pacific coast some time ago, and there they were telling me about a stage-driver who had died a little while ago, and you that have been there know that those men who drive those coaches make a great deal of the brake, for they have to keep their feet upon it all the time going down the mountains; and as this poor fellow was breathing his last in his bed, he cried out, "I am on the down grade, and can't reach the brake!" Those were his last words. There was not a stage-driver there, when I was there, but was talking about it. Just about that time a very eminent man in our country was dying here in New York or New Jersey—a holy man of God, who had lifted the banner of Christ and won many to Christ,

and he was passing away in the prime of life. There stood his wife and friends around his bedside, and there was seemingly a heavenly halo around that couch, and just expiring, he said, "I am sweeping through the gates washed in the blood of the Lamb." Those were his last words. They live to-day in the nation. I believe they will never be forgotten. Your time will come, and then it will be grand to die with those words upon your lips—"I am sweeping through the gates washed in the blood of the Lamb."

TWENTY-SEVENTH EVENING.

HEAVEN.

WE have for our subject this evening, Heaven. It is not as some talk about heaven, as just the air. I find a good many people now that think there is no heaven only just here in this world, that this is all the heaven we will ever see. I talked with a man the other day who said he thought there is nothing to justify us in believing there is any other heaven than that which we are in now. Well, if this is heaven, it is a very strange kind of heaven—this world of sickness and sorrow and sin. If he thinks this is really all the heaven we are going to see he has a queer idea of it. There are three heavens spoken of in the Bible, and the Hebrews acknowledge in their writings three heavens. The first is the aerial—the air, the wind, the air that the birds fly in; that is one heaven. Then, there is the heaven of the firmament, where the stars are; and then there is the heaven of heavens, where God's throne is and the mansions of the Lord are—the mansions of light and peace, the home of the blessed, the home of the Redeemer, where the angels dwell. That is the heaven that we believe in and the heaven that we want to talk about to-day. We believe it is just as much a place and just as much a city as New York is, and a good deal more, because New York will pass away and that city will bide forever. It has foundations whose builder and maker is God. I do not think it is wrong for us to speculate and think about and talk about heaven. I was going to meeting once some time ago, when I was asked by a friend on the way, "What will be the subject of your speech?" I said, "My subject will be heaven." He scowled, and I asked, "Why do you look so?" He said, "I was in hopes you would give us something practical to-night. We cannot know anything about heaven. It is all speculation." Now, all Scripture is given to us by the inspiration of God. Some is given for warnings, some for encouragement.

If God did not want us to think about heaven and talk about it down here, there would not be so much said about heaven in Scripture. There would not be so many promises about it. If we thought more about those mansions God is preparing for us, we would be thinking more of things above and less of things of this earth.

I like to locate heaven and find out all about it I can. I expect to live there through eternity. If I was going to dwell in any place in this country, if I were going to make it my home, I would want to inquire all about the place, about its climate, about what kind of neighbors I was going to have, about the schools for my children, about everything, in fact, that I could learn concerning it. If any of you who are here were going to emigrate, going off to some other country, and I was going to take that for my subject to-night, why, would not all your ears be open to hear what you could learn about it? Would you then be looking around to see who was sitting next you, and who among your acquaintances were here, and what people were thinking about you? You would be all interested in hearing of this country that I was talking about. You could not think anything about the latest fashion or about some woman's bonnet. If it is true that we are going to spend eternity in another world, and that God is inviting us to spend it with Him, shall we not look and listen, and find out where He is and who is there and how we are to get there? Soon after I was converted an infidel got hold of me one day, and he asked me why I looked up when I prayed. He said that heaven was no more above us than below us, that heaven was everywhere. Well, I was greatly bewildered, and the next time I prayed it did seem as though I was praying into the air. His words had sowed the seed. Since then I have not only become better acquainted with the Bible, but I have come to see that heaven is above us; it is upward. If you will turn to the 17th chapter of Genesis, you will see that it says that God went up from Abraham. In the 3d chapter of John, in the wonderful conversation that Christ had with Nicodemus, He told them that He came down from heaven, and as we read in the 1st chapter of Acts, "They saw Him go up into heaven"—not down—"and the clouds received Him out of their sight." If you will turn to the 8th chapter of 1st Kings, 30th verse, I will show you that God has a dwelling-place. A great many people have gone upon their reason until they have reasoned away God. They say God is not a person that we can ever see. He is God of Nature. "And hearken Thou to the

supplication of Thy servant, and of Thy people Israel, when they shall pray towards this place; and hear thou in heaven, Thy dwelling-place, and when Thou hearest, forgive." Some people are trying to find out and wonder how far heaven is away. There is one thing we know about that: it is that it is not so far away but that God can hear us when we pray. There is not a sigh goes up to Him but that He hears it. He hears His children when they cry. God has a throne and a dwelling-place in heaven. In the 7th chapter of 2d Chronicles, 14th verse, it says, "If My people which are called by My name shall humble themselves, and pray and seek My face and turn from their wicked ways, then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land."

There are a good many promises given us to encourage us to pray, and to teach us that God hears us when we do pray, that He is not so far away but that He hears us. When Christ was on earth, they came to Him and said, "Teach us how to pray to our heavenly Father." He taught them a prayer. It began, "Our Father which art"—not on earth—no, but "Our Father which art in heaven." Now, when we go to heaven we will be with our Father Himself. If you will turn to the 7th chapter of Acts, 15th verse, it says, "But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God and Jesus standing on the right hand of God"—which shows that heaven is not so far away but that God can allow us to look into it, if He will. "And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my Spirit." Thus we have it clearly established from Scripture teachings, that not only is heaven the dwelling place of God the Father but of Jesus Christ the Son. A great many think that there is but one person. There is but one God, but there are three persons, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. When I get to heaven I expect to see them all there. There is Christ standing on the right hand of God. Stephen saw Him. We have got Christ there; heaven would not be all that we love unless Christ was there. I would be unhappy when I got to heaven if I could not find Him there who redeemed me, who died for me, who bought me with His own blood. Some one asked a Christian man once, what he expected to do when he got to heaven? He said he expected to spend the first thousand years in looking at Jesus Christ, and after that he would look for Peter, and then for James, and for John, and all the time he could conceive of would be joyfully filled with looking

upon these great persons. But oh, it seems to me that one look at Jesus Christ will more than reward us for all that we have ever done for Him down here; for all the sacrifices we can possibly make for Him, just to see Him; and not only that, but we shall become like Him when we once have seen Him, because we shall be like the Master Himself. Jesus, the Saviour of the world, will be there. We shall see Him face to face.

It won't be the pearly gates; it won't be the jasper walls and the streets paved with transparent gold that shall make it heaven for us. These would not satisfy us. If these were all, we would not want to stay there forever. I heard the other day of a child whose mother was very sick; and while she lay very low, one of the neighbors took the child away to stay with her until the mother should be well again. But instead of getting better, the mother died, and they thought they would not take the child home until the funeral was all over, and would never tell her about her mother being dead. So a while afterward they brought the little girl home. First she went into the sitting-room to find her mother; then she went into the parlor to find her mother there; and she went from one end of the house to the other, and could not find her. At last she said, "Where is my mamma?" And when they told her her mamma was gone, the little thing wanted to go back to the neighbor's house again. Home had lost its attractions to her since her mother was not there any longer. No, it is not the jasper walls and the pearly gates that are going to make heaven attractive. It is the being with God. We shall be in the presence of the Redeemer. We shall be forever with the Lord.

We have now seen that God the Father and God the Son are dwelling in heaven. Will you turn to the 18th chapter of Matthew, 10th verse: "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." So we shall have the company of angels when we go there. We find when Gabriel came down and told Zachariah that he should have a son, Zachariah doubted his word, and Gabriel replied, "I am Gabriel that stands in the presence of God." It says in Luke, 2d chapter and 13th verse, that after one angel had proclaimed that Jesus was born in Bethlehem, there was a multitude of the heavenly host telling out the wonderful story. So, we have angels in heaven. We have God the Father and Christ the Son and

angels dwelling there. The angels undoubtedly wander away from the throne of God to this worldly sphere, to watch over the soul's welfare of those they have left behind. It may be that some angels are hovering over the souls here to-night, to see if some one will decide in favor of the Lord's side.

And we have not only the presence of the angels already established, but we have friends. Those who have died in the Lord are there. Do you believe that Stephen is not there, after his martyrdom? Do you believe God did not answer that prayer of his, "Lord, receive my spirit?" Undoubtedly, the moment that spirit left that body it winged its way to the world of light. Do you think those who have died in Christ are not there with the Master to-day? What does Paul mean when he says, "Absent from the body, present with the spirit?" All the redeemed ones are in Heaven. We talk about "the best of earth." They are not down here. They are up in Heaven. The best that ever trod this earth are up there around the throne singing their songs of praise, the sweetest songs you ever heard. Turn to John, 12th chapter and 26th verse: "If any man serve Me, let him follow Me; and where I am there shall also My servant be; if any man serve Me him will my Father honor." I want to call your attention to this: "Where I am there shall also My servants be." They shall be with Him. We have it clearly established. Will you turn to the 7th chapter of Revelation, 9th and 10th verses: "After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb."

There are redeemed saints around the throne. You may say, "Well, what good does that do me? That will not help me. What I want to know is, have I an interest in that land?" Well, I cannot speak for the rest of you, but I can say that it is the privilege of every one in this audience to know that their names may be written in Heaven if they care to have them there. When the seventy went out to preach, in every town they went to there was a great revival; people are prejudiced against revivals these days, but they are as old as the world. When these men went out two by two and proclaimed the Gospel, their cry was, "Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand;" and the seventy returned elated with their wonderful success. They thought all they had to do was

to speak and the whole world would be moved ; but they were told, " Rejoice not at your success in these cities ; rejoice that your names are written in Heaven." It is a grand thing for a man or woman to know that his or her name is written in Heaven. Young lady, do you know to-day that your name is there ? Young man, do you know that your name is written in Heaven ? Do you think that Christ would have told these men to rejoice if He had not known that their names were written there ? Some persons say that you cannot be sure ; but that is one of the greatest delusions of the devil. If we cannot be certain of being saved, then we cannot preach salvation. There is not one passage of Scripture that gives us reason to doubt our own salvation. " I know that my Redeemer liveth ;" in Him I believe. I know that I have passed in this world from death to life ; I know, I know, I know—that is the way the Scripture speaks in regard to our salvation, and so if you do not know to-day that your name is written in Heaven ; if no spirit bears witness with your spirit that your name is written in Heaven, oh do not sleep to-night until you do know it ! It is the privilege of every man and woman in this house to know it if he will.

Would you just turn to a few passages in the Scriptures ? Turn back to the prophecy of Daniel a moment, the 12th chapter and 1st verse : " And at that time shall Michael stand up, the great prince which standeth for the children of thy people ; and there shall be a time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation, even to that same time ; and at that time thy people shall be delivered, every one that shall be found within the book." Every one that shall be found written—not in the church book ; a good many have got their names written on some church record that have not got them written in the book of life—but every one whose name is found written in the book of life shall be delivered. Then would you turn a moment to Paul's epistle to the Philippians, 4th chapter, 3d verse : " And I entreat thee also, true yoke-fellow, help those women which labored with me in the Gospel, with Clement also, and with other my fellow-laborers whose names are in the Book of Life." Why, it is not only they themselves who know it, but Paul seemed to know their names were there. He sent them greeting " whose names are in the Book of Life." My dear friend, is your name there ? It seems to me it is a very sweet thought to think we can have our names there and know it ; that we can send our name on ahead of us, and know it is written in the Book of Life.

I had a friend coming back from Europe some time ago and she came down with some other Americans from London to Liverpool. On the train down they were talking about the hotel they would stop at. They had got to stay there a day or two before the boat sailed, and so they all concluded to go to the North Western Hotel, but when they reached Liverpool they found that the hotel was completely filled, and had been full for days. Every room was taken, and the party started to go out, but this lady did not go with them, and they asked her, "Why, are you not coming?" "No," said she, "I am going to stay here." "But how? The hotel is full." "Oh," said she, "I have got a room." "How did you get it?" "I telegraphed on a few days ago for one." Yes, she had alone taken pains to telegraph her name on ahead and had thus secured her room. That is just what God wants you to do. Send your name on ahead. Have your mansion ready for you when you come to die. Don't go on neglecting this great question. Don't neglect your soul's salvation. Don't neglect your home beyond the grave. You can have your name written in the Book of Life to-day, and have the crown and robe all ready for you when your spirit leaves your body. You can secure an interest in the Kingdom of God this very day, if you will only seek it. But there is another passage I want to call your attention to in regard to this very point of having your names put in the Book of Life. Now turn to Revelation, 13th chapter, 8th verse: "And all that dwell upon the earth shall worship Him, whose names are not written in the Book of Life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." Ah! there is a good deal in Scripture about our names being written in the Book of Life. Turn again to Revelation xx. 12: "And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened; and another book was opened which is the Book of Life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works." Then in the last chapter but one and the last verse: "And there shall in nowise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, nor maketh a lie, but they which are written in the Lamb's Book of Life." Not a soul shall enter in through the pearly gates of that city whose names are not written in the Book of Life. It is a very important thing that we have our names written there, and then I think the next important thing after our names are written in the Book of Life is to have our children's there. We ought to be careful and see that the names of the children whom God has given us are written there.

I want to speak here for a few minutes about our children, for the promises are not only to us but to our children. I pity those fathers and mothers who don't believe in the conversion of their little children. I pity the fathers and mothers who are not laboring to bring their children to Christ and have their names written in the Book of Life. I heard of a mother dying a few years ago of consumption, and when the hour came for her departure, she asked that the children be brought in, and the oldest child was brought to her bedside. The mother put her dying hand on his head, smoothed his hair and gave him her dying blessing; and the next child was brought in, and the next, and the next, and to each she gave a message of love and hope; and at last the little infant was brought in, and she hugged it to her bosom and kissed it and hugged it again and again until, as they went to take the little child from her mother, as they saw it was exciting her and hastening her death, she looked up into her husband's face and said, "I charge you to bring all these children home with you."

And so God charges us parents to bring our children home with us. He don't want one left out, but wants every one written in the Book of Life. And they can be written there to-day if we only seek, and if that is the uppermost in the minds of God's people to have them there, they will be brought in. What a blessed revival we will have if the fathers and mothers will only wake up and see that they are brought in! If we want to shine forever in the kingdom of God then we must bring them in. But the trouble is, we want to shine down here in this fleeting world. How ambitious the fathers and the mothers are that their children shall just shine here for a little while, and the best and final interest of their soul is overlooked and forgotten. I heard of a man that was dying some time ago, a man of great wealth, and when the doctor told him he could not live, the lawyer was sent for to come and make out his will, and the dying man's little girl, only about four years old, did not understand what death meant, and when the mother told her that her papa was going away the little child went to the bedside and looked into her father's eyes and asked, "Papa, have you got a home in that land that you are going to?" And the question sunk down deep into his soul. He had spent all his time and all his energy in the accumulation of great wealth. He had a grand home and had now got to leave it; and how that question came home to him.

Dear friends, let me ask you the question to-day, have you got a home beyond the grave? Can you say your name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life? Can you rejoice as only Christ's disciples rejoice, because your name is there? If you cannot, then don't let the sun go down until the great question of eternity is settled. Let the news flash over the wires of heaven, up to the throne of God, that you want your name there: "Oh, let my name be written in the Book of Life!" And then when your name is called, and there is a voice heard, "Come up hither!" you will go with joy and gladness to meet your Lord and Saviour. You remember how it was with that dying soldier—you have undoubtedly seen it, it has been in print so often—who, lying on his cot, was heard to say, "Here! here! here!" and they went to him and asked him what he wanted. "Oh," said he, "they are calling the roll of heaven, and I am answering to my name," and in a few minutes he faintly whispered it again, and was gone. That great roll is being called, and it will be a very important thing, more important than anything else when the hour comes, that our names be written in the Book of Life, for God says except it is written in the Book of Life, we shall not enter that city. The gates will be closed against us; no one will enter the Kingdom of God except those whose names are written in the Book of Life. So, my friends, let us be wise. Let us see that our names are there, and then let us go to work and see if we cannot bring our children to Christ. I know a mother in this audience, to-day, who has got a family of children, and a few days ago she got stirred up and thought she would go to her children and talk to them personally about Christ. She commenced only ten days ago, and what is the result? A son and two daughters—all that she has got—have been brought to Christ, and perhaps there is not a happier woman in New York to-day, because she has got the names of her family all written in the Book of Life. She knows that they are to be an unbroken circle in eternal life. Fathers and mothers, let us be wise unto eternity, and bring our children into the kingdom with us. But you may say, what has this to do with heaven? You cannot talk about heaven, but the children must be spoken of, "for of such is the kingdom of heaven." They have been going up there for these 6000 years. Their little spirits are up yonder with the Shepherd, and He will take better care of them than we can. It seems as if it ought to make heaven very dear to us.

I never talk about children and heaven, but what the story

of two fathers comes right home to me. One lived out in the western country, on the banks of the Mississippi river. The world calls him rich, but how poor he is, or, how poor he was! Thank God! he is rich now. One day his oldest son was brought home to him unconscious; a terrible accident had happened, and the family physician was hurriedly called in. As he came in, the father said: "Doctor, do you think my son will recover?" "No," said the doctor, "he is dying, and cannot recover." "Well," says the father, "only bring him to, can't you, that we may tell him? I don't want him to die without knowing that he is dying." The doctor said he would try, but that the boy was fast dying. After a while the boy did become conscious for a moment, and the father cried: "My boy, the doctor tells me you are dying, and cannot live. I could not let you die without letting you know it." The young man looked up to his father, and said: "Father, do you tell me I am going to die right away?" "Yes, my boy," said the agonized father, "you will be gone in a little while." "Oh, father, won't you pray for my lost soul?" Said the speechless father, "I cannot pray, my son." The boy grew unconscious, and after a little while was gone; and the father said when he buried that boy, that if he could have called him back by prayer, he would have given all he was worth. He had been with that boy all those years, and had never prayed once for him. Am I talking to a prayerless father and mother, to-day? Gather your children around you and show them the way to the Kingdom of God. Train them to go where Christ reigns in triumph, that they may be with you.

The other father was a contrast. I don't know but he may be in this audience this evening. His son had been dangerously ill, and when he came home one day he found his wife greatly troubled. She told him there had been a great change since morning, and she thought their boy was dying. "I wish," said she, "that you would go in and tell him of his condition, for I cannot bear to, and he ought to know it if he is dying." The father went in, went up to his son's bedside, placed his hand on the boy's pale forehead, and saw the cold, damp sweat of night was gathering, and he saw in a little while the boy would be gone, and he said, "My son, do you know you are dying?" and the young man said, "No. Am I dying?" "Yes, my son." "Will I die to-day?" "Yes, my boy, you cannot live until night." And the boy looked surprised, and yet seemed to be glad, and said, "Well, father,

I will be with Jesus, to-night, won't I?" "Yes, my boy, you will stand to-night with the Saviour," and the father turned away to conceal his tears, and the boy saw the tears and said, "Father, don't you weep for me; when I go to heaven, I will go right straight to Jesus, and tell Him that ever since I can remember, you have tried to lead me to Him."

God has given me two little children, and if I know my heart to-day, I would rather have such testimony as this go home to my Father through my children than to have the world rolled at my feet. I would rather have them come to my grave and drop a tear over it, and say, "When my father lived he was more anxious for my eternal salvation than he was for my temporal good," than I would to have all the power this world can bestow. A few weeks ago, when my boy was sick, and I didn't know but that it would result fatally, I took my place by the side of his bed, and placed my hand on his forehead, and said: "Willie, suppose you should be really sick"—I didn't want to have him think he was likely to die—"and you should be taken away, do you think you would be afraid of death?" and a tear trickled down his cheek, as he said, "No, papa; last summer I was awful afraid of death, but Jesus has taken it all away now. If I die, I should go to Him, and He would give me everything I wanted." Ah! how sweet it was to think the little fellow was not afraid of death. It seems to me we ought to teach our children so that they will hail with joy the time that they can go to meet Jesus, their blessed Saviour. Oh, may the Spirit of the Lord God come upon this assembly to-night, and may we know that our names are written in the Kingdom of Heaven, and then see that the children whom God has given us are written in the Book of Life.

TWENTY-EIGHTH EVENING.

“Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt and where thieves break through and steal, but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.”—ST. MATTHEW, 6th chapter, 19th and 20th verses.

LAST night you remember our subject was heaven, and we were trying to find out who were there, and I want to take the subject right up where I left off, and I call your attention to the 6th chapter of Matthew and 19th verse, where you will find these words, “Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt and where thieves break through and steal, but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal.” Now, if we are living as the Lord would have us live, our treasures are laid up in heaven and not laid up on the earth, and I think we would be saved from a great many painful hours and a great deal of trouble if we would just obey that portion of Scripture, and lay up our treasures in heaven and not upon the earth. It is just as much a command that we lay up our treasures in heaven and not upon the earth as it is that we shall not steal. God tells us plainly: “Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt and where thieves break through and steal, but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where moth and rust doth not corrupt and where thieves do not break through and steal.” It is a command.

Now, it don't take long to tell where a man's treasure is; it don't take long to find out where a man's heart is. You talk with a man five minutes, and if he has got his heart upon any one object you can find it out if that is your aim. And now, if you want to find out where a man's treasure is, it won't take you long to find that out either; for you know that the Bible tells us, “Where your treasure is, there shall your heart be also.” And the reason we have so many earthly-minded peo-

ple and so few people of heavenly minds is because the many have their whole heart set upon earthly pleasures and objects and the few have their treasures laid up in heaven. If your treasure is here you will all the time be disappointed and in trouble and trial, when the Lord has told you plainly to lay up your treasures in heaven where moth and rust do not corrupt nor thieves break through and steal. Now, you talk with a man a few minutes and you soon find out where his heart is. Talk about money, and if he loves money, and is making money and longing for more, how his eye will light up; and if he is fond of politics, and you refer to that, his whole face kindles up, for you have touched his heart and the subject dearest to him. If it is pleasure or if it is passion, speak about it and he is interested at once. But the child of God who has got his treasures yonder (pointing upward), when you talk about heaven you will see his heart is there, and if a man's heart is in heaven it is not an effort for him to talk about it at all. He cannot help it. And if our affections are set on things above and not on this earth, it will be easy for us to live for God. Now here is the command: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on the earth, but lay up your treasures in heaven."

Now, my friends, ask yourselves the question, Where is your treasure? Or in other words, Where is your heart? When you find out that, then you will find out where your treasure is. In the 10th chapter of Hebrews, 13th verse, are these words: "These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded to them, and embraced them and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth. For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country." Then in the 10th verse of that same chapter, speaking of Abraham, it says: "For he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." The moment Abraham caught sight of that city he proclaimed himself a pilgrim and a stranger. The well-watered plains of Sodom had no temptation for him. He declared plainly that he saw another country—a better country. He had turned his heart from this fleeting world, and Sodom with all its temptations didn't tempt him. He had got something better. He had his eye fixed upon a city that should endure when Sodom should have been swept away, and He had got His eye fixed upon that city to lay up treasure there. How poor a man is, no matter how much he has got laid up in this world, if he has not got his treasure laid up in heaven! A couple of friends of mine in

the war called upon one of our great Illinois farmers to get him to give some money for the soldiers, and during their stay there he took them upon the cupola of his house and told them to look over yonder, just as far as their eyes could reach, over that beautiful rolling prairie, and they said, "That is very nice," and it was all his. Then he took them up another cupola and said, "Look at that farm, and that, and that," and these were farms all stocked, and improved, and fenced, and they said, "That is very nice," and then he showed them horses, cattle, and sheep-yards, and told them, "that is all mine." He showed them the town where he lived, which had been named for him, a great hall, and building lots, and those were all his; and, said he, "I came out West a poor boy, without a farthing, and I am worth all this;" but when he got through, my friend said, "How much have you got up yonder?" and the old man's countenance fell, for he knew very well what that meant. "What have you got there in the other world?" "Well," he says, "I have not got anything there." "Why," says my friend, "what a mistake! A man of your intelligence and forethought and judgment to amass all this wealth, and now drawing to your grave, you will have to leave it all. You cannot take a farthing with you, but you must die beggared, and a pauper," and the tears rolled down his cheeks as he said, "It does look foolish." But a few months after he died, as he had lived, and his property passed to others. And we see people here in New York accumulating money as if it is all there is to live for, and leave it, many of them, to their children to make the way down to hell easy for those children. One generation accumulates wealth for the next to squander it and to ruin soul and body.

A great many people are wondering why they don't grow in grace, why they don't have more spiritual power. The question is very easily answered. You have got your treasure down here. It is not necessary for a man to have money to have his treasure down here. He may have his heart on pleasure. He may make an idol of his children, and that is the reason that they don't grow in grace. If we would only just be wise and do as God tells us, we would mount up, as it were, on wings, and would get nearer to heaven every day. We would get heavenly-minded in our conversation and have less trouble than now. And so, my friends, let us just ask ourselves to-day where is our treasure? Is it on earth or in heaven? What are we doing? What is the aim of our lives? Are we just living to accumulate money or to get a position in the

world for our children? Or are we trying to secure those treasures which we can safely lay up in heaven, becoming rich toward God?

I have known men who have been up in balloons, and they have told me that when they want to rise higher they just throw out some of the sand with which they ballast the balloon. Now, I believe one reason why so many people are earthly-minded and have so little of the spirit of Heaven is that they have got too much ballast in the shape of love for earthly joys and gains; and what you want is to throw out some of the sand, and you will rise higher. I heard of a man the other day who said he did not know what to do with his money. It was a burden to him to take care of it. I could not help but think how quick I could tell him what to do with it. I could tell him where to invest it where it would bring an eternal profit. I hope to live to see the day when men will be as anxious to make investments for the Lord as for themselves, and a man won't then be putting so much money in railroad shares and so much in banking stocks and so much in a mine in the mountain, but he will put it in good security, where it will bring good returns for the Lord. That is the kind of investment I think we ought to live for. A friend of mine said that he was in Liverpool some time ago, and there was a vessel coming into the harbor. It sailed right up the Mersey under full sail, and a little while after another vessel came in towed by a tug and sunken to the level of the water. He wondered it did not sink; and he went down to the water's edge and saw that they got it into the harbor with a great deal of difficulty, and he inquired and found that it was loaded with lumber. It had such material on board that it could not sink, and it had sprung a-leak and had got water-logged. My friends, I think there are a good many of God's people that have got water-logged, and it takes all the strength of the church to look after those Christians that are water-logged, and so water-logged that they cannot go forth and do good to others—help the unfortunate, and lift up the poor drunkard, because they don't know whether they are saved themselves. The fact is they are off with the world, mingling with the world; acting, speaking, as though in the world, and they don't know whether they are saved themselves.

I believe if we are God's people we must be separate from the world. I think before this world is ever reformed, the people of God must be set apart from the world. There never will be a true reformation in the world until God's people are sepa-

rate, until we are liberated here below. Who would want to live in the sinful world? These smoking, chewing, drinking, horse-racing, dancing, card-playing Christians never will reform this world. We have got to come out and be separate from the world, and have our hearts set on things above, and not so much on the things of this earth. If we are willing to live the lives of Christians, we have got to live them not as if we were of the world.

Suppose that when we had sent our brothers and fathers and sons away to fight the battles of the war, they had chosen, after they had got away off down South hundreds of miles from home, they had chosen to remain there, and had chosen to leave forever the wives and sisters and daughters they had left behind in the North, and to make homes for themselves there among the enemy. But instead of that were they not always anxious that the war should be over, and looking eagerly forward to the time when they should come back home? That is the way with Christians in this world. We are strangers and pilgrims here in this world. It is not home to us. We are citizens of another and a finer country. A man was asked the other day, "Well, how is the world getting on?" He replied, "I do not know. I haven't been in the world for several years." He was living in another country, taken out of the old place and transplanted into the new. If things do not come to satisfy us down here, let us not be complaining. Let us remember that we are on a pilgrimage, that we are citizens of another country, and that we are to have all we want when we get home. I was on board the train from Chicago to Cairo one day, and there were two ladies sitting in the seat behind me who were talking together, and I could not help hearing the conversation. I learned that they were strangers when they started from Chicago, but on the way, before they came to Cairo, they got quite well acquainted. One was going to New Orleans and one was going to Cairo. Before they got to Cairo, the Cairo lady said to the New Orleans lady, "I wish you would get off at Cairo. I enjoy your company, and I would like very much to have you spend a few days at my home." The New Orleans lady said, "I would like to do so, but I have packed all my things in my trunk, and they have all gone on ahead to New Orleans. So I have not any clothes with me good enough to visit and go into society in. I have nothing except what I have on," and she added, "and you know this dress is good enough to travel in." That is what I think of the journey of this world. A very little is good

enough for us to travel in. We are all travellers, and this is good enough for travelling. We have raiment and mansions up there waiting for us. Let us have our hearts and affections set on things above and not on things on the earth. In Hebrews, 4th chapter and 9th verse, it says, "There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God." Not on earth; it does not say on earth.

There is another great mistake that a good many people are making at the present time. They have an idea that the church is a place of rest. Instead of going there to work for God they go there to rest. "There remaineth a rest for the people of God." We will rest when we go home. We will have all eternity to rest in. We do not want to talk about rest here. I hope the time will come, and I believe it will come, when they will ask this question of all who are candidates for membership in the church: "What work do you expect to do?" And if they are going into the church to rest, they will be told that we have enough of such members now; and if we could only get them out, and get some others in who will go to work in earnest, it would be a good thing for all. We should understand that we come into the church to work. All that seems to constitute a Christian in these days is to unite with the church; and then, after they have joined it, every one in the church must wait on them—the minister, the laymen, all the members must go and call on them, and if they do not do this, they go to some other church; and the quicker they do it the better. "There remaineth a rest for the people of God." The idea of our talking about rest here, where Christ has been cast out, where they have taken the life of God's own Son. Why should we want to stay in the enemy's country at rest and peace? As long as it is the enemy's country let us not dream of rest. We will rest by and by when Jesus comes. Let us not talk about rest now. I heard of a man the other day that got tired and discouraged and homesick. He wanted to go home. He did not see his work blessed as it used to be, and one night as he went to bed he wished himself dead; and going to sleep in that state of mind it was not unnatural for him to dream the dream that he did. He dreamed that he died and was taken away to the eternal city. When he first got there, as he walked up and down the golden streets of heaven, looking upon the celestial city, he met two friends whom he had known upon earth. All at once, as they walked together, they noticed that every one was looking in a certain direction. He looked and saw some one coming

up the street in a golden chariot. He saw that He looked different from the rest of the redeemed who had come there from earth, and as He came nearer he saw that it was the blessed Lord and Saviour. When the chariot came sweeping up to where they were, the Saviour got out of the chariot and asked his companions to get into the chariot, and then asked him to walk with Him. The Saviour then took him to the battlements of heaven, and said, "What do you see?" He answered, "I see the dark world that I have just come from." "What else?" he was then asked. He looked further and replied, "I think I see men going over into the bottomless pit." "What else?" "I hear the wail coming up from these," he said. The Saviour asked, "Will you stay here and enjoy these mansions with Me, or will you go back to earth and tell those poor erring mortals about Me?" Here he awoke from his sleep, and he said he has never since wished himself dead. He wants to live as long as he can, to proclaim to the last the Saviour's life and death to a lost world.

We have not long to work. Let us work without ceasing. Work, work, work! The first word that Paul ever heard from the Son of God was, "That I must be about my Father's business." Shall the servant be above his master? Shall we become careless of our master's work down here? Oh, let us begin to-night, and let it be the work of each one here this very week to bring some souls to Christ. A young man who lay dying was heard by his watching mother to moan the words, "Lost, lost, lost!" She went to him and said, "Why, my son, why do you say, Lost, lost, lost? It is not possible that you have lost your hope in Christ?" "No, mother; not that." "Then what do you mean by those words—lost, lost?" "Mother, I was thinking how I have lost my life; how I have wasted my twenty-four years. I have done nothing, I have lost a life!" And the young man died regretting that he had lost a lifetime, which was given him in which to work for Christ Jesus. If God should summon us to-day would we be ready to go to our account? Would we not have to say our life had been a failure, because we had not done the work that He had for us to do? We will rest by and by. The wicked shall cease from troubling by and by. The weary shall be at rest by and by. We will not talk about rest here. We shall have enough. We shall have all eternity for rest.

I want to call your attention next to the fact that our reward is in Heaven, and not here. God's people make the great mistake of looking for a reward down here. They are

still looking for a reward down here. Let us remember that the reward is beyond. I have noticed that that is the case with almost every one of God's people—they look for reward down here. God does not propose to reward His children here. He is to reward them up yonder. We are to work here. When we are done He will say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." You will then have a seat at His right hand. The reward will be great, He says. If God calls the reward great, what kind of a reward will it be? If the great God says so, won't it be a wonderful reward? Instead of looking for reward and honor here, let us look beyond for it. See what Paul says to Timothy, "For there will be for me a crown." He did not look for his crown here.

When I read the life of Paul it makes me ashamed of the Christianity of the present day. Talk about what we have suffered! Talk about what we have done! I think it would do every member of the church good to spend six months reading the life of Paul, and to see what he had to go through. He had been beaten four times, and received thirty-nine stripes upon the bare back. If one of us should get even one stripe now, how many volumes would be written on the martyrdom? What a whine there would be! It was nothing for Paul to be beaten with thirty-nine stripes. Did any one say to Paul, "You have been beaten already four times before, and now they are going to bring that scourge upon your back as many times again perhaps; had you not better go off down to Europe, and rest for six months until this persecution dies out?" The appeal would pass him by unheeded. "I have but one aim, one thing to hope for. I press toward the mark of my high calling in Christ Jesus." These earthly afflictions, what were they? He never complained of them. Instead of giving up his opinions and his hope, he was willing to stand his stripes and his miseries again and again. And it was no trifling matter, these beatings he received. Yet he received them all and would not deny the faith that the mercy and power of God had wrought in him. If you allow me the expression, the devil had his match when he got hold of Paul. Not all he could do would give him the upper hand of Paul and separate him from the love of God. He had his reward in view, and he always, scorning what the world could do to him, pressed toward that reward. He knew that all his sufferings here would be wiped away, and joy and peace be his when he wore the crown for which he had so bravely fought. And

how many are working for these crowns at the present day? How much would they suffer now for a like reward that awaited this mighty warrior? His enemies one time took him out and stoned him like the martyr Stephen.

Think of the torment he experienced, the pain that he must have suffered, as these stones were hurled at him. So great was the anger of those who were thus around him that they left him for dead when they got through with him. See his head all swollen up; see the bruises upon his body and his limbs; see the ugly scars and the gaping wounds that he carried. He was hardly brought to life again, and for a long time thereafter you could see him with his injured head and black eye on the corners of the streets, and yet not frightened by any means, but preaching the glorious gospel of his God and Master Jesus Christ. He went to Corinth, was not afraid, but preached there for eighteen months, and in all his ministrations, and in all this he had to rely upon himself. He had no influential committee to meet him upon his arrival at the station and conduct him to a fine hotel and make all arrangements about his expenses. There was no station in those days; when he did arrive he came unannounced and on foot. And instead of a splendid hotel to go to, his first care was to go himself, walk around all the streets and find cheap lodgings in some alley where he could go after he had left off preaching for the day to make tents, to which trade he had been brought up. And then, after all his preaching, and all his labors, what reward did he receive? Well, there was a sort of committee, and they said they would pay him off. Did they give him some testimonial and a large sum in money then? What they did do instead of presenting him with, say, a thousand dollars in gold—this committee that I speak of took him down to a cross street and gave him thirty-nine stripes. That is the way they paid him off. That was the way they treated this mighty fighter, a preacher that turned the world upside down.

Talk about Alexander making the world tremble at the tread of his armies! Talk about Napoleon shaking the world to its centre when the powers knew he had gathered his army round about him! Why these have all passed away, but the words of Paul, of the despised tent-maker, make the world tremble even to this day. He talks about being in peril among robbers. Well, what did the robbers find on him? No money, no jewelry—nothing. What treasures he had, he had placed them above their reach—he had put them in heaven, where

thieves do not break through or steal. The robbers got nothing from him, though he was richer than any man is at the present day. Not a man who has lived since Paul is richer than he was. Three times, again he says, he suffered shipwreck; also a day and a night he was in the deep. He had been subjected to perils by water, to perils of robbers, to perils brought about by his own countrymen. Besides these he experienced perils of the wilderness; perils among false brethren—ah! that must have been the hardest. He was weary, he was in pain, but none of these things moved him. Thank God, the apostle was a warrior, and would to God that the Church had a thousand like him at the present day. Nothing was able to battle him down. Not even the newspaper of the day, if they had one, pitching into him every day would have caused him a moment's thought. It might have called him a poor deluded man, might have said to him: "Oh, you poor fool." For none of these things did he care. He looked above and beyond them. He knew there was a glorious reward awaiting him.

And so the mighty warrior went on to fight for his Master. But at last he had to flee, and to escape, he was let down the walls in a basket. He goes to fight elsewhere. Driven out of one place, he does not despair; and that is the spirit that we want to-day. He was always willing to receive the stripes and the torments, and to suffer everything the world could heap upon him for the cause of Christ. His enemies again gave him thirty-nine stripes. Well, he was used to it. His back had not perhaps got well before he received this punishment. After they got through with him, they cast him and Silas into prison. No sooner had they got in, instead of being frightened at what they had received, they began to worship the God for whom they had suffered. Paul says to Silas: "Come, Silas, let us praise God and have prayers." And they opened their worship by singing, perhaps, the 46th Psalm. After that they had prayers, and called upon God for His protection. And as soon as they had said "amen," their God responded to their cries of help, and the whole prison shook, and there was a great commotion. Yes, that was a queer place to sing praises in—a prison; and it was just after he had received the stripes. Why, I dare say if Mr. Sankey should have only one stripe upon his naked back, he would not feel much like singing. But this man had received thirty-nine. He was as much at home with his God in prison, as he was out of it. He could praise Him as well behind bolts and bars

as he could in the synagogue. He knew what his reward would be. He knew that the grave would be his immediate reward, but he had faith in the great hereafter; he had a crown and a reward that would not pass away. Yes, do you think that God would have let him suffer like that without rewarding him? If we suffer persecution for Christ's sake, great will be our reward. Paul's sufferings were the cause of the conversion of the Philippian jailor. I suppose he was the first convert in Europe. Look at him again in Rome. The time had come for his departure; Nero has signed the order for his execution, and he is being taken out to be beheaded. Ask him now, at this moment, when death is but a little way off, if he is sorry that he has suffered for the Son of God. Ask him if he would like to recant to save his head. I can imagine how he would look if you should ask him such a question as that. They are going to take him two miles out of the city to the place of execution. He walks with a steady, unflinching step. He wavers not, nor looks aside. His gaze is fixed upon the reward of his high calling in Christ Jesus. And he writes to his friend Timothy, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown." You could not shake him in his faith. Thank God, at this dread moment, he kept his word with Jesus. He had never preached any false doctrine. He had only preached Christ crucified, and had manfully fought under his banner like a faithful soldier, to this, the end of his life. "Good-by," you can imagine him saying to Timothy, "henceforth there is laid up for me a crown, and I am going to win it." As he walked through the streets of Rome, I tell you Rome never had such a conqueror. Not all her mighty men of war, not all her generals, and statesmen, and orators had risen to the supreme height that Paul had reached at this moment. He was going to receive a prize that would eclipse all the trophies of war, and wit, and learning.

But at last he approaches the fatal spot. He is placed in the position that he had to take; the executioner makes him ready, and at the given signal the blow descends, his head comes off, and his spirit is lifted into the golden chariot, and is borne to the pearly gates of Heaven. As he approaches the celestial portals, the battlements of Heaven are crowded with the saints that Paul by his preaching had sent before him. Ah! how they welcome him. He is borne on toward the great white throne to receive his reward. The bells of Heaven are set a ringing, and hosannas are chanted by the choir of Paradise. He comes near the throne, and he hears

the great voice saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." And the saints now gather around Him, and greet, and bear witness for him to the Master he had so faithfully served. One would say, "That sermon that you preached to the Galatians wrought a change of heart in me, and I have been chosen to take my place among the elect." Another would say, "That lecture that you delivered at Thessalonica converted me." Another—"Paul, that appeal that you made at Corinth touched my wicked soul; I began to worship the Jesus whom you preached, and here I am among the angels." Oh, what a reward was that. Was it not worth all the cares, troubles, anxieties, sufferings, torments, and death he had gone through? Men murmur at the little crosses they have to endure here, but they forget that if they be faithful the Lord will reward them by-and-by.

One more thought before I close. What is it that occasions so much joy in heaven? Suppose some great discovery had been made in this country. It would throw the whole nation into excitement. If it should turn out that some great mines had been discovered, whose riches had never been equalled; that it rewarded all those that went to it with an independent fortune in a few months. What intense excitement would be created all through the land! Yet this would not be noticed in heaven. What would, then, create joy in that place? Why, if that little girl down there would only give her heart to Jesus to-day, all Heaven would sing and shout. "There is joy," it is written, "over one sinner that repenteth." The idea that that little boy or girl could cause joy in heaven, and create an excitement there! for every sinner that repents there is joy in heaven. Just look at the 15th chapter of Luke: "When he found the sheep he called his friends in." I have tried to make out what friends are there referred to. Were they the angels? No, I don't think they were the angels. I can imagine, and I think the idea is a legitimate one, that these friends are the redeemed ones that knew us, and loved us, and prayed for us on earth. These are the people whose names Christ is writing in the Book of Life. It might be that an entry would be made that down at the Hippodrome, on March 10, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, these redeemed ones first turned their hearts to Me. Some beloved mother is up there, it may be, and is looking down on her child, and is praying that her child may have a clean heart and seek the Lord. Perhaps some little, loving child is looking over the battlements to see its father or mother here repent and give their

souls to God. When I was in the great Exhibition Building in Dublin, I said that perhaps a mother was praying near the throne for a certain young lady in the audience, and asked her if she would not come to Jesus. A short time afterward I received the following letter: "Dear Sir: On Wednesday, when you were speaking of Heaven, you said that 'it might be that at this moment a mother was looking down from paradise and praying for the salvation of her child who is here.' You apparently looked at the spot where my child was seated. My heart said, 'That is my child, and that is her mother.' Tears sprang to my eyes, and I bowed my head and prayed that the Lord would show his way to my darling child. Lord save my child, I cried. I was then anxious to the close of the meeting. When I reached her she was bathed in tears, and she arose and put her arms around my neck and kissed me, and on the way to the inquiry-room she told me that it had been the same remark about a mother looking down from Heaven that had found its way to her heart." I remember that time when a beautiful young lady was led to the inquiry-room, leaning on the arm of her father. "What can I do to be saved?" she said. And afterward she became a zealous worker for the Lord. The letter was written by her father, who is a clergyman.

Shall these lectures close without one deciding to make heaven his home? Will there be no young man start for heaven to-day?—no person, no father, no mother, that will repent and turn to God? I pray that many will accept salvation. Shall we not all pray that He will save every soul in this assembly? Would it be asking too much? Let us who are saved pray that God will rescue every lost soul here; and as we pray let us bow the head and lift up our heart—and may Christ the God hear us, and hearing save.

TWENTY-NINTH EVENING.

THE WAY OF LIFE.

I WONDER how many of these people here this evening would like to be saved? I am not going to ask those who would to rise. I do not know whether any one would have courage enough to rise, and by that act say, "I would like to be saved." Perhaps you say to yourselves, "If that man will just tell me the way how I can be saved this evening, I will be saved." I believe one reason why so few are saved is because they do not come out to the meetings expecting to be saved. They do not come for that purpose. There was a lady came to our meeting in Philadelphia—to the noon meeting at 11 o'clock; she came early so as to get a good seat. After the meeting was over we had another meeting for women, and she stayed at that. In the afternoon we had another meeting, and she stayed at that. She had made up her mind not to leave the meetings until she had found Christ. She did not find Him at that meeting, but she might have found Him. He was offered freely to every one at all of them. So she stayed at the afternoon meeting, and still no light came. She stayed at the evening meeting, and went into the inquiry meeting afterward. Between 11 and 12 o'clock she took me by the hand and said, "I will trust Him." And she rejoiced in the Saviour's love. I met her afterward. There was not a face shone more than hers did. There was a woman who came determined to find Him. When we search for God with all our hearts we are sure to find Him.

I am not going to preach so much of a sermon to-night, as I am going to try to tell you the Way of Life. I had a long talk with a man yesterday who I really believe was honestly seeking the Kingdom of God; but the trouble was, he was determined to try to seek Him in his own way, and trying to work the thing out himself, instead of just trusting to Jesus for it. I hope he is here to-night, and that the Lord may bless this little talk to his soul, and that he may to-night sleep safely in the arms of

Jesus Christ. It is supremely important to every soul here this day to trust in Christ and be saved. I am going to take up a few Scriptural illustrations. The first is the ark. When I was in Manchester, in one of the inquiry meetings, I went up into the gallery to talk with a few men who were standing together, and who were inquirers of the Way of Life. And while they were standing in a little group around me there came up another man and got on the outside of the audience, and I thought by the expression of his face that he was skeptical. I did not think he had come to find Christ. But as I went on talking I noticed the tears trickling down his cheeks. I said, "My friend, are you anxious about your soul's salvation?" He said, "Yes, very." I asked him what was the trouble, and I kept on talking to that one man, thinking that if he could understand me perhaps the others would. He said he wanted to feel right about it. I explained it to him by means of an illustration, and asked him, "Do you see it?" He said, "No." I used another, and asked him, "Do you see it yet?" and he said, "No," again. I gave still another and still he said he did not see. I then said, "Was it Noah's feelings that saved him, or was it his ark? Was what saved Noah his righteousness? Was it his life, was it his prayers, was it his tears, was it his feelings, or was it the ark?" He came immediately and grasped me by the hand, and said, "I see it now; it is all right now; I've got to go away on the next train, and I'm in a hurry, but you have made it plain to me; good-by." And he went off. I thought it was so sudden that he could not have understood it. But the next Sunday afternoon he came and tapped me on the shoulder, and smiled, and asked me if I remembered him. I said No, that I remembered his face, but could not tell who he was or where I'd seen him before. He said, "Do you remember a man that came up into the inquiry-room the other day, and you explained to him how it was Noah's ark that saved him? I did not see any illustration until you used that one, and then I saw it all." I asked him how he was, and he said he had been all right ever since, and that the ark had saved him. I afterward learned that he was one of the best business men of Manchester. His feelings did not save him. The ark saved him.

I want to prove to you that salvation is instantaneous. It is just as sudden as a man walking through a door-way. One minute he is on this side, the next he is on that side. There was one minute when Noah was exposed to the wrath that was to come over the whole world; but when he went

through the doorway of the ark, that moment he was safe. There are many who are trying to make an ark for themselves out of their feelings, out of their own good deeds. But God has provided an ark. If Noah had had to build himself an ark when the flood came, he would have been lost like the rest. A good many of those men who perished when that flood came tried to make arks for themselves, but they all perished helplessly. They tried to make boats and rafts, and tried every way they could to save themselves, but they perished because they were not in the ark that God had appointed. So, to-day, every man and every woman must perish that is not in the ark which God has appointed for their salvation. A knowledge about the ark is not going to help you. A great many persons flatter themselves they are going to be saved because they know a great deal about Jesus Christ. But your knowledge of Him will not save you. Noah's carpenters probably knew as much about the ark as Noah did, and perhaps more. They knew that the ark was strong. They knew it was built to stand the deluge. They knew it was made to float upon the waters. They had helped to build it. But they were just as helpless when the flood came as men who lived thousands of miles away. Men who lived right in sight of the ark, that knew all about it, perished like the rest, because they were not in the ark. I know something about the different lines of steamers, and I have crossed the Atlantic. Here is another man that has never heard there was such a line of steamers. We both want to go to Europe. My knowledge of a line of steamers does not help me a bit if I do not take the means to go there. You may hear about Christ, but if you do not believe in Christ you cannot be saved. Your knowledge is not going to help you to your salvation. What you want to do is just to make Christ your ark, and then to step into that ark and be saved.

I can imagine you saying, "I do not see how a person can be saved all at once." So many persons think they have to work themselves out gradually, that they have to do a little here, a little there, and after they have toiled and worked and have considered the matter prayerfully for some time, they will be more acceptable. The Israelites were told to sprinkle blood upon the door-posts, that the angel of death might not enter the houses where the blood was to be seen. There was one moment when they had not sprinkled the blood on their door-posts, and when they were exposed to the blight of the destroying angel; and there was another moment when the

blood had been sprinkled there, and they were safe. There is a legend told about this which illustrates it very well. It is about a little girl who was the first-born, and consequently who would have been a victim on that night if the protecting blood were not sprinkled on the door-posts of her father's house. The order was that the first-born was to be struck by death all through Egypt. This little girl was sick, and she knew that death would take her, and she might be a victim of the order. She asked her father if the blood was sprinkled on the door-posts. He said it was, that he had ordered it to be done. She asked him if he had seen it there. He said no, but he had no doubt that it was done. He had seen the lamb killed, and had told a servant to attend to it. But she was not satisfied, and asked her father to go and see, and urged him to take her in his arms, and carry her to the door to see. They found that the servant had neglected to put the blood upon the posts. There the child was exposed until they found the blood and put it upon the door-posts, and when she saw it she was satisfied. That was all the assurance that she needed. So a great many are saying, "Do you feel this and that? Do you feel, do you feel, do you feel?" God does not tell you to feel. He tells you to believe. He says, "When I see the blood I will pass over," and if you are sheltered behind the blood you are perfectly safe and secure. Suppose I say to a man, "Do you feel that you own this piece of land?" He looks at me a moment, and thinks I must be crazy. He says, "Feel? Why feeling has nothing to do with it. I look at the title. That is all I want." So, you see, all you have to do is with the title. A great many are all the time saying, "Do you feel that you are safe?" But to all God says, "He that believeth in the Lord hath everlasting life." Not "will have," it is the present tense, hath it to-day, hath it this very hour. If the devil can make you believe you will be saved some time, and keep you from believing now and receiving now, that is all he wants. He knows that to-morrow will never come, and he puts it off from day to day, from month to month, and from year to year. My friends, Jesus Christ will never be more willing to save you than He is to-night, and the longer you put it off, the longer you wait, the further you are going from Him. Every day you put it off, you are going back from God, and are making it harder for you to be saved.

My next illustration is the serpent upon the pole. You sang a song to-night about it: "It is life just to look at the

crucified One." It is not to work that we are told. It is just to look. How simple! You know a fiery serpent had gone through Israel and bitten many people, and they died. And the Israelites went to Moses, and said, "Entreat the Lord to take away this serpent." They did not ask for a remedy; they did not ask for the bitten ones to be allowed to recover. They could hear the groans of the dying all around. But God more than granted their prayers. God always gives us more than we ask for. He not only took away the serpent, but He said to Moses, "Make a brass serpent and put it on a pole and lift it on high, so that all who are bitten shall look and live. And it shall come to pass that when they look, they shall not die, but live." How simple! A little child can look. It is so simple that the learned and unlearned can look. You do not have to go to college to learn how to look. You do not have to pass through a university to learn how to look. That little child there is not more than three or four years old, but it understands how to look. If a mother wants her little child to look, she simply says, "Look, my child," and that is enough. So all that the bitten Israelites had to do was to look and live, and the very moment they looked, they were saved instantaneously. It was as sudden as a flash of lightning. So many people say, "I do not understand how it is that people can be saved all at once." Well, that is Jesus's way, and that is all there is about it. "God's thoughts are not our thoughts, and God's ways are not our ways." If we had been going to save the world, we would have gone about it in a different way from God's way, I have no doubt. If we had been going to save the bitten Israelites, the last way we would probably have thought of would have been to make a brass serpent and put it upon a pole. But God works as He pleases, and we must learn that His ways are His own, and must prevail; and we must listen to Him, and if He says we will be saved at once, and that salvation is instantaneous, all we have to do is to submit and believe. Instead of looking at yourself, at your own sin, instead of looking at your past life, what you should do is just to take your eyes off of yourself and look at Christ.

Now come back again to another Bible illustration. You know when the children of Israel came from the land of slavery, and had the visitation of the fiery serpents, and after Moses had been commanded to raise the brazen serpent, he went to Pisgah and died, and Joshua led them into the Promised Land. Joshua then received a command from God that

he should erect six cities, three on each side of the Jordan, which were to be cities of refuge. These places were to be put far enough apart so as to cover the whole land, that any man, no matter where he might be when he should have occasion to seek them, could easily gain access to one of them. The gates of these cities were to be kept open day and night, and the chief men of each city—the magistrates—were to keep the ways to these places free of all obstacles and stumbling blocks, so that no one should be hindered in getting within the walls. And not only should the roads be kept smooth and well in repair, but all the bridges leading over streams and rivers should be kept up and in good condition, and sign posts were also to be placed at intervals along the road, showing the fugitive that he was on the right way—to keep him from straying. And to provide for the contingency of the man who was fleeing, not being able to read, there was a red finger put on the posts which pointed the way. Thus a man, even if he could read, was not compelled to stop and thus lose time; he saw the sign and sped on. The cities were also placed on hills, that every one could see them. The cities were erected for this purpose. It was considered a great dishonor among the Israelites if, when a man was killed, the nearest relation of him did not at once arm himself, seek out the slayer and kill him. Thus a man had no hope, if he had accidentally killed one, of saving his own life from the avenging hand of the brother or other relative, but to get within the walls of the nearest city of refuge; for it was the law that the moment he escaped that far, the relation of the slain man could not touch him. Now for my illustration. Suppose I had killed a man unwittingly—that he and I had been out chopping in the woods, and suppose my axe had slipped out of my hand and had crushed in the skull of my companion. My only hope would be to get to one of these cities—my only hope was to escape for my life. I should have had no time to loiter, no time to hesitate or argue, no time to consider. I should have to start at once. The brother of my companion who had been killed, though thus purely through accident, was near, and he was so incensed, or perhaps had some old score to pay off, that I should have no chance to stay and plead with him. He had made up his mind to kill me, and there was nothing left for me to do but fly. I know the young man's hot temper, and I see him on my track. I therefore spring out of the bush into the road, and it now becomes a life and death struggle. I see the city before me. Along the road I speed to the full extent of my

strength. Down the hill I go as fast as I can; up the ravine I make my way; men see me coming; they do not check me, or throw any obstacles in my path; they get out of my way, and as I pass, they wish me "God-speed," and warn me that the avenger is not far behind. Now I am in full view of the city; the gates are wide open, I know I shall not have to stop and knock when I get up to them. When I get closer, I see the citizens are on the walls. The information has reached them that a poor refugee is coming. Some of them have had to flee themselves, and they sympathize with me. They thus await me; but they see I am hard pressed. I am almost on the point of giving out. But I say to myself, "Courage! another effort and I shall reach the gates and be safe." Oh, if I can only reach the city!

Ah, my friend, just look at the city; don't let anything take your attention away. Look, look! see what I have to do. If I stop, loiter or linger I am lost. The avenger will soon be on me. I can almost hear him breathing behind me. I know his sword is ready to hew me down. I get nearer to the walls now. I see the people plainly; they beckon with their hands; I strain every nerve. "Hurry, hurry, he is almost upon you; oh, he will be killed." I bring every muscle into play. The people crowd around the gate to receive me. "Now, now," they cry. I make one more bound; I pass them; I am safe. That is instantaneous, isn't it? One minute I am under the avenging sword ready to fall upon my head, the next minute I am perfectly secure. The avenger cannot enter. The officers see to that; they will not let him come in with his sword. Can you, my friends, have a better illustration of this life? Don't you know that death is on your track now, and is ready to have you a victim? Don't you know that he may be only a few years, a few months, a few weeks, a few days, or even a few moments only from you? Even this very night he may catch up to you. You may think him miles and miles behind you, years and years away, but just as surely as you live here he is only a little way behind you now, a great deal nearer than you imagine. Haste, then, to a place of refuge. If you are outside the city you perish; if you come within the walls of salvation you live secure. God has a city of refuge for you. He shows you by every unmistakable sign where it is, and He gives you warning that if you do not reach its walls you die. Come, then. If you neglect these mercies, how do you expect to save your life? How can you loiter and linger when death is bearing down upon you? A little while and

you will be lost, but if you make for the salvation offered to you, you will be safe in Christ, and you can look back and challenge death to his face. You can say in triumph, "Death, where is thy sting? grave, where is thy victory?"

But still I bring before you another illustration. You often hear people say that they cannot understand how they can be saved all at once. Well, these Bible illustrations, I think, ought to make it very plain to them and to you. But here is another kind of illustration. Before the war we had three millions of slaves. If a negro escaped from the South, and got as far as Mason and Dixon's line, he was not safe even then. There was a fugitive slave law which would have surrendered back that negro even if he had crossed that boundary. But there was a line over which should he go he would be free, and that line was the Canada boundary line. If he could cross that he would be forever a free man. Now for my illustration. A poor negro escapes from Kentucky, and has succeeded, after many a weary day, in crossing the Ohio river. Though he has placed this barrier between him and his pursuers, still he knows he is not absolutely free; he knows they can take him back out of that State should they come up with him. He has not yet come under any law that will protect him; he is still under our own flag, and the flag of our country cannot protect him. He must go further. He knows he must reach Canada before the dreaded apprehension of being consigned back to his chains and tortures and stripes can be dismissed from his thoughts. He says, "If I can only get under that flag I am a free man; no slave can breathe under that flag." So the poor man makes his way towards this haven of rest. You can see him running. Yet a little while and he hears the bloodhounds behind him; he knows his old master is on his track. They have fleet horses and they will soon catch him. He is but a short distance from the line now, but his pursuers are in sight. Can he reach it in time? He is right on the boundary now. He makes one more effort, and he is safe. Here you see him one moment a slave, now he has crossed the line and is free. Before he had reached the line he was subject to be taken back by his old master, and he and his posterity would have been slaves; yet he has now crossed that line and they cannot touch him. All at once he goes over the line and is free. One minute he is a slave, the next minute he is a citizen. Once a slave, now a free man. Will you not also leave the devil's territory to-day, my friends, too? Make up your minds that you will leave your old master who

has kept you a slave so long, and cross over to the side of the Lord. God will then take care of you. He will not let any one harm you. He says to your enemies, "Touch him not; he is mine." He will care for you as He would for the apple of His eye. The banner floats from Calvary, and when you come under its folds you are safe. My friends, do you not see it now? Won't you cross the line and be saved? Oh, I have prayed that a thousand may be saved here to-night. Yes, I prayed right now during this sermon. I don't know why you cannot be saved. Oh, lift up your hearts in prayer that thousands may leave their sins and their slavery and ruin and come under the protection of the Lord.

One day I was walking through the streets of York in England. I saw a little way ahead a soldier coming toward me. He had the red uniform on of the infantry—the dress of the army. I knew at once when I saw him that he was a soldier. When he came near me I stopped him. I said, "My good man, if you have no objection I would like to ask you a few questions." "Certainly, sir," said he. "Well, then, I would like to know how you first became a soldier." "Yes, sir, I will tell you. You see, sir, I wanted to become a soldier, and the recruiting officer was in our town, and I went up to him and told him that I wanted to enlist. Well, sir, he said, 'All right,' and the first thing he did, sir, he took an English shilling out of his pocket, sir, and put it into my hand. The very moment, sir, a recruiting-sergeant puts a shilling into your hand, sir, you are a soldier." I said to myself, "That is the very illustration I want." That man was a free man at one time—he could go here and there; do just what he liked; but the moment the shilling was put into his hand he was subject to the rules of war, and Queen Victoria could send him anywhere and make him obey the rules and regulations of the army. He is a soldier the very minute he takes the shilling. He has not got to wait to put on the uniform. And when you ask me how a man may become converted at once, I answer, just the same as that man became a soldier. The citizen becomes a soldier in a minute, and from being a free man becomes subject to the commands of others. The moment you take Christ into your heart, that moment your name is written in the roll of Heaven. You are enlisted a soldier of Christ, and you cannot then do as you choose, but you must do what he lays down. Don't you see then how you can become a Christian at once, my friends? It is very plain. Don't go out of this hall to-day, then, and say you can't see it. I don't

see how I can make it any plainer. Though you accept Christ yet you are a sinner still, but a *saved* sinner. There is a great deal of difference between the two—between a saved and an unsaved sinner. I have been a saved sinner myself for twenty-one years. You ask me if I don't sin. Yes, I do, but I hate sin. For twenty-one years I have been a soldier—a poor and unworthy soldier, but still a soldier. Twenty-one years ago this month I took, as I may say, the English shilling; I enlisted in the army of Christ, and he has been ever since my life, my Lord, my all. Now, dear friends, won't you have Him? "As many as received Him He gave power to become the sons of God." Oh! just say you will receive Him, then.

Yet you hear people say that they can't understand that; they cannot imagine but *they* have to do something to satisfy God. But I tell you that God is satisfied, God is reconciled. You have the word of Paul that God is reconciled to us. Yes, thank God, He is reconciled to the world. Can *you* reconcile God? Christ has done that. The moment a sinner takes this to heart, and comes to Jesus, that moment he is saved. Perhaps a story will illustrate this as well as anything. In England I was told about an only son—these only sons are hard to bring up properly; they have every whim and caprice gratified; they generally grow up headstrong, self-willed, and obstinate, and make it miserable for any one to have anything to do with them. Well, this son had a father something like himself in disposition. And one day a quarrel arose between them, and at last, as the son would not give in and own he was wrong, the father in a fit of anger said that he wished his son would leave his house and never come back again. "Well," rejoined the boy (as angry as his father), "I will leave, and I never will enter your house again until you ask me." "Well, then, you won't come back in a hurry," replied his father. The boy then left.

The father gave up the boy, but the mother did not. Perhaps these men here won't understand that, but you women do. A great many things will separate a man from his wife, a father from his son, but nothing in the wide, wide, world will ever separate a mother from her child. A jury can bring in a verdict against her son; the hisses may go up against him; he is condemned to be hanged; there is not a friendly paper to write an article in his favor. But if his mother be there, the boy has at least one eye to rest upon him, one heart to beat in sympathy with him. He is taken to the cold, damp cell and left to his fate. All forsake him but his mother. She comes

there; she puts her arms around his neck; she kisses him; she would spend all the time with him if the officers would allow it. She cannot save him. The day before his execution she sees him for the last time; she has not the courage to see him in the shadow of the gallows. The supreme moment at length arrives; he is led forth, and in a few minutes he dangles a corpse. Does the mother then forget him? No; even now she goes to his grave, strews flowers upon it, and waters them with her tears. A mother's love is next to God's love. Death is stronger than everything else; yes, but with the exception of one thing—a mother's love. Death and decay may wreck this city, buildings may cease to exist, everything yields before them but a mother's love. To refer to the illustration again: When the father had given the boy up, he thought he would never come back, the mother was taken very sick. She had been trying by every means in her power to effect a reconciliation between the father and son. When she found she could not recover from her illness she again renewed her efforts with all the power of a mother's love. She wrote to her son, imploring him to ask his father's forgiveness. He sent word back that he would not write to his father unless his father first wrote to him. "I will never come home until he asks me," he said. The mother began to get lower and lower. Her husband at this time came to the bedside and asked if there was anything he could do for her. "Yes, yes," she cried, "there is one thing—you can send for my boy. That is the only wish I have on earth that is not gratified. If you do not care for him while I am alive, who will care for him when I am gone? I cannot bear to die and leave my child among strangers. Just let me see him and speak to him and I will die in peace." The father said he could not send for him. He could, but he wouldn't. He did not want to. The mother has but a few hours now to live. She again beseeches her husband that he will send for their son. The father said he would send a despatch to him, but in her name. "No, no; that would not do." Well, he can stand it no longer, and he signs his own at the foot of the telegram. It was sent, and the moment the boy received it he took the first train home. The father was standing by the side of the bed when the son arrived. But when he saw the door open he turned his back upon him and walked away. The mother grasped the hand of her boy and pressed it again and again, and kissed him fervently. "Oh! just speak to your father, won't you? Just speak the first word." "No, mother, I will not speak to him until

he speaks to me." The excitement was too much and she was rapidly sinking. She told her husband she was dying. She now took his hand in one of hers, and held the hand of her boy in the other, and sought and strove to bring about a reconciliation. But neither would speak. With her last strength she then placed the hand of the son into the hand of the father and sank down into the arms of death, and was borne by the angels into the Kingdom of God. The father looked at the wife and then at the boy; he caught his eye; they fell upon each other's necks, and there stood weeping by the bed of the departed. That is the illustration I have given, but it is not a fair illustration in this respect; God is not angry with us. With that exception it is a good illustration of reconciliation. Christ brought the hand of the Father clear down to this world; He put the hand of the sinner into the hand of His Father and died that they might be reconciled. You have nothing to do then to bring about a reconciliation. God is already reconciled to us and is ready to save us. Let us pray.

THIRTIETH EVENING.

"And they all with one consent began to make excuse."—ST. LUKE 14th, part of 18th verse.

I HAVE for our subject this evening an invitation to the marriage supper. We read in the 14th chapter of Luke that Christ is invited by one of the chief Pharisees to take supper with him on the Sabbath. I think by reading it carefully you will find it was a snare that the Pharisees were setting for Christ, that they were trying to get Him into some trouble, in order to get some reason that they might put Him out of the way. The law was that a man should not work on the Sabbath day, and the Pharisees were all the time bringing charges against Christ because He was, as they said, working on the Sabbath! And so this Pharisee invited Him to his house, and there was a great company there. They had a certain man there who had the dropsy. Undoubtedly they had sent a servant out to get the man in so as to have him ready for the occasion. They had him sitting right opposite to Christ. Christ said to the Pharisees and the others sitting by, "Is it lawful for me to heal on the Sabbath day?" And there wouldn't one of them answer him a word. One after another, I can imagine, looked down, and it was as if they had said, "Keep still now," and they held their peace. Christ said to the man who had the dropsy, "You may be healed," and the man got up and walked home a perfectly sound man. Christ said to the Pharisees, "If any of you have an ass or an ox fallen into the pit, will you not straightway pull him out on the Sabbath day?" And they said not a word. They knew very well that if any of them had an ox or an ass fallen into the pit they would save him if it was on the Sabbath day. But they said nothing. They were all the time putting questions to Him; but see how Christ answered all these questions. It would be well for you to take your Bible and go through the Scriptures, and see with what wisdom and tact those questions were answered that were put to Christ.

He said to the Pharisees gathered there—for he noticed that there was a great rush to see who was going to get the best seats. There they were pushing and elbowing each other back in order to get the best seats. Christ said: "Let me give you counsel. When you are invited to a feast, take the lowest place. Do not be so ambitious to get the best place, to get to the head of the table; because if you get there and a more honorable person comes, the head of the feast will make you sit further down, and you will be mortified and ashamed." Then he turned to the chief of the Pharisees who invited him and said: "When you get up a feast do not go and invite the rich, or you will be looking for them to invite you again." Isn't it the same thing to-day in the world? When people get up a feast they invite the rich and influential, so by that means they will get into society, and their invitations will be returned. But, He said, go to the lame, the halt, the dumb, the blind, and ask them, and you will be well rewarded for what you do by our Father in heaven. A man sitting at the table burst out and said, "Blessed is the man that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God." Then Christ said, "A certain man made a great supper and bade many,"—here he described the great spiritual feast—"and sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, 'Come, for all things are now ready.' And they began to make excuses." They made excuse. They did not have any to offer without making them. "And they all with one consent began to make excuses." A man gets up a feast, and his friends make no excuses; but God gets up a feast, and not only prepares a table, but He goes forth and invites them all to come. They cannot go; they would like to go, they say, but cannot possibly, they have so much to do. Let me show you what these excuses are, and you will see on the face of them that they are downright lies. The Scripture says, "One after one they began to make excuses." If those men had been invited to go out and walk, if they had been invited to go to a hospital and witness some terrible operation, or if they had been invited to an execution, they would have had some reason for giving excuses; but these men were invited to a royal feast. It is not often that common people like us get an invitation to a royal feast. If Queen Victoria were to invite us to a feast at Windsor Castle, do you suppose we would not regard it as a great honor? Do you suppose you would make excuses? O, my friends, I have an invitation to-day that is a thousand times beyond that. It is from the very King of Kings and Lord of Lords. It is the Marriage Sup-

per of God's own Son. Blessed is he that shall be at the Marriage Supper of the Lamb. He wants to see you all there. The invitation is to every one here. All are invited—the lowest, the highest, the richest, the poorest, all can come if they will.

Did you ever think what would take place in a city like New York if God should take men at their word when they make excuses, and should say to-night, "Well, I will excuse you," and so, with one stroke of providence should sweep them all away, and cease to care for those who refused Him? Why, the grass would right away begin to grow in your streets. There would be very few stores open to-morrow. Most of the merchants would want to be excused; their stores would be closed up, every solitary one of them. The rumsellers would all want to be excused. You cannot find a rumseller in all New York but wants to be excused. Every man that is carrying on a dishonest business would want to be excused. I do not think there would be any crowd here to-morrow if that should take place in the next twenty-four hours. What desolation would reign in the streets of New York, and how many of all classes would make excuses! If I should step down from this place, and go right down the aisle among the audience, beginning with that little boy, and asking every one down the line if you had not an excuse, how many of you would not have them? You would begin to find one before I got to you, and if you could not find one, you would make up one, and if you could not easily think of one, Satan would help you to get up one. My friends, to-day, what is your excuse? Can you give any reason for not accepting this invitation? The Lord invites you to come. He does not mock you. He wants you to come. He would not ask you and then not want you. There is no trouble about your getting a place at the feast if you will accept the invitation. God extends the invitation, and then every one begins to make excuses. "With one consent they began to make excuses."

Let us take up the excuses of those three men mentioned here. The first man had bought some ground, and he must needs go and see it. Why didn't he see the ground before he bought it? If he had been a good business man, he would have seen it first. If he had been, he would have been looking at the title. That would have been the better way. But he said he must go and see his ground. He had an invitation to the supper, and said, "I would like to go, but I cannot." And he said to the servant, "Tell the Lord I would be de-

lighted to be there. I do not know anything that would please me more than to go, but business is so pressing it will be utterly impossible for me to go." If the devil can only get us off into some cradle of excuses and rock us off to sleep, that is all he wants. It would have been better if this man had been honest, and said to the servant, "Tell the Lord I don't want to go to the feast." It is better to be honest than to seek a refuge of lies and false excuses. I have met three men since I have been here in New York, who said frankly, "I have not any desire to get to Christ." These were better than those who say, "Oh yes, Mr. Moody, I would like to be a Christian, but I have pressing duties just now at home, and I cannot stop and talk with you to-night," just manufacturing excuses to get away from me. They did not want Christ, and had not the common honesty to come out and say so.

And the other man could not accept the invitation either. I suppose he thought to himself, "How shall I get out of it?" So he said, "I have just bought five yoke of oxen. I will give them as my excuse." I suppose perhaps he asked his wife, "What shall I tell him?" Perhaps his wife told him, "Say you have just bought five yoke of oxen, and that you have to go and prove them." Now, why didn't he prove them before he bought them? And besides, did he not have plenty of time to prove them? It was not necessary for him to go just at the hour of the feast to prove his oxen. He manufactured the excuse. The third man's excuse is more absurd, if possible, than the others. He said, "I have just married a wife." What difference did that make about his going? Why didn't he take his wife along? You can see that that excuse was a downright lie. So these three men made excuses, and when the messenger came back and gave them to the lord, he said, "Not one of those that were bidden and have refused shall taste of my supper. Go and get the beggars from the highways and hedges, and the tramps and the poor, the lame, the maimed, the dumb, the blind, and if these men won't accept the invitation, let those who will, come." Let those that will accept of the invitation and press into the kingdom. Thank God that His gospel is for the poor as well as for the rich. If the rich won't have it, thank God that the poor are pressing into the kingdom. I have not much sympathy with this kind of doctrine, that we have to preach to a certain few, and a certain few will be saved. The gospel is to be preached to all classes. God says, "Go into the highways and hedges, and invite every man, woman and child that you meet."

I want to call your attention to this fact, that since these 1900 years have worn away, men are becoming very wise, or think they are, and they say, "We have now outgrown this old Bible, and are now living in a more intellectual age. Men are wiser than they used to be. They have a great deal more culture; they have a great deal more refinement." But, my friends, with all your culture, and all your refinement, can you find one man who has any better excuse than these three men had? I have met hundreds here in New York, in the inquiry-room and outside of it, during the past few weeks, and I have yet to find the first man who has a better excuse. My friend, what is your excuse? Have you got a better one? Why do you not accept of the invitation? God invites you.

I have often heard people say, "I would like to be a Christian very much, but O, it is so hard to serve God." Is that true? Is God a hard master? Is the devil an easy one? Is it true that those who have served both masters have found that God is such a hard master? Is He austere? Does He require us to perform more than we can? Does He reap where He has not sown? O, ye saints of the living God, is that your testimony? I see a man down there who shakes his head; He knows that He is not. There never was a greater lie forged in hell and told on earth, than that. "The way of the transgressor is hard." I may be speaking to some one who has some time taken money that belonged to his employer. Go ask him if he has found the way of the transgressor easy, if he has found it easy to serve the devil. Ask the men in prison, ask the drunkard, if the way of the transgressor is one of ease.

You are trying to serve God in the flesh; you are trying to serve a spiritual God before you are born of the Spirit. "Now that which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit." God is spirit, and we must worship in spirit and in truth. And when born of God then it is an easy service; then the yoke is easy and the burden is light; but until we are born of God it is utterly impossible. You might as well try to leap over the Atlantic Ocean as to try to serve God before you are born of God. And so these people who are trying to serve God and keep His law before they are born of God are failing all the time, and saying, "It is a hard thing to be a Christian." I say that it is false. It is an easy thing. God is an easier master than the devil. If you want to find out which is the best master, take the most faithful follower

that the d-evil has got in New York to-day—it may be a murderer, a libertine, a drunkard, a gambler—just bring him before this audience. He has been in the service of the devil fifty years. Ask him if the service has been an easy one. Let him tell his own story, and if he stands up here and tells you it is a delightful service, there is not an infidel in the city that does not know he lies the first time he opens his mouth. Your own judgment, your own heart tells you that the way of the transgressor is hard. God has said it, and is it not true? Then go and get the man that has served Jesus Christ for fifty years, and let him step upon this platform, and he need not open his lips. His very countenance says he has found the way delightful, he has found the yoke easy and the burden light. Go talk to that child of God that has been in blessed communion for fifty years, and he will say the path shines brighter and brighter as he goes on, while the one who has followed the devil will tell you the path grows darker and darker as he goes on. Young man, I tell you to-day, on the authority of God's Word, it is false that the Lord is a hard master, and the best thing you can do is to throw that excuse to the four winds and never use it again. It is one of the devil's lies. Go down to the Tombs. I am told that that little bridge over the prison-yard over which the prisoners are led has written on one side the words, "The way of the transgressor is hard." If that is not true how do they dare put it on there? They ought to take it off. There is not a man in all New York but knows as he goes down deep in his heart that the way of the transgressor is hard. On the other side of that bridge it is written, "The Bridge of Sighs;" and over that the young men pass every day, and every one of them will testify that that portion of the Bible is true where it says the way of the transgressor is hard. So don't give that as an excuse.

There is another class that says, "I believe that. I believe the most delightful service in the world is serving Christ. That is not my excuse, but my excuse is this: There are so many things in that Bible that are dark and mysterious. I don't understand the Bible from Genesis to Revelation. If I could understand the Bible on reading it through once, I could accept the invitation; but there are so many dark and mysterious things that I cannot accept the invitation," and so we find a good many giving the Bible as an excuse. I contend there is no book under the sun that has been so misjudged as the Bible. Of all the skeptics and infidels I have ever met, I have yet to meet the first one that has read the Bible through

from beginning to end. Now, if a book comes out, and you have not read all of it, and are asked your opinion of it, you say, "I have not read it through yet, and don't like to express my opinion until I have more carefully read it." But people are not afraid of expressing their opinion of God's book after having read a few chapters, and because they don't understand what they have read, they condemn the whole. God says plainly, That is a spiritual book, and the carnal mind cannot understand it. Then you say, "If an unconverted man is not to understand it, what am I to believe?" I will tell you. When God puts salvation before the sinner He makes it so plain that a blind man can understand, that he who runs may read. You understand this, that you are a sinner. The Bible tells you so, your own conscience tells you so, your own life tells you so, your own judgment tells you so, and you are thoroughly convinced you are a sinner. Don't the Bible tell you you will be saved by believing in Jesus Christ? One verse will tell you that. Moses says the mysterious things belong to God, the things revealed belong to us, and so, my friends, if you really want to know the way of life, just take that which you do understand, and leave the mysterious to God. I have a boy about say four or five years, and I send him to school to-morrow, and he comes home, and I ask him, "Willie, can you read and write, and spell? Do you understand all about geometry? Have you finished your algebra?" "Why, papa," he says, "why do you talk that way? I have been all the time trying to learn what A, B, and C are." "What!" I say, "have you not finished your education? I will take you right away from that school if you have not." Now, there is just as much reason in my doing that as there is in a man's taking up the Bible and condemning it before he has studied it, and that excuse that these men are giving that they cannot accept the invitation because they don't understand the Bible, will not stand before Christ's tribunal. When they go up and stand before the Lord they will say, "I was very anxious to accept the invitation to be at the marriage service of your Son, but there were many things in the Bible that were dark and mysterious, and so I could not accept the invitation." That excuse sounds very well here, but up there you can't tell that. You will be speechless when you stand before God's bar.

"Well," says a lady, "my trouble is not with the Bible, which I believe in from end to end, nor do I have any trouble about that other excuse about serving Christ; but the trouble

I have is in seeing so many hypocrites, and I am not going to join the church, there are so many hypocrites. I know a person who cheated me out of \$5, and that same person pretended to be a Christian, and so you must not ask me to associate with hypocrites." Well, I say, if you don't want to associate with hypocrites you had better get out of the world as soon as you can. You will find one hundred hypocrites outside of the church where you will find one in it. If you don't want to associate with hypocrites you had better accept this invitation at once. If I ever find a man who is a hypocrite, and betrays the cause of Christ, it only makes me want the love of Christ all the more, and I want to serve Him all the better. Because this or that man is untrue, is it any reason why I should like less the cause they betray? That is no excuse either, then. It is a personal, an individual matter with you. Suppose almost all men on the face of the earth are hypocrites, it is no sign that I or you should be so. Is that any reason why you should not become Christ's follower? Never mind what this or that man is doing; it is a personal matter, and the invitation to-day is to every man and woman in this assembly. Do you want to be there?

There is a young man over there who says, "Mr. Moody has not touched my case at all. My trouble is different. I would like to become a Christian, but if I become one, I am afraid I won't hold out." That is a very common excuse. We have it in the inquiry room every night. "There is no one in New York that feels more anxious to become a Christian than I do," said a young man the other night, "but I am afraid that I will not hold out." Now, is it our work to keep ourselves, or is it the work of the shepherd to keep the sheep? The keeper of Israel never slumbers and sleeps and is not the God of Israel able to keep us? The work of the shepherd is to take care of the sheep, and not the sheep to take care of the shepherd. I was talking the other day with a man that was seventy-eight years old, and he was afraid if he became a Christian he would not hold out. I was amazed. It is not only the young that are afraid, but the old, too. God is able to make you stand and keep you. It takes the same grace to keep us that it does to convert us. "My grace is sufficient for thee."

Now the question comes, will you trust Him to-day? You will be able to stand if God stands with you. When I was talking with that young man, it reminded me of a boy of whom I knew some years ago, whose father was a miserable

drunken wretch and infidel, and he would not allow a praying man under his roof, for he said a man that prayed was nothing but a black-hearted hypocrite. Somebody got hold of his little boy, and got him into the Sabbath-school, and he was converted. One day afterward, the old man caught him praying, and he caught him by the collar and jerked him to his feet, commanding him with oaths never to be caught doing that again, or he would have to leave home forever. Twice after that he caught him in the act of praying, and the last time told him to leave his house forever. The little fellow packed up his things in a handkerchief, went down into the kitchen where his mother was, and bade her good-by, then went and bade his little brother and sisters good-by, and as he passed his father on his way to the door, he reached up his arms to put them around his father's neck, and said, "Good-by, father. As long as I live I will pray for you," and he went down the street, but he had not gone a great while before his father came after him and said, "If that is Christianity, I want it." And the boy went back and prayed with his father, and led him to Christ. So you see you cannot give any excuse for not coming to Jesus, so accept His invitation this hour and be saved.

THIRTY-FIRST EVENING.

MEN'S EXCUSES.

YOU that were here yesterday afternoon and last evening, remember that I was speaking on excuses—taking up some of the excuses of the present day. I had only considered four of these when it was time to close. I want now to commence just where I left off, and meet some of the excuses that we have to fight—if you will allow me the expression—every day in our inquiry room, and I suppose that to-day there are hundreds of people here who really want to become Christians, but they are flattering themselves that they cannot, because they have got some good excuses.

Now, another very common excuse is, they say they don't know as they are elected. Very often we find them in the inquiry room stumbling over an election with their arms folded, and saying, "If God has elected me to be saved, I shall be saved, and I shall be at the marriage supper of the Son if I am one of the elect; but otherwise there is no hope for me, and no chance of my being there." Now let me say that an unconverted man or an unconverted woman hasn't anything to do with the doctrine of election. It don't belong to the world. There is not one solitary word in Scripture that teaches us that anything is said to the unregenerated and unconverted about election. That epistle that Paul wrote about election was written to the church, and not to the world. Now, God is not down here offering you a gift with one hand, and, when you reach out your hand to take it, saying, "You are not one of the elected. I was only just mocking you. You cannot come." Let me tell you that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is for the world. "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," God says; and if God don't want every creature saved, then I say it is mockery to go and preach the Gospel to every creature. If the Lord God doesn't offer salvation to all the world, then I have not read my Bible correctly. Not but that it teaches us about election, but that

is something for those that have become Christ's own disciples. That is a very sweet doctrine to those already within the fold, those who have already accepted of God's best gift. And then we are not anywhere in the Scripture taught about preaching the doctrine of election to the unregenerated ; and I want to say again, that no unconverted man has anything whatever to do with the doctrine of election. " Whosoever will," says the Lord, " let him take the water of life freely." If God says this, who is going to stop him? All earth and hell combined could not stop that little boy there from going and taking the cup of salvation to-day, if he will. I never saw a man who made up his mind to press up to Christ and take salvation but what he got it. If you think that you cannot be saved because you are not elected, why don't you carry out the same idea in your temporal affairs and worldly matters ?

Suppose some of these farmers should say, " Well, I am not going to plow and plant. It is all nonsense to do it. If God has decreed that I shall have a crop, He will give me one any way." Suppose when I am sick I should say, " I am not going to send for a doctor. God has decreed whether I am to get well or not. What is the use of having all the doctors in the world ?" And suppose when the meeting is over to-night you should all sit still just as you are, and say, If God has decreed that I am to get home, I will get home somehow. If God has decreed that I am going to get home to dinner at six o'clock, He will see that I arrive there all right." Do you think you would get much dinner? There is just as much reason in that as for people to reason as they do about spiritual things. " If God has elected me to be saved," they say, " He will do so, and if He has not, I won't be saved." God tells you to seek the Kingdom of God with all your heart, and you will find it. So don't go on with that idea that you will not be saved because you are not one of the elect. You will find it written over the great throne in immense letters, " Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." Suppose I came down here this evening, a stranger, and tried to get into the Hippodrome, and the man at the door said, " Have you got a ticket?" " No." " Then you can't come in here," and I go down here to the Young Men's Christian Association, and intend to go in there, but they say, " Are you a member?" " No." " Well, then, you can't come in here." And then I visit the hall of the Odd Fellows, and when I apply for admission there, they say, " Are you an Odd

Fellow?" "No." "Then you can't come in," and so on with the Freemasons. Those buildings are for a certain class. But suppose I go along down until I come to Cooper Institute, and I see a great sign stuck up there: "Free lecture this afternoon. Whosoever will, let him come." So I go in. There's nobody to stop me there. And you find all through the Bible, "Whosoever will, let him. Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." Christ died for the ungodly, for sinners; and if you can prove that you belong to the world, and have sinned, I can prove that you can be saved. If you were born in the moon or the planets, I could not preach to you. I should not know what to do with you, to be sure. But the whole world is invited to come.

But there is another excuse, and a good many of the young people give it. I have no doubt many of these little boys and girls here say, "I don't want to become a Christian, for if I do I shall have to be gloomy." I know that was one of my excuses before I was converted. I thought if I became a Christian, I had got to put on a long face and walk on through the world looking neither to the right nor to the left, and have no more joy until I got into the other world. In other words, that Christianity was to make me sad and gloomy and despondent. But no; that is not religion, for religion should make you happy and joyful. See this man on the way to execution. A pardon from the Governor is put into his hands, and the poor man goes home to his family. Do you think that is going to make him gloomy? That is what the Gospel is. A pardon comes from the throne of heaven, and that is not going to make us gloomy, is it? If a man dying for bread is given bread, is that going to make him gloomy? That is what the Gospel is—bread to the soul. If you give water to a man dying of thirst, a clear draught from the spring, isn't that going to make him happy? Christ is the water of life. My friends, it does not make people gloomy. It makes people gloomy to want Christ. There are many who profess Christianity that don't have a living Christ in them, and those are the people who are gloomy. But when Christ is with us a living well of water gushing up, it is a living well of gladness. And so, little boy, little girl, young man, young maiden, don't give that for an excuse. Don't say, "I will not accept of this invitation because it will make me gloomy and sad." That is not the experience of the true Christian. If you want to see a person truly happy, with a joy that the world doesn't know anything about, you must go to those that have been

Christ's, and have caught the spirit, for He brings us joy and true peace and happiness.

But then there is another class that has come in here, and I am glad to see them here. We are in the inquiry-room very often. There is hardly a day but some young convert gets up in our afternoon meeting and he says, "Well, I thought when I first came here that I was too bad to come to Christ, and I thought he would not have me." Yes, and there may be some here to-day giving that excuse—that they are too bad, too vile. It may be that they have just come out of the penitentiary; it may be that they ought to be there because they have been stealing or breaking the law. They say, "There is no hope for me; I am too bad." Thanks be to God, there is not a class of sinners in New York that have not got some representative in the Bible. There were none so low but what the Son of God saved them. That is what the Pharisees said against Him, "Why this man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." That is what we glory in. That is just what Christ came to do. Don't you get that idea. The greater the sinner the better is his title to come, because if you can prove that you are a sinner you can prove that you have a right to come. Christ died for sinners. Do whatever you please, foul, polluted, corrupt from the crown of your head to the sole of your foot and come to Christ and He will save you. I heard of a sailor who was out at sea a few years ago, and he had a good mother whose prayers went up to heaven continually for him, and in course of time God began to trouble that son's conscience off at sea, and he didn't know what the trouble was—as there are many who are awakened by the Spirit of God and don't know what is stirring them—and he thought when he got to New York he would join the Odd Fellows and try to make something of himself. He had been a poor drunken sailor long enough, and he thought he would lead a better life. He went to the Odd Fellows and applied for membership, and the Odd Fellows inquired about him, and when they found out that he was nothing but a poor drunken sailor, they blackballed him, and would not have him. It was the same when he tried to join the Masons. But by-and-by some one gave him a little handbill, which invited him to the Fulton street prayer-meeting, and so he went there, and they let him in freely. He found that Jesus Christ saved just such as he, and he came to Christ, and Christ received him, took away his sin, and gave him a new heart. He got up in the meeting and said: "I went to the Odd Fellows, and they would not take

me in ; I went to the Masons, and they backballed me ; but I came to Christ, and He did not blackball me at all, but took me right into His arms." That is what Christ does, and if there is a poor sinner here to-day, Christ will take you if you will only go to Him. I don't care how bad you are. Your sins may rise up like a mountain, but His blood cleanseth from all sin.

Then, another thing. There are a great many men that want to come, and they say, "Wait until I am a better man, and then I will come." I never knew a man to be saved that came to Christ in that way. You cannot make yourselves any better. You cannot cleanse yourselves. Every day and hour that you are staying from Christ you are getting worse instead of better. The very act of your staying away is a sin, and so instead of trying to get better, and get ready to come, just come as you are and be clothed with the garments of salvation. He will clothe you with His own righteousness. I noticed when our war was going on, men used to come to enlist, and the man who came with a fine suit of clothes on, and the hod-carrier in his dirty garments, would both have to take off their clothes and put on the uniform of the Government. And so when men go into the Kingdom of God they have to put on the livery of Heaven. You need not dress up for Christ, because He will strip you when you come and put on you the robes of His righteousness. My friends, you cannot stand before God in your own righteousness. Come to God as a poor beggar, and He will have mercy upon you. I heard some years ago of an artist who wanted a model for the Prodigal. He went to many institutions and prisons, but could not get a man who suited his ideas of the Prodigal. One day, however, while walking down the street, he met a poor miserable tramp, and he suited the artist's eye, so he asked him if he would be willing to sit for his portrait. The tramp said he would if he would pay him for it. The artist promised, and set a day and hour for him to come. At the appointed time, while the artist was sitting in his studio, the man came in, but he was so well-dressed the artist didn't know him, and told him he had no appointment with him. When the beggar told him the circumstances, the artist said, "What have you been doing?" "Why," said the man, "I thought if I was going to sit for my portrait I would get a new suit of clothes." "Ah," said the artist, "you won't do ; I wanted you just as you were." So, when you go to Christ, go just as you are, with all your rags, your filth, and your sin, and He will receive you. I don't

care how bad you are. He came for that purpose, and there is not a man or a woman in this hall to-night that is so bad that Christ would not have you if you will only come. You may be a thief, a drunkard, a libertine, polluted with sin, and corrupt as the devil would have you, and yet the Lord Jesus Christ will receive you if you will just come, and come without delay, just as you are.

Well, then, there is another class that say, "I would like to come, but my heart is so hard." Well, how are you going to soften it? Who is going to make it soft again? You cannot do it yourself. It is just because you have a hard heart that you should come to Christ. If you had not, you would not need to come to Him. It is just because you have a hard heart that you need to let Him in. He will soften it for you; He will drive away the darkness; He will illumine it. Do not give that as an excuse. He invites you to the feast to-day. Do not say because you have a hard heart you cannot come. Do not say because you have a hard heart you cannot receive Him. The harder the heart the more need of a Saviour. "Yes," perhaps you say, "but I hear another man say, Mr. Moody does not touch my case at all. I cannot believe." I met a man some time ago that said to me, "I cannot believe." I said, "Who?" He said again, "I cannot believe." Said I, "Who?" and I still held him to that little word, "Who?" and at last he stammered, "Well, I think I cannot believe—myself." Now that is just what we don't want you to believe. The trouble is that men believe too much in themselves. Men are putting too much confidence in themselves.

We do not come here to ask you to believe in yourselves. That has been the trouble from the time of Adam's fall to the present time, that they have too much confidence. Believe in God; that is what you can do. He will take care of your heart, because He never broke a promise. When a man tells me he cannot believe, I tell him to give me a reason. I have a right to ask him for a reason. If the devil has hold of him the devil may tell him a wilful lie. But he would not have a good reason for not believing me if I never have proved untrue or my word had not failed him, but I always kept my word to him. I say it would be unjust to me if he would not believe me. A hundred things may happen to prevent a man from keeping his word, but the God of Heaven will keep His word which He has given. So there is not one inch of ground for that argument to stand upon. There is no reason why you should not believe to-day with all your heart. Instead of saying it is

because you cannot believe, say honestly it is because you do not want to believe. There is no other ground for unbelief; there is no other reason. Has He ever lied to us? Has He ever deceived us in any way?

There is a class that seem to think unbelief a great misfortune, as they say. I say it is the damning sin of the world to-day. Put it down not as a misfortune; put it down as the sin of sins. It is the tree that brings forth all this fruit that we have. It is that tree which enables men to steal, which enables men to murder, which enables men to drink. If they believed, they would not do these things. It is because they do not believe that they do them. Unbelief is the very root of all sin. What mischief there is in the world has come through unbelief. Oh, let your unbelief go to the four winds to-day! Say "I will believe;" trust Him; be no longer classed among the unbelievers. There was a man once here who said, "I wish I could feel what he says. I am one of those men who want to feel." That is what we do not want. We have not a worse enemy in the inquiry room than this argument about feeling. It is feel, feel, feel, feel, feel, all the time. There is no sense in it. From Genesis to Revelation there is not one text of Scripture where feeling is attached to salvation. It is these people that are always working themselves up to a high pitch of feeling, and that are always backsliding after they are converted and their feelings pass away. It is all excitement at first, and the conversion is like a morning cloud—soon gone. I like to have people's faith grounded not on feeling, but on some strong text of Scripture. If you feel, feel all the time; you have no firm ground to stand on. It is true, it is better to know God says a thing than to feel it. Do not be waiting to feel it. If a man invited you to his house to a feast, you would not talk about feeling, would you? The question for you to consider is, Do you want to be at this feast to which God invites you? If you do, come along, and your feelings will take care of themselves. I have heard so many people say, "Mr. Moody, I have heard it said by people who were converted that they felt great joy and peace." Well, I will talk to you about that after you are converted. The trouble is you want to feel that you have Christ, and that you have accepted salvation, first. Christ must come first. Let Him come, and let the rejoicing take care of itself. You will not be talking about feeling all the time when you are converted. You will be occupied with Christ, and feelings will come in their own place.

Well, perhaps there is another man down there that says,

"I would like to be a Christian, but I do not quite like to be converted at a revival. That is my objection. If I am converted in a revival—and I know there is a great deal of interest down there in New York—I am afraid it would not hold out. I would like to be converted to-night, but not at a revival." Well, I will tell you what you can do. You can take a down train to some town where there is no religious interest, where there is no revival, and go there right away and be converted. I will try to find out some town where there is no religious interest felt, and if you really want to be converted, you can go right away. Before a revival people say, "Oh, how cold and indifferent the church is now!" They complain about the coldness of the church, and say, "This is not a good time to come." And afterwards, when there is a good deal of interest, they say they are afraid of the excitement of a revival. So you see, it is merely an excuse; that is all. The question is, Are you willing to accept this invitation to-night? Let it be an individual matter between you and God to-night, and never mind what other people are doing. Do you want to be there? If you do, God invites you. A great many are waiting for God to call them. Has not God called you already? Is there a man or woman in this audience to-night that God has not called a thousand times? Did you ever hear the gospel preached in any Christian church that God did not seem to call you through His messenger? In every word He speaks, in every book that speaks of Christ and heaven, God calls you through that book. Did you ever open your Bible and read, that you did not see invitation after invitation to you to come to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb? Waiting for God! Has not God done all He can already? What more can He do than He has done? He sent His prophets, and we killed them; He sent us His only Son, and we put Him to-death. Then He has sent the Holy Ghost to convince men of sin and of the way to righteousness. The Holy Ghost is here now, and has been in the world for hundreds of years. Would you have Christ leave heaven and come again to this world to die again? Why, then, not accept the invitation now? Why not believe now? Why not be saved here now this very hour?

I will not go on enumerating the possible and frequent excuses that men and women give—not that I have exhausted them; no. If I had exhausted all this evening, you would have as many more manufactured by to-morrow, or even before I got through with the sermon. If you drive a man

from behind one excuse, he takes immediate refuge behind another. If you drive him from that, he gets behind another like a flash. You cannot exhaust excuses. They are more numerous than the hairs upon your head. I will tell you what you can do with them. You can take them up and bind them in one bundle, and mark it "Lies, lies, lies," in great big letters. God will sweep away those refuges of lies. It is only a question of time. By and by you will be left without an excuse. He that believeth not will be without God, without hope, without excuse. Do not think of giving excuses here. If you have any excuse that you call good, if you have any excuse that you think will stand the light of eternity and of the judgment day, if you think you have any excuse that God will accept, do not give it up for anything I have said. Take it into the grave with you. Let it be buried with you, and when you come before Him tell it out. If not, then give your excuses to us here to-day. It is easy to excuse yourself into hell, but you cannot excuse yourself out of it. It is easy to take a seat here, and to make light of everything you hear, and go away laughing and scoffing at the whole thing; but ah, it will be terrible to stand before God without an excuse. One of the most solemn things in Scripture is that not one of these men that were bidden to the feast of the Lamb and refused should taste of the supper. That is to say, that God would excuse them, taking them at their word. It will be a terrible thing to be excused from that feast. Do you really want to be excused? Is there a man or woman here that will say honestly that he or she would willingly be excused? Why not accept of the invitation now? Let the plough stand in the furrow, let the oxen stand in the stall until you accept the invitation. Let your business go until this question of eternity is settled with you. It is better for you to press into the kingdom than it is to attend to any other duty. That is the first thing. A man must first attend to the soul's salvation. If your wife won't go, leave her at home. If you cannot get your family to join you, go alone. Make up your mind that to-day you will be up and pursuing that one object. If your companions make light of it, let them do it. It is Christ that invites you. Did you ever stop to think who will be there? Not one who has washed in the blood of the Lamb will be missing on that occasion. I would rather have my heart torn out of my body here on this platform, and go from here right straight to heaven and be with Him at last, than live a hundred years and lose that opportunity. I want

to be at the marriage supper of the Lamb. I want to sit with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob. I want to be in the presence of the King of Kings. Do not make light of it.

I can imagine some of you saying, "I never yet got so low that I have been willing to make light of religion and serious things." Let me ask you: Suppose a man invites me to his house. Suppose he sends me a note and invites me to dinner with him, and I read it and simply tear it up or throw it aside, and pay no more attention to it. Is not that making light of it? How many will thus walk out of this hall, and make light of everything they have heard? Suppose here we just write out a refusal of the invitation. "To the King of Heaven: While sitting in the Hippodrome on a beautiful day, March 15, 1876, I received a pressing invitation from one of Your servants to be present at the marriage supper of Your only begotten Son. I pray Thee accept my excuses." Now, who would come forward and take a pen and dip it in the ink and put his name to that? I can imagine you saying, "Let this right hand forget its cunning, and this tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, before I would be guilty of such a thing; ten thousand times, No." But I will tell you what you will do. You will get up and go out and make light of the whole thing. Let us write out an acceptance: "To the King of Heaven: March 15, 1876. While sitting in the meeting I received a very pressing invitation from one of Your messengers to be present at the marriage supper of Your only begotten Son. I hasten to reply. By the grace of God I will be present." Who will sign that? Will you say from the very depths of your heart, "I will do that?" Some one up there says, "Yes, I will." Thank God for that. Why should not one person speak for the whole audience?

THIRTY-SECOND EVENING.

GOD'S LOVE.

WE have for our subject this evening, "Love." I have often thought I wouldn't have but one text; if I thought I could only make the world believe that God is love, I would only take that text and go up and down the earth trying to counteract what Satan has been telling them—that God is not love. He has made the world believe it effectually. It would not take twenty-four hours to make the world come to God, if you can only make them believe God is love. If you can really make a man believe you love him, you have won him; and if I could only make people really believe that God loves them, what a rush we would see for the Kingdom of God! Oh, how they would rush in! But man has got a false idea about God, and he will not believe that He is a God of love. It is because he don't know Him.

Now, in Paul's farewell letter to the Corinthians, in the 13th chapter, 2d Corinthians, he says: "Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect. Be of good comfort. Be of one mind. Live in peace, and the God of love"—he calls Him the God of love—"and peace shall be with you." Then John, who was better acquainted with Christ, telling us about the love God has for this perishing world, writes in this epistle, in the evening of his life, these words: "Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God, and he that loveth not knoweth no God, for God is love." We built a church in Chicago a few years ago, and we were so anxious to make people believe that God is love, that we thought if we could not preach it into their hearts, we would burn it in, and so right over the pulpit we had the words put in gas jets, "God is love," and every night we had it there. A man going along there one night glanced in through the door and saw the text. He was a poor prodigal, and he passed on, and as he walked away, he said to himself, "God is love? No. God is not love. God does not

love me. He does not love me, for I am a poor, miserable sinner. If God was love, He would love me. God is not love." Yet there the text was, burning down into his soul. And he went on a little further, and turned around and came back and went into the meeting. He didn't hear what the sermon was, but the text got into his heart, and that is what we want. It is of very little account what men say, if God's word only gets into the heart. And he stayed after meeting was over, and I found him there weeping like a child; but as I unfolded the Scripture, and told him how God had loved him from his earliest childhood all along, the light of the Gospel broke into his mind, and he went away rejoicing. This would be the best meeting to-day we have had yet, if we could only make this audience believe that God is love.

Now, our brother who opened the meeting with prayer referred to the difference between human and divine love. That is the very trouble with us. We are all the time measuring God's love by ours. We know that we love a man as long as he is worthy, and then we cast him off; but that is not divine love. There would be no hope for any of us if the Lord did that, and I have the idea that our mothers are to blame for a good deal of that in their teaching during our childhood. They tell their children that the Lord loves them when they are good children, and when they are bad children the Lord does not love them. That is false teaching. God loves them all the time just the same as you love your children. Suppose a mother should come in here with a little child, and after she has been here awhile, the child begins to cry, and she says, "Keep still," but the child keeps on crying, and so she turns him over to the police, and says, "Take that child, I don't want him." What would you say of such a mother as that? Teach a child that God loves him only so long as he is good, and that when he is bad, the Lord does not love him, and you will find that when he grows up, if he has a bad temper, he will have the idea that God hates him, because he thinks God don't love him when he has got a bad temper, and as he has a bad temper all the time, of course God does not love him at all, but hates him all the time. Now God hates sin, but He loves the sinner, and there is a great difference between the love of God and our love—all the difference in the world between the human and the divine love.

Now, turn a moment to the 13th chapter of John's Gospel, 1st verse: "Now, before the feast of the Passover, when Jesus knew that His hour was come that He should depart out of

this world unto the Father, having loved His own which were in the world He loved them unto the end." His love is unchangeable. That night He knew very well what was going to happen. Judas had gone out to betray Him. He knew it. He had already left that little band to go out and sell Christ. Do you tell me Christ did not love Judas? That very night he said to him, "Judas, what thou doest, do quickly;" and when Judas, meeting Him in the garden, kissed Him, and He said, "Betrayest thou thy Master with a kiss?" was it not the voice of love and compassion that ought to have broken Judas' heart? He loved him in the very hour that he betrayed Him; and that is what is going to make hell so terrible, that you go there with the love of God beneath your feet. It is not that He don't love you, but you despise His love. It is a terrible thing to despise love. He loved them unto the end. He knew very well that Peter was going to deny Him that night and curse and swear because he was mistaken for Jesus' companion. He knew all His disciples would forsake Him, and leave Him to suffer alone, and yet He says He loved them unto the end. And the sweetest words that fell from the lips of the Son of God were that night when they were going to leave Him. Those words that fell from His lips that night will live forever. How they will live in the hearts of God's people! We could not get on very well without the 14th of John and the 15th and 16th. It was on that memorable night that He uttered those blessed words, and on that very night that He told them how much God loved them. It seems as if that particular night, when He was about to be deserted by all, His heart was bursting with love for His flock.

Just let us look at the 16th chapter and the 27th verse and see what He says: "For the Father Himself loveth you because ye have loved me and have believed that I came from God." I don't know but what Christ felt that there might be some of His disciples that would not love the Father as they loved Him. I remember for the first few years after I was converted I had a good deal more love for Christ than for God the Father, whom I looked upon as the stern Judge, while I regarded Christ as the Mediator who had come between me and that stern Judge, and had appeased His wrath, but when I got a little better acquainted with my Bible those views all fled. After I became a father, and woke up to the realization of what it cost God to have His Son die, I began to see that God was to be loved just as much as His Son was. Why, it took more love for God to give His Son to die than it would

to die Himself. You would a thousand times sooner die yourself in your son's place than have him taken away. If the executioner was about to take your son to the gallows, you would say, "Let me die in his stead; let my son be spared." Oh, think of the love God must have had for this world that He gave His only begotten Son to die for it, and that is what I want you to understand. "The Father Himself loveth you because ye have loved Me." If a man has loved Christ, God will set His love upon Him. Then, in the 17th chapter, 23d verse, in that wonderful prayer He made that night, "I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one, and that the world may know Thou hast sent Me and hast loved them as Thou hast loved Me." God could look down from heaven and see His Son fulfilling His will, and He said, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." But when it is said, "God loved us as He loved His own Son," it used to seem to me to be downright blasphemy, until I found it was in the word of God. That was the wonderful prayer He made on the night of His betrayal. Is there any love in the world like that? Is there anything to be compared to the love of God? Well may Paul say, "It passeth knowledge."

And then I can imagine some of you saying, "Well, He loved His disciples and He loves those who serve Him faithfully, but then I have been untrue." I may be speaking now to some backsliders, but if I am, I want to say to every one here: "The Lord loves you." A backslider came into the inquiry-room night before last, and I was trying to tell him God loved him, and he would hardly believe me. He thought because he had not kept up his love and faithfulness to God and to his own vows, that God had stopped loving him. Now, it says in John, 1st chapter: "He loved them unto the end." That is, His love was unchangeable and you may have forgotten Him and betrayed Him and denied Him, but nevertheless He loves you, He loves the backslider. There is not a man here that has wandered from God and betrayed Him but what the Lord Jesus loves him and wants him to come back. Now in this 14th chapter of Hosea He says, "I will heal every backslider. I will love them freely." So the Lord tells the backsliders, "If you will only come back to Me I will forgive you." It was thus with Peter who denied his Lord; the Saviour forgave him, and sent him to preach His glorious Gospel on the day of Pentecost, when three thousand were won to Christ under one sermon of a backslider. Don't let a backslider go out of this hall this evening with that hard talk about

the Lord. No backslider can say God has left him. He may think so, but it is one of the devil's lies. The Lord never left a man yet.

Just turn to the 31st chapter of Jeremiah and the 3d verse. "He hath loved us," he says, "with an everlasting love." Now there is the difference between human and divine love. The one is fleeting, the other is everlasting. There is no end of God's love. I can imagine some of you saying: "If God has loved us with an everlasting love, why does it say that God is angry with the sinner every day?" Why, dear friends, that very word "anger" in the Scriptures is one of the very strongest evidences and expressions of God's love. Suppose I have got two boys, and one of them goes out and lies and swears and steals and gets drunk; if I have no love for him I don't care what he does; but just because I do love him it makes me angry to see him take that course, and it is because God loves the sinner that he gets angry with him. That very passage shows how strong God's love is. Let me tell you, dear friends, God loves you in all your backslidings and wanderings. You may despise His love and trample it under your feet and go down to ruin, but it won't be because God don't love you. I once heard of a father who had a prodigal boy, and the boy had sent his mother down to the grave with a broken heart, and one evening the boy started out as usual to spend the night in drinking and gambling, and his old father as he was leaving said, "My son, I want to ask a favor of you to-night. You have not spent an evening with me since your mother died, and now I want you to spend this night at home. I have been very lonely since your mother died. Now won't you gratify your old father by staying at home with him?" "No," said the young man, "it is lonely here, and there is nothing to interest me, and I am going out." And the old man prayed and wept, and at last he said, "My boy, you are just killing me as you have killed your mother. These hairs are growing whiter, and you are sending me, too, to the grave." Still the boy would not stay, and the old man said, "If you are determined to go to ruin, you must go over this old body to-night. I cannot resist you. You are stronger than I, but if you go out you must go over this body." And he laid himself down before the door, and that son [and here the preacher with greater emphasis raised his voice] walked over the form of his father, trampled the love of his father under foot, and went out.

And that is the way with sinners. You have got to trample the blood of God's Son under your feet if you go down to

death, to make light of the blood of the innocent, to make light of the wonderful love of God, to despise it. But whether you do or not, He loves you still. I can imagine some of you saying, Why does He not show His love to us? Why, how can it be any further shown than it is? You say so because you won't read His Word and find out how much He loves you. If any man will take a concordance and run through the Scriptures with the one word love, you will find out how much He loves you; you will find out that it is all one great assurance of His love. He is continually trying to teach you this one lesson, and to win you to Himself by a cross of love. All the burdens He has placed upon the sons of men have been out of pure love, to bring you to Himself. Those who do not believe that God is love are under the power of the Evil One. He has blinded you, and you have been deceived with his lies. God's dealing has been all love, love, love, from the fall of Adam to the present hour. Adam's calamity brought down God's love. No sooner did the news reach heaven than God came down after Adam with His love. That voice that rang through Eden was the voice of love, hunting after the fallen one—"Adam, where art thou?" For all these thousand years that voice of love has been sounding down the ages. Out of His love He made a way of escape for Adam. God saved him out of His pity and love.

In the 63d chapter of Isaiah, and the 9th verse, we read: "In all their affliction He was afflicted, and the angel of His presence saved them. In His love and in His pity He redeemed them; and He bare them, and carried them all the days of old." In all their afflictions He was afflicted. You cannot afflict one of God's creatures without afflicting Him. He takes the place of a living father. There a man has a sick child burning with fever. How gladly the father or the mother would take that fever and put it into their own bosoms. The mother would take from a child its loathsome disease right out of its body, and put it into her own—such is a mother's love. How she pities the child, and how gladly she would suffer in the place of the child! That illustration has been often used here—"As a mother pitieth her children." You cannot afflict any of God's creatures but God feels it. The Son of His bosom came to redeem us from the cares of the world. I do not see how any man with an open Bible before him can get up and say to me that he does not see how God is love. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man will lay down his life for his friend." Christ laid down His life on

the cross, and cried in His agony, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." That was wonderful love. You and I would have called fire down from Heaven to consume them. We would have sent them all down into the hot pavement of hell. But the Son of God lifted up His cry, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

I hear some one say, "I do not see, I do not understand how it is that He loves us." What more proof do you want that God loves you? You say, "I am not worthy to be loved." That is true. I will admit that. And He does not love you because you deserve it. It will help us to get at the Divine love to look a little into our own families, and at our human love. Take a mother with nine children, and they are all good children save one. One is a prodigal, and he has wandered off, and he is everything that is bad. That mother will probably love that prodigal boy as much or more than all the rest put together. It will be with a love mingled with pity. A friend of mine was visiting at a house some time ago, where quite a company were assembled and were talking pleasantly together. He noticed that the mother seemed agitated, and was all the while going out and coming in. He went to her aside and asked her what troubled her, and she took him out into another room and introduced him to her boy. There he was, a poor wretched boy, all mangled and bruised with the fall of sin. She said, "I have much more trouble with him than with all the rest. He has wandered far, but he is my boy yet." She loved him still. So God loves you still.

That love, it ought to break your hearts to hear of, and it ought to bring you right to Him. You may say you do not deserve it, and that is true; but because you do not deserve it, God offers it to you. You may say, "If I could get rid of my sins, God would love me." In Revelation, 1st chapter, 5th verse, it says: "Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood. It does not say He washed us from our sins and then loved us. He loved us first, and then washed us clean. Some people say, you must turn away from sin, and then Christ will love you. But how can you get rid of it until you come to Him? He takes us into His own bosom, and then He cleanses us from sin. He has shed His blood for you; He wants you, and He will redeem you to-day if you will. An Englishman told me a story once that may serve to illustrate this truth, that God loves men in their sin. He does not love sin, but He loves men even in their sin. He seeks to save them from sin. There was a boy a great many

years ago, stolen in London, the same as Charley Ross was stolen here. Long months and years passed away, and the mother had prayed and prayed, as that mother of Charley Ross has prayed, I suppose, and all her efforts had failed, and they had given up all hope; but the mother did not quite give up her hope. One day a little boy was sent up into the neighboring house to sweep the chimney, and by some mistake he got down again through the wrong chimney. When he came down, he came in by the sitting-room chimney. His memory began at once to travel back through the years, that had passed. He thought that things looked strange and familiar. The scenes of the early days of youth were dawning upon him; and as he stood there surveying the place, his mother came into the room. He stood there covered with rags and soot. Did she wait until she had sent him to be washed before she rushed and took him in her arms? No, indeed; it was her own boy. She took him to her arms, all black and smoke, and hugged him to her bosom, and shed tears of joy upon his head. You have wandered very far from Him; there may not be a sound spot on you, but if you will just come to God, He will forgive and receive you. There is a verse in Isaiah xxxviii.—the 17th verse—that I think a good deal of. It reads: "Thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption, for Thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back." Mark you, the love comes first. He did not say that He had taken away sins and cast them behind Him. He loved us first, and then He took our sins away. I like that little word, *m-y*, "*my*," there. The reason we do not get any benefit from Scripture is because we are always talking about generalizations. We say: God loves nations, God loves churches, and loves certain classes of people. But here it reads, "Out of love to my soul He has taken all my sins and cast them behind His back." If they are behind His back, they are gone from me forever. If they are cast behind His back, how can Satan ever get at them again? I will defy any fiend from hell to find them. Satan can torment me with them no more.

There are four expressions wherein God puts our sins away. The first is, He has blotted out our sins like a thick cloud. You remember, don't you, how in the morning we wake and sometimes find the sky covered with clouds, and by the afternoon there is not a cloud to be seen. Can any one tell where the clouds go to? They vanish and we see them no more, and no one can tell what has become of them. God has blotted

out our sins like these clouds. Another verse is: "I will remove them as far as the east is from the west." Another is: "I will roll them into the depths of the sea." And then there is this one which reads: "Who will take them out of love to my soul and cast them behind His back." They are gone through time and eternity. Bear in mind, it is out of love He does it, not out of justice. It is not justice we want, but mercy. God feels wonderful love, which it ought to break every heart here to contemplate, and the love of God ought to sweep over this audience, and bow every head here to-night, and fill our hearts full of gratitude and praise that God so loved us, and gave himself for us. It says in Galatians, 2d chapter, 20th verse, "Who loved me and gave Himself for me." Take that verse in Isaiah, "Who loved my soul," and put it with this verse, "Who loved me and gave Himself for me," and you have it all. Christ shed every drop of His precious blood for sinners. Some people say "only one single drop of Christ's blood is enough to cleanse you from sin." It is not true. If one drop would have done it, He would have shed but one drop; but it took every drop of blood that His life had, and He gave it all up to save us. Paul says, "He loved me and gave Himself for me," and so Paul loved Him in return. If you could but get that thought in your mind that Christ has loved you so much as to give Himself for you, you cannot help loving Him in return.

There are three thoughts I have tried to bring out to-night: that God is love; that His love is unchangeable; that His love is everlasting. The fourth thought is this: that His love is unfailing. Your love is not. His is. When people come to me and talk about their love for God, it chills me through and through; the thermometer goes down fifty degrees; but when they talk about God's love for them, I know what they would say. So, do not think for a moment that God does not love you a good deal more than you love Him. There is not a sinner here, there is not an unsaved man here to-night but He wants to save, just as a father loves his child, only a thousand times more. Is there a poor wanderer here that has wandered far from Christ? He sends me to invite you to come to Him again. I don't care how sinful you are; let this text sink deep into your soul to-day, "God is love."

THIRTY-THIRD EVENING.

“Son, remember.”—ST. LUKE, 16th chapter, part of 25th verse.

I WANT to talk to you about the 25th verse of the 16th chapter of Luke—just two words: “Son, remember!” You that were here yesterday will remember that I spoke to you about the love of God, and you that were here last week will remember that I spoke to you of Heaven, and tried to lure you on to that world of light, and if I consulted my own feelings, I should be preaching to you about these things to-day. But if a man is going to be a servant and a messenger of God, he must believe the message just as he finds it. I would not dare to go out of this city without delivering to you this side of God’s truth. Some people come to me and say, “You do not really believe that there is such a thing as everlasting retribution and future punishment, do you? Yes, I do. The same Christ that talked to us about that bright upper world has given us a picture of the world of the lost. In this portion of the Scripture we have read to-day, it has been drawn very vividly by the Master Himself. We hear a voice coming up out of the lost world of a man that was once upon the earth, and fared sumptuously every day, and yet was lost, not for time, but for eternity. Over and over again Christ while here warned those that hung upon His lips. Once, in speaking to His disciples, He spoke about the worm that dieth not; about one being cast into hell, where the worm dieth not.

I believe that worm that dieth not is our memory. I believe that what will make that lost world so terrible to us is memory. We say now that we forget, and we think we do, but the time is coming when we will remember, and we cannot forget. There are many things we will want to forget, especially our sins, that have been blotted out by God. If God has forgotten them you would think we ought to forget them; every sin that has been so taken away and covered up, but the blood of His own Son will come back to us by and by.

We talk about the all-recording angel keeping record of our life; God makes us keep our own record. We won't need any one to condemn us at the bar of God. We will condemn ourselves. It will be our own conscience that will come up as a witness against us. God won't condemn us at the bar of God; we will condemn ourselves. Will He speak to us then, if we stand there, having neglected His offer of mercy, His offer of salvation here on earth? No; memory is God's officer, and when God touches the secret springs of our memory, saying, "Son, remember," we cannot help but remember. God shall touch these secret springs and say, "Son and daughter, remember," and then tramp, tramp, tramp will come before us a long procession—all the sins we have ever committed.

I have been twice in the jaws of death. Once I was drowning, and the third time I was about to sink I was rescued. In the twinkling of an eye everything I had said, done, or thought of flashed across my mind. I do not understand how everything in a man's life can be crowded into his recollection in an instant of time, but nevertheless it all flashed through my mind. Another time when I thought I was dying it all came back to me again. It is just so that all things we think we have forgotten will come back by-and-by. It is only a question of time. We will hear the words, "Son, remember," and it is a good deal better for us now to remember our sins and confess them before it is too late. Christ said to His disciples, "Remember Lot's wife." Over and over again, when the children of Israel were brought out of Egypt, God said to them, "Remember where I found you, and how I delivered you." He wanted them to remember His goodness to them, and the time is coming when, if they forget His goodness and despise it, they will be without mercy. What Satan wants is to keep us from thinking; to drown our memory and stifle our conscience. A man came into the inquiry-room the other night and said he wanted to be a Christian, but he could not believe that there was any future punishment. I said, "What are you going to do with that man who has been selling liquor for twenty years? A widowed mother goes to him and says, 'I have a son who goes into your place every night; he is being ruined, and it is killing me.' She begs him not to sell any more liquor to her son; she begs and pleads with him. He orders her out of the store and goes on and ruins that widow's only son, as he ruins thousands of others. Is he going to be ushered right into glory when he dies? What would you do with him? Would you take him right into heaven?" He

said he did not know what he would do. But the Word of God teaches us plainly by that there is future retribution; if it does not teach that it does not teach anything. If the Word of God tells us about the glory of heaven and the mansions that Christ is going to prepare, it tells us also about the torments of hell; it tells us about the rich man lifting up his face out of torment and crying for one drop of water.

This was not presented to us then just to frighten people. Some people say, "How you are trying to frighten us; you say such things just to alarm us." I would consider myself an unfaithful servant if I did not so warn you; the blood of your soul would be required at my hands if I did not warn you. I do not want you to say I came here and never said anything about the lost souls; I do not want any of you to think I have covered up this doctrine, and I say it to you because God says it. Christ says, "How shall you escape the damnation of hell?" No one spoke of the last as Christ did; none knew it as Christ did. If man were not lost, what did Christ come into the world for, or what does the death of the Son of God mean? Is it not better for us just to bow to the word of God and take it as God spoke it? If I checked up a book and found there were a hundred statements in that book, and I had reason to believe, and in fact knew, that ninety-nine out of a hundred of these statements were correct, and I did not have the evidence at hand to prove that the other was, I would have good reason to believe it correct, would I not? This picture drawn of the lost world in the 16th chapter of Luke was drawn by the Son of God himself. He said this rich man was lifting up his face in torment, not because he was rich, but because the rich man had neglected salvation. If men seek salvation, rich or poor, they will be saved; if they do not, rich or poor, they will be lost. Do you suppose those antediluvians who perished in Noah's day, those men too vile and sinful for the world—do you think God swept those men right into heaven and left Noah, the only righteous man, to struggle through the deluge? Do you think when the judgment came upon Sodom that those wicked men were taken right into the presence of God and the only righteous man was left behind to suffer?

There will be no tender, loving Jesus coming and offering you salvation either. He will be far from you there. There will be no loving wife to weep over you there, young man. You may have a praying wife here to-day, but remember in that lost world you will have no praying wife. Did you ever think how dark this world would become if all the praying

wives and mothers and ministers were out of it? Think of that lost world where there are no praying wives or mothers! Remember the time is coming when you will have no loved mother to pray for your soul and for you. Undoubtedly many in that lost world would give millions, if they had them, if they had their mothers now to pray them out of that place; but it is too late. They have been neglecting salvation until the time has come when God says, "Cut them down; they incumber the ground; the day of mercy is closed." You laugh at the Bible; but how many there are in that lost world to-day that would give countless treasures if they had the blessed Bible there! You may make sport of ministers, but bear in mind there will be no ministers of the Gospel there. There will be none there for you to laugh at. Here they are, remember, God's messengers to you, His best gifts to you—these loving friends that look after your soul. You may have some friends praying for your salvation to-day. Remember, you will not have one in that lost world. There will be no one to come and put his hand on your shoulder and weep over you there, and pray for you to come to Christ. Sunday mornings you hear the chiming of the bells telling you it is God's day. You very often see the people going up to the house of God, but bear in mind that in that lost world no bell will summon you to God's holy tabernacle, no bell will warn you of the Sabbath-day. There will be no Sabbath there for you to make light of and sport of. It will be too late. Some of you have got Sabbath-school teachers that are burdened with your salvation at this present time. They are pleading day and night that you may be won to Christ. Bear in mind that in that lost world no kind teachers will plead for you or with you. There will be no special meetings there.

A great many are laughing and making light of these meetings here. When you die, if you come here with that purpose, I believe this Hippodrome will rise up in judgment against you. This building has been put up without money and without expense to you. God put it into the hearts of Christian men to hire this building at a great expense and throw it wide open. No contributions are taken up, no calls are made upon you for money. You cannot say that we want your money. We don't want your money. We want you, and are trying to win you to Christ, and if you go down from this building to hell you will remember the meetings we had here. You will remember how these ministers looked, how the people around you closed their eyes and were lifting up their hearts in

prayer for you, and how it has seemed sometimes as if we were in the very presence of God Himself, for we have witnessed certainly wonderful displays of the power of God in this place many times. In that lost world you won't hear that beautiful hymn, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." He will have passed by. There will be no Jesus passing that way. There will be no sweet songs of Zion there. You come here day after day and hear these sweet songs, "Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to Thy bosom fly," "There is a fountain filled with blood, drawn from Immanuel's veins," "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in Thee." Oh, my friends, you will not hear those songs in that world. They will not be sung there. It is now a day of grace and a day of mercy. God is calling the world to Himself. He says, "I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked. Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?" Oh, if you neglect this salvation, how shall you escape? What hope is there? May your memories be wide awake to-day, and may you remember that Christ stands right here. He is in this assembly, offering salvation to every soul. You may never hear this text again until you hear it on the shores of eternity, and then you will remember this Friday evening, and you will remember how everything looked then, how Mr. Sankey sung that hymn, "Sowing the seed," and you will remember the text, and the sermon will all come back to you.

I was at the Paris Exhibition in 1867, and I noticed there a little oil painting, only about a foot square, and the face was the most hideous I have ever seen. On the paper attached to the painting were the words "Sowing the Tares," and the face looked more like a demon's than a man's. As he sowed these tares, up came serpents and reptiles, and they were crawling up on his body, and all around were woods, with wolves and animals prowling in them. I have seen that picture many times since. Ah! the reaping time is coming. If you sow to the flesh, you must reap the flesh. If you sow to the wind, you must reap the whirlwind. God wants you to come to Him and receive salvation as a gift. You can decide your destiny to-day if you will. Heaven and hell are set before this audience, and you are called upon to choose. Which will you have? If you will take Him, He will receive you to His arms. If you reject Him, He will reject you.

Now, my friends, will Christ ever be more willing to save you than He is now? Will He ever have more power than He has now? Then why not be saved now? Why not make up your mind to be saved now while mercy is offered to you?

I remember a few years ago, while the Spirit of God was working in our church, I closed the meeting one night by asking if there were any that would like to become Christians to rise, and to my great joy a man arose that had been anxious for some time. I went up to him and took him by the hand and shook it and said, "I am glad to see you get up. You are coming out for the Lord now in earnest?" "Yes," said he, "I think so. That is, there is only one thing in my way." Said I, "What's that?" "Well," said he, "I lack moral courage. I confess to you that if such a man"—naming a friend of his—"had been here to-night, I should not have risen. He would laugh at me if he knew of this, and I don't believe I have the courage to tell him." "But," said I, "you have got to come out boldly for the Lord, if you come out at all. That is what you have got to do;" and I talked with him, and he was trembling from head to foot. I thought the Spirit of God was striving with him, and I believe the Spirit was striving earnestly with him. I did not labor with that man as I have often wished since that I had. I wish that night I had prayed more earnestly with him. He came back the next night, and the next night, and the next night, and the Spirit of God strove with him for weeks. It seemed as if he came to the very threshold of Heaven, and was almost stepping over into the blessed world. I never could find out any reason for this hesitation except that he feared his old companions would laugh at him. I notice that when men go to prison no one laughs at them, but when they come out and declare their intention of leading good lives and standing up for Jesus, the men laugh at them and make sport of them.

Well, I thought surely this man would be brought into the fold, but at last the Spirit of God seemed to leave him; conviction was gone, and then after that when he used to meet me on the street he used to shun me, and if I met him coming along the same side of the street he would cross over to the other side and dodge me in every way he could. He finally got so that he didn't come to church on the Sabbath. He always used to come before. And that is the fault some people find with these meetings. They say it hardens people. Yes, it does harden some people. Any man that goes through a special meeting like this and rejects the gospel of course becomes hardened, and his chances are much less for Heaven. The things that formerly moved them do not move them so readily the next time. It hardens a great many. It hardened this man. Six months from that time I got a message from

him that he was sick and wanted to see me. I went to him in great haste. He was very sick and thought he was dying. He asked me if there was any hope. Yes, I told him. God had sent Christ to save him, and I prayed with him. Contrary to all expectations and to the belief of the physicians, he recovered and got off from his sick-bed. One day I went down to see him. It was a bright, beautiful day, and he was sitting out in front of his house convalescing rapidly, and I said, "You are coming out for God now, aren't you? You will be well enough soon to come back to our meetings again?" Said he, "Mr. Moody, I have made up my mind to become a Christian. My mind is fully made up to that, but I won't be one just now. I am going to Michigan to buy a farm and settle down, and then I will become a Christian." Said I, "But you don't know yet that you will get well." "Oh," said he, "I will be perfectly well in a few days. I'll risk it. I have got a new lease of life." "Oh," said I, "it seems to me that you are tempting God," and I pleaded with him, and tried every way to get him to take his stand. At last said he, "Mr. Moody, I can't be a Christian in Chicago. When I get away from Chicago, and get to Michigan, away from my friends and acquaintances, who laugh at me, I will be ready to go to Christ." Said I, "If God has not got grace enough to save you in Chicago, He has not in Michigan;" and I preached Christ to him, and urged Christ upon him. At last he got a little irritated, and said, "Mr. Moody, you can just attend to your business, and I will to mine, and if I lose my soul, no one will be to blame but myself—certainly not you, for you have done all you could." I went away from that house then with a heavy heart.

I well remember the day of the week, Thursday, about noon, just one week from that very day, when I was sent for by his wife to come in great haste. I hurried there at once. His poor wife met me at the door, and I asked her what was the matter. "My husband," she said, "has been taken down with the same disease, and I have just had a council of physicians here, and they have all given him up to die." Said I, "Does he want to see me?" "No," said she. "Then why did you send for me?" Said she, "I cannot bear to see him die in this terrible state of mind." "What does he say?" I asked. Said she, "He says his damnation is sealed and he will be in hell in a little while." I went in, and he at once fixed his eye upon me. I called him by name, but he was speechless. I went around to the foot of the bed and looked in his face and said,

"Won't you speak to me?" and at last he fixed that terrible deathly look upon me and said, "Mr. Moody, you need not talk to me any more. It is too late. You can talk to my wife and children; pray for them; but my heart is as hard as the iron in that stove there. My damnation is sealed, and I will be in hell in a little while." I tried to tell him of Jesus' love and of God's forgiveness, but he said, "Mr. Moody, don't you mock me. I tell you there is no hope for me." And as I fell on my knees he said, "You need not pray for me; you need not pray for a lost soul. My wife will soon be left a widow and my children will be fatherless. They need your prayers, but you need not pray for me." I tried to pray, but it seemed as if my prayers didn't go higher than my head, and as if the heaven above me was like brass. As I took the cold clammy hand the sweat of death was upon it, and it seemed like bidding farewell to a man I should never see in time or eternity. I left him with a broken heart. That was about noon. The next day his wife told me he lingered until the sun went down behind those western prairies, and from noon until he died all he was heard to say was, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved." After lingering along an hour he would say again those words, and just as he was expiring his wife noticed his lips quiver, and that he was trying to say something, and as she bent over him she heard him mutter, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved," and the angels bore him away to judgment. He lived a Christless life; he died a Christless death; we wrapped him in a Christless shroud and bore him away to a Christless grave. Oh, how dark and sad!

Are there some here who are almost persuaded to be Christians? Take my advice and not let anything keep you away. Fly to the arms of Jesus this day and hour. You can be saved if you will. Son, remember! I have warned you to-day. Daughter, remember! you cannot say that I did not lift up a warning voice to-day and exhort you with all my soul to escape the damnation of hell.

THIRTY-FOURTH EVENING.

"One of the two which heard John speak, and followed him, was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother."—ST. JOHN, 1st chap., 40th verse.

"But seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."—ST. MATTHEW, 6th chap., 33d verse.

THERE are two things I want to call your attention to this evening. The first is in the words of the 1st chapter of John, 40th verse, and the second is in the 6th chapter of Matthew, 33d verse. The first text is the first words that fell from the lips of Christ at the commencement of His ministry. It was the question He put to those two disciples who came and questioned Him as to where He dwelt. One afternoon, about four o'clock, John the Baptist stood with two of his disciples, and Jesus of Nazareth was passing by, a little way off, and John lifted up his hand and pointed to the man off in the distance, and said: "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world!" and John, the beloved disciple, and Andrew left their old master and went together toward Jesus, and Jesus turned around as they came up to Him and said: "What seek ye?" I thought this evening I would like for a few moments to call your attention to that text, and press that question home upon the people here. I would like to have all of you ask yourselves the questions, what are you seeking? What did you come for—what motive brought you here this evening? What do these great crowds of people here mean day after day, week after week?

There were all classes of people seeking for Christ, and they had every kind of motive for seeking Him. There were some who came out of curiosity, just to see what would happen. There was another class who came to Him because they had friends that were diseased, and they wanted their friends to be healed and blessed. There was the class who came with the hope of getting the loaves and fishes. And there was still another class that were trying to murder Him and get Him out of the way; they were watching Him and striving to get Him into some conversation in which they might entangle Him

with His words, and so get an excuse to bring Him before the Sanhedrim, and cause Him to be called guilty of blasphemy, and punished. Some sought Him for what they could get, and others sought Him for what He was; and that is the class we are after, namely, those who are not seeking Christ for what they can get, but who are seeking Him for what He is personally. I have no doubt but that a great many of the disciples first sought Him in order to be identified with Him, because they thought He would set up an earthly kingdom, and establish His throne upon earth. Judas perhaps thought so, and that he might become the chief treasurer of such a kingdom; and perhaps Peter thought that he might become the chief secretary; and when the sons of Zebedee found out that it was a spiritual kingdom that He was to establish, their mother came and asked of Christ that her sons might be placed the one upon His right hand, and the other upon His left. All the time during His ministry, Christ constantly found men seeking for office and honor; and that is precisely the spirit to-day. One of our greatest troubles, and one great reason why we do not get greater blessings from God, is because we are not pure in our motives for seeking Him. I say there is not a man or a woman (and I see they are nearly all women here to-night) who has come here for a blessing from God, and who had that motive, but will get it. Others will go away without any blessing and with hearts as hard and cold as ever. Why? Because they have not come to get a blessing.

I would like to ask you to take this brief question home to your hearts to-day, "What seek ye?" What are you after this evening? What motive brought you to this place? I think one would say, "I came because some friends of mine were coming; I did not have any particular motive at all; I came because my friends asked me to come." I ask another, What did you come for? "Well, I came to see the crowd; I heard there were a great many men and women here, and I thought it would be a wonderful sight to see so many together." A man told me the other day that he came to see the chairs. He said he heard there were 10,000 chairs all in one hall, and he thought they must look so strange. He had a curiosity to see them. Thank God, that man got caught in the Gospel net that very night, and I hope some others that come just out of curiosity, this evening, will get caught with the old Gospel net. But, to return to our question, What brought you-hère? A lady over there says, "I came to hear the singing, I don't care anything about the preaching. I

have heard the Word preached till I am tired of it, and if I had my way about it, I would rather get up and go out as soon as the singing is over." But if any of you have come here with such motives, and will change your minds after you get here, and will seek to come to God to-night, you will find Him, whatever your motive was at first in coming. You may even have come here to make sport of the meeting; you may have come here to ridicule everything you should hear; but if you will repent, and change your mind, the Lord Jesus will bless you to-night, and forgive you, and this may be the best meeting you ever was at in your life.

Now I want to call your attention to the other text I spoke of. My text is both a question and a command. The question is, "What seek ye?" and the command is this, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." This is just as much a command as that is, that thou shalt not steal. It is just as much a command for us to seek the kingdom of God and His righteousness as it is a command that we shall not swear. It is one of the commands of the Bible. Jesus, when He was down here, in that memorable sermon on the Mount, said: "Seek first the kingdom of God." That was to come first; it was to come in ahead of everything else. The Master's ways are not our ways. God's thoughts are not our thoughts. What we put last God puts first; what we put first He puts last; the whole thing is reversed. We say we do not want to seek the kingdom of God first. We have a good many things that must be attended to before we seek the kingdom of God. I know if persons think they would like to be converted they always think they have some preparations to make beforehand. Now, this is just as much a command to-day as it was so many hundreds of years ago. Do you think if He was on earth to-day He would alter that command? Do you think He would say for you to put off your salvation for one hour? Do you think He would tell you to seek His kingdom at some future time? Every day we hear of persons dying suddenly, sometimes without God and without hope, because they have not obeyed this command to seek first the kingdom of God. One reason that people do not seek first the kingdom of God is this: that they do not believe that God is real, and that He has a kingdom, and that they can find Him; but they make light of the existence of His kingdom. The whole living world is seeking for something. There is not a person in this world who is not seeking for something. Then why not seek for the best things? If

people will so seek for temporal things, doesn't it serve to show that you do not believe that God is real, or else you would seek first the kingdom of God, and find it before any of these other things?

I heard some time ago of a young man who wanted to become a Christian. His father was a worldly man, full of ambition and a desire to get on. His son went to him and told him his wish. The father turned around in astonishment, put on a dissatisfied look, and said: "My son, you have made a mistake. You had better wait until you get established in business; wait till you get older; better wait till you make some money; there is plenty of time yet to become a Christian." Does any young man here believe that? You know what the rich man in the Scripture said and did. That man had got well on in business; he had made lots of money; his goods were increasing every year. At last, after an unusually plentiful harvest, he found he had to build more barns and storehouses. He felt sure of being able to enjoy himself; he was happy and contented as he thought how his bank account was swelling. "Soul, take thine ease; thou hast much goods laid up for many days." He never thought of the future; the present was all he cared anything about. But in his fancied security he heard the dread and startling summons, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." He had to leave all these things behind him; death snatched him away, and he lost the heaven he had neglected to make sure of on earth.

I heard a story of a young lady who was deeply concerned about her soul. Her father and mother, however, were worldly people. They thought lightly of her serious wishes; they did not sympathize with her state of mind. They made up their minds that she should not become a Christian, and tried every way they could to discourage her notions about religion. At last they thought they would get up a large party, and thus with gayety and pleasure win her back to the world. So they made every preparation for a gay time; they even sent to neighboring towns and got all her most worldly companions to come to the house; they bought her a magnificent silk dress and jewelry, and decked her out in all the finery of such an occasion. The young lady thought there would be no harm in attending the party; that it would be a trifling affair, a simple thing, and she could, after it was over, think again of the welfare of her soul. She went decked out in all her adornments, and was the belle of the ball. Three weeks from that

night she was on her dying bed. She asked her mother to bring her ball-dress in. She pointed her finger at it, and, bursting into tears said, "That is the price of my soul." She died before the dawn. Oh, my friends, if you are anxious about your soul, let everything else go; let parties and festivals pass. Seek ye first the Kingdom of God; then all these things will be added unto you. God commands you to do it. If you are lost—if you die in your sin—whose fault is it? God has commanded you to repent and to seek salvation at once.

Are any of you going to take the responsibility of putting it off? You complain because Christ is urged upon you; you complain because your friends are anxious about you. How can they be otherwise than anxious? You heard what Mr. Sankey said a little while ago about the death of a husband of one of our choir. This morning, while I was preaching, he passed away. We prayed for him at the opening, and again at the close of that service, but he was gone before we got through. Three of the ushers have been taken away since I have been preaching here. When I got up here to preach this evening, I said to myself: "Perhaps it is my turn next." But, thank God, I have an interest up yonder. I can read my title clear there. I have sought and found Christ. But on the other hand, see how people go on day by day and year by year and disobey the command of God. They say there is plenty of time. Why, you hear every day of wills being upset because the man's mind was proved not to be clear when he made the will on his death-bed. If his mind is not clear enough when he is dying to settle his little affairs here below, is that a time to repent and make provision for eternity? Is it the time, when we are racked with pain and tortured with anguish, to turn our hearts to God? Is that a time to begin to think of salvation? Is it right or honorable to give the dregs of a wasted and misspent life to God? I tell you I have not much faith in death-bed repentances. I do not limit the power and mercy of God, but I do not believe in them. If there is one out of a thousand that is saved, there are nine hundred and ninety-nine that are lost. They think that they repent then, but they are scared and terrified; it is not repentance, it is fear; when they get better, they go right back again to their wicked ways.

We cannot scare people into repentance; they must be born in, not be scared in. Let us reason for a moment. Suppose you ask the advice of a friend on the earth as to whether you had

not better repent now. While I am preaching, young lady, just ask your mother sitting beside you what you had better do. Whisper to her—I'll excuse you—ask her if you had not better seek the Kingdom of God now. Young lady, there is not one in the wide, wide world who loves you as your mother. Would she not advise you to accept Christ? Now just ask her. Most of those who are not Christians will advise you to seek the Kingdom of God now, this very minute. If I go up yonder and ask them in Heaven, every one there would tell you to seek the kingdom now. Paul for three years preached upon immediate repentance. He besought his hearers with tears to turn from their sins and be saved. "Behold, now is the accepted time." That was what he preached. Yes, I leave Heaven and earth and go down to the very borders of hell, and will ask them there if it is not better to repent now. They would all with one voice answer, "Yes, yes, yes." The only time we ever heard from that place was to have a young man implore that word might be sent to his father's house that his brothers there might be warned against neglecting salvation. Yes, the lost ones would tell you to escape and seek the Kingdom of God and be saved. Why, then, Heaven, earth, and hell all unite in warning you to seek the Kingdom of God. Why will you not do it then? Why not accept Christ this very day? Just think what will become of you if you do not.

When the Lawrence Mills were on fire a number of years ago—I don't mean on fire, but when the mill fell in,—the great mill fell in, and after it had fallen in, the ruins caught fire. There was only one room left entire, and in it were three Mission Sunday-school children imprisoned. The neighbors and all hands got their shovels and picks and crowbars, and were working to set the children free. It came on night and they had not yet reached the children. When they were near them, by some mischance a lantern broke, and the ruins caught fire. They tried to put it out, but they could not succeed. They could talk with the children, and even passed to them some hot coffee and some refreshments, and encouraged them to keep up. But, alas! the flames drew nearer and nearer to this prison. Superhuman were the efforts made to rescue the children; the men bravely fought back the flames, but the fire gained fresh strength and returned to claim its victims. Then piercing shrieks arose when the spectators saw that the efforts of the firemen were hopeless. The children saw their fate. They then knelt down and commenced to sing the little hymn we have all been taught in our Sunday-school days, "Oh, how

sweet! let others seek a home below which flames devour and waves overflow." The flames had now reached them; the stifling smoke began to pour into their little room, and they began to sink, one by one, upon the floor. A few moments more and the fire circled around them, and their souls were taken into the bosom of Christ. Yes, let others seek a home below if they will, but seek ye the kingdom of God with all your hearts.

When I was a young man, before I left my native town, I was at work in the field one day in company with a man, a neighbor of mine. All at once I saw him begin to weep. I asked him what the trouble was. He then told me a strange story—strange to me then, for I was not at that time a Christian. He said that his mother was a Christian when he left home to seek his fortune. When he was about starting his mother took him by the hand and spoke these parting words: "My son, seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all things else shall be added unto thee." "This," said he, "was my mother's favorite text."

When he got into the town to which he was going he had to spend the Sabbath there. He went to church, and the minister took this very text, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." He thought it very strange. Well, he said he would not seek the kingdom then. He would wait until he got a start in life, until he got a farm and some money. Yet that text troubled him.

Again he went to church, and to his amazement the sermon was on that very same text. He did not attend church for some time. At last he was induced again to enter the church, and behold! he heard the preacher take that very same text. He thought then it was God speaking to him, that his mother's prayers were being answered. But he coolly, calmly and deliberately made up his mind that he would not be a Christian. "I have never heard any sermon that has made any impression on me since." I was not a Christian myself, so I didn't know how to talk to him.

The time came for me to leave home. I went to Boston, and there I became a convert. When I got to be a Christian the first thing that came into my mind was that man. I made up my mind to try to bring him to Christ. When I came home I mentioned the name to my mother and asked if he was living. "Is he living?" she exclaimed. "Didn't I write to you about him?" "Write me what?" "Why, that he

had gone out of his mind and is now in the insane asylum." When I got up there he pointed his finger at me. Says he, "Young man, seek ye first the kingdom of God." He had never forgotten the text. Although his mind was shattered and gone, the text was there.

My friends, do let that man speak to you. He is gone now. How much better it would have been for him to have followed his mother's prayer. The Spirit of God may be striving with some one to-night. I may be standing here for the last time. Let me plead with you once more to seek the kingdom of God, and seek it with all your hearts.

THIRTY-FIFTH EVENING.

THE WORK OF THE HOLY GHOST.

I REMEMBER once when I was first converted, I spoke in a Sabbath-school, and there seemed to be a great deal of interest, and quite a number rose for prayer, and I remember I went out quite rejoiced ; but an old man followed me out—I have never seen him since. I never had seen him before, and don't even know his name—but he caught hold of my hand and gave me a little bit of advice. I didn't know what he meant at the time, but he said, "Young man, when you speak again, honor the Holy Ghost." I was hastening off to another church to speak, and all the way over it kept ringing in my ears—"Honor the Holy Ghost," and I said to myself, "I wonder what the old man means." I have found out since what he meant, and I think that all that have been to work in the vineyard of the Lord have learned that lesson, that if we honor Him in our efforts to do good, He will honor us and work through us ; but if we don't honor Him, we will surely break down. The only work that is going to stand to eternity is the work done by the Holy Ghost, and not by any one of us. We may be used as His instruments, but the work that will stand to eternity is that done by the Holy Ghost ; and every conversion in these meetings, that is not by the power of the Holy Ghost, will not stand. They may be impressions that may last for a few weeks or months, but then they will pass away like the morning cloud ; and I firmly believe that if a man or woman be not converted by the Holy Ghost, we will not see them in heaven.

But I want now to call your attention to the Holy Ghost as a person. He has been in the world ever since man has been in it. We are told here in the second Epistle of Peter, 1st chapter and 21st verse : "For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man, but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Every holy man that has ever spoken in this world has been inspired and prompted

by the Holy Ghost, and has been moved by the Holy Ghost to speak, and if he has not been so moved, the words are just like the clouds, they will soon be gone and be of no permanent effect. They won't last; but the words that abide and live forever are the words prompted by the Holy Ghost, or accompanied by the Holy Ghost. Now I want to call your attention to an important truth, because I really believe I was a Christian ten years before I believed it. I went into a church once and heard an old minister say that the Holy Ghost was a person. I thought the old man was wrong, and could not believe that the Holy Ghost was a person. I did not know my Bible then as well as I do now, but I went home and got my Bible, and went to work to study it out, and have been thoroughly convinced ever since that the Holy Ghost is a person as much as God the Father is, and as much as Jesus Christ the Son is. Some may say that it is a mystery, and there are a good many things that are mysterious on their face. Now turn to the 14th chapter of John, 16th and 17th verses: "And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever. Even the Spirit of Truth, whom the world cannot receive because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him; but ye know Him, for He dwelleth with you and shall be in you."

Now, if the Holy Ghost were not a person, Christ would not have said, "Who." To be sure He is a spirit, but at the same time He is a person, the same as God the Father is. God is a spirit, and yet He is a person. Three times in this last verse it says "Him," and once "Who." Then in the 26th verse of the same chapter: "But the Comforter which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you," He shall do it. Then there are a good many other verses, and I want to call your attention to one or two more, just to show this fact, that He is a person. Whenever Christ spoke of the Holy Ghost, He always spoke of Him as "He," or "Him," and we won't honor the Holy Ghost unless we make Him a person, and one of the persons of the Trinity—the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

When Christ got ready to go away He taught His disciples to baptize the people in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Now, not only that, but we get life through Him. It is through the Holy Ghost that we get life. We would in reality not know Christ but for the Holy Ghost. It

is the Holy Ghost that imparts life. We must be born of the Spirit—that is, love. Not only that, but if we turn over to Peter, First Epistle, 3d chapter and 18th verse, we will find that Christ was raised by the power of the Holy Ghost: “For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit;” and every dead soul that has been brought to life has been brought to life by the power of the Holy Ghost. They are dead in sin until the Holy Ghost brings them to life, until the Spirit of God moves upon the waters. There is no life or power for a man to serve God until he is first born of the Spirit, until he has been quickened by the Holy Ghost, until he has been raised as Christ’s dead body was raised. So dead souls must be raised, and when they have been raised by that power then they can serve God.

Now the work of the Holy Ghost is also to impart love. Just turn to Romans v. 5: “And hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us.” The real fruit that we look for in a young convert is love; and I think it is one of the strongest proofs that this religion of Jesus Christ is divine, that it is the same all the world over. Even in the heart of China you will find if a man is converted he will love his enemies. The love of God is in that man’s heart. What do we as Christians feel and want to-day? What is the great lack of the church? Why are so many complaining about the coldness of the church? It is because we have not got this love. If the Holy Ghost is a power in the church, shedding abroad love in our hearts, there won’t be any complaint. Go into a society of young converts. If you could have been in our meeting last night you would have seen love and joy in every face, except a few inquiring ones. They all tell the same story. They were of different nationalities, perhaps, but they had only one story to relate. They loved every one, and told how much love and pity they felt for all. And if a man gets up and talks bitterly against any one, and professes to be a young convert, you may believe it is a spurious conversion. It is a counterfeit. It has not got the ring of heaven in it, because a man when he is converted will love every one. Not only that, but I have noticed this, that when a man is full of the Holy Ghost he is the very last man to be complaining of other people. He loves everybody too tenderly. He loves even a cold church, and is anxious to lift them up and bring them to a kinder feeling and sympathy. And I want to say here

that I think a good many people have gotten into this habit of coldness. A man told me the other day that he felt it to be his duty to go up to a certain church and open on them when he got a chance for their lukewarmness, and I thought if he could just get a look at these young converts here he would feel differently. For when a man is himself cold he looks upon everybody else as cold too. When a man is himself warm he will talk about everybody else in the same view as of himself; he will talk about the love of God that is in our hearts, and that is what we want. If we only just felt filled with love, how easy it would be to reach man! All these barriers between us would be broken down. If you can only convince the greatest blasphemer and infidel in New York that you really love him you can reach him. What we want, therefore, is this love, and that is the work of the Holy Ghost to impart; and let us pray to-day that the love of God may be shed abroad in all our hearts.

The Holy Ghost not only imparts love, too, but hope. That is another thing the church wants—more hope. When a church is hopeful, then the work advances; when it is discouraged and disheartened, the work does not advance; and I have learned this, that the hopeful Christians that are all the time looking on the bright side are the very ones that God delights to honor by using as His instruments, while He never employs for His best work those who are always looking on the dark side. Let the Holy Ghost come into a church and convert a few, imparting the hope that it does impart, and see how the work of the church will suddenly go on. If you will only let Jesus Christ come into the church He will do the work well. The trouble is we want our own way. We want the Holy Ghost to work in our way, and if He doesn't come in that way we think sometimes it is not the work of God because it has not come in the usual way. My grandfather told me in his day there was a great revival and every one came to the anxious bench, "but now they don't do so," said he, "and I don't believe it is the work of God." That is the way a great many talk. God never repeats Himself. Because God did a certain thing through one instrument at one time, it is no sign that He will do it the same way all the time. What we want to do is to let the Holy Ghost work in His own way and He will impart hope, and the Holy Ghost is very hopeful the moment He gets in.

Another thing we want in the church is liberty. If you had been to that young converts' meeting last night, you would

have seen perfect liberty—three or four trying to get the floor at once. There was no trouble in speaking there. But go into some of our churches, and where is that essential liberty? A great many Christians are like Lazarus when he came forth—he was bound hand and foot; but Christ said, “Loose him and let him go.” And so Christians want to feel that liberty they should feel when Christ calls them to be His disciples. Where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty. Many think to themselves before they get up to speak: “Now, what will Mrs. B., say when I get up, if I don’t talk as well as the minister?” and “Oh, if I could speak as well as Brother A., wouldn’t I give my testimony quickly! but I haven’t got any eloquence, and cannot speak like an orator.” Don’t you know, my friend, it is not the most fluent man that has the greatest effect with a jury? It is the man who tells the truth. And in speaking of your experience, God will help you if you trust in Him, and you will find after a simple trial that you have perfect liberty. The trouble is we have a great many Christians who have only got as far as the 3d chapter of John, and so far as liberty to come out and speak up for God is concerned, they don’t know anything about it. We want this spirit of liberty so as to be qualified for God’s work. A friend of mine told me once, that when he went to a boarding-house, he could always tell who the boarders were, for they never alluded to family matters, but sat down to the table and talked of outside matters; but when the son came in he would go into the sitting-room to see if there were any letters, and inquire after the family, and show in many ways his interest in the household. It doesn’t take five minutes to tell that he is not a boarder and that the others are. And so it is with the church of God. You see these boarders in church every Sunday morning, but they don’t take any interest. They come to criticise, and that is about all that constitutes a Christian nowadays. They are boarders in the house of God, and we have got too many boarders. What we want is liberty.

A friend of mine said he was down in Natchez before the war, and he and a friend of his went out riding one Saturday—they were teaching school through the week—and they drove out back from Natchez. It was a beautiful day, and they saw an old slave coming up, and they thought they would have a little fun. They had just come to a place where there was a fork in the roads, and there was a sign-post which read, “Forty miles to Liberty.” One of the young men said to the old darkey driver, “Sambo, how old are you?” “I don’t

know, massa. I guess I'se about eighty." "Can you read?" "No, sah; we don't read in this country. It's agin the law." "Can you tell what is on that sign-post?" "Yes, sah, it says 'Forty miles to Liberty.'" "Well, now," said my friend, "why don't you follow that road and get your liberty? It says there, only 'Forty miles to Liberty.'" Now, why don't you take that road and go there?" The old man's countenance changed, and he said, "Oh, young massa, that is all a sham. If that post pointed out the road to the liberty that God gives, we might try it. There could be no sham in that." My friend said he had never heard anything more eloquent from the lips of any preacher. God wants all His sons to have liberty. He does not want us bound, as so many of us are bound, by a sort of fear. The Holy Ghost casts out fear. It is the spirit of love and liberty. There ought to be perfect liberty in all our religious meetings, in all our social meetings. If there were, how long would it be before there would be a wonderful reformation in this country if these all had this spirit of liberty? A friend of mine asked a judge in his church to go out to a school-house in the country with him one day, where he was going to preach. He said to the judge that he would like to have him go, and the judge said he would like to go along. He told the judge he would like to have him speak to the people. The judge said, "Oh, I could not do that." "Why can't you? You can speak in your court well enough, without any trouble. Why cannot you speak here? Suppose you just try it?" When they got out there the judge refused to do it, but the minister said, "I want to put the judge into the witness box and question him." And the judge got his lips open at last, and told how he was converted, and how the Spirit of God came down upon him. And there was a mighty power in what he said, and the result was that many were converted, and the judge has been a working Christian ever since. I think there are hundreds bound, as he was, by station. A man who had been a professing Christian for three years I met at a meeting, and I knew he had been a professing Christian, and I supposed of course he had prayed in public. I noticed that he hesitated when I asked him, but he rose, and as soon as he had opened his lips the words came easily. I heard him tell a friend afterward that that night he felt as if he had been converted a second time. How many there are in the church that are bound to silence by long habit and that have not yet got their liberty! And one reason is because you do not ask God for it. Oh, open your lips and

the Spirit of God will come upon you, and you will have liberty.

There are so many people who are just between the two beliefs, or between belief and unbelief. I pity that class of people. What God wants is for us to have perfect liberty. Where the Spirit of the Lord is you will have this liberty. I want to call your attention to this fact. What is the work of the Holy Ghost? Why is it that when the Holy Ghost wakes up some men they get so angry? Because the Holy Ghost testifies against the world. That is what He has come to do—to convince men of their sins. It is a good sign sometimes to see a man get mad and storm out of the house. A man went out of this building so a few days ago, but he did not rest in it; he found Christ soon after. When the Spirit of God wakes some men up they wake up in anger. I want to read the 7th verse of the 16th chapter of John: “Nevertheless, I tell you the truth. It is expedient for you that I go away, for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart I will send Him unto you. And when He is come He will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment.” I do not believe a man was ever convicted of sin by any preacher in the world. It is the work of the Holy Ghost. If He does not do it they won’t be converted.

It would be very easy for the Holy Ghost to convict every man here of sin. Then shall we not ask Him to do it? All that He has to do is to open a man’s eyes and he will see at once that he is a sinner. When the Holy Ghost opens a man’s eyes he will soon find out what a miserable sinner he is. The work of the Holy Ghost is to testify of Christ; He comes for that purpose. I believe the world would have forgotten Christ’s death as soon as they forgot His birth, if it had not been for the Holy Ghost. It had only been thirty years since His birth, and all those wonderful scenes had happened in Bethlehem, and it was well known in Jerusalem; yet it seems to have been forgotten until Christ came. And they would have forgotten His death if it had not been for the Holy Ghost. He came to testify for Jesus Christ that He had risen. He saw Him in heaven, and he came to tell us He was there at the right hand of God. He convinced men on the day of Pentecost, three thousand of them. He does not talk of Himself, but of Christ. In the 15th chapter of John, the 26th verse, it says, “But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of Truth, which proceedeth from the Father, He shall testify of

me." If a man preaches Christ faithfully the Holy Ghost will bless his preaching, because he will testify and carry home the truth. He knows that Christ has risen and is sitting at the right hand of God, and has been raised for our justification. Do you believe, my friends, that He who died outside of the walls of Jerusalem the death of a common prisoner, the cruel death of the cross, do you believe that the preaching of that man after it had taken place would have had any power over this audience, except for the Holy Ghost?

Some people do not believe in the supernatural working of the Holy Ghost, and the supernatural power of His influence. Every man and every woman has felt the power of the Holy Ghost. When the Holy Ghost first opened my eyes, I thought how blind I had been! That is the way with the world now; it is blind, but does not know it. He came into the world that the blind might see and recover. And the world is deaf, but does not know it. And so the world turns around and says people go mad on the subject of religion. When people are mad they think every one else is. I think it would take but a few minutes to prove that the world had gone clean crazy. The Holy Ghost is our teacher. He will teach us and show us things to come. He comes to speak of Christ, not of Himself. A man came to me the other day and said he was going down to Florida, where my wife and family are, and wanted to know if I had any message to send. Well, I sent them a message; but suppose when that man went down there he should go and see my wife and should begin and talk about himself, and not say a word about me. That would not cheer their hearts; they would want to hear about me. That would make their hearts warm. The Holy Ghost teaches us this lesson of self-forgetfulness. Every one of us Christians wants more of the Holy Ghost. Let us all give ourselves up to the influence of His Spirit, who will lead us on to liberty and life and peace and joy.

THIRTY-SIXTH EVENING.

THE WORK OF THE HOLY GHOST.—PART SECOND.

I WANT to follow up the subject we had yesterday evening, and the first thought I want to call your attention to is, What is the sin against the Holy Ghost? Nearly every day we have somebody coming into the inquiry-room very much discouraged and disheartened and cast-down because they think they have committed a sin against the Holy Ghost, and that there is no hope for them; that they have blasphemed against the Holy Ghost. Now let us just turn to the Scripture, and see what that sin is—and I ask you to turn to Matthew xii., beginning at the 24th verse.

Here Mr. Moody read long extracts from the chapter referred to, and added a few verses from the third chapter of St. Mark, beginning at the 23d verse: "And He called them unto Him and said unto them in parables, How can Satan cast out Satan," etc. Now the next verse throws a flood of light upon all this subject. People are running off after books and they are running after this and that minister to ask them if they have not committed the unpardonable sin. Just let me read this verse: "Because"—now Christ gives a reason—"because, they said, he hath an unclean spirit." I don't know but there are men living who have committed the unpardonable sin, but I have never met one. I never heard of a man who thought the Lord Jesus Christ cast out devils by the power of the devil. I never met a man who thought the Holy Ghost was a devil, and it is a question in my mind if there is any man in this city who has committed an unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost. If you say you have resisted the Holy Ghost, well, we have all of us done that, I think. Ah, how we resisted until we hadn't any more strength and could not resist any longer; and then just simply accepted of Christ. A man may die in his sins resisting the Holy Ghost. I don't remember of ever hearing any man swear in my life by the Holy Ghost, except once, and then I looked upon

him expecting him to fall dead, and my blood ran cold when I heard him. I have heard a great many profane men, and have travelled considerably, but I have met only this one man who swore by the Holy Ghost.

Now, if any here have said that Christ was possessed of the devil, and that He cast out devils by the power of the devil, and have blasphemed the power of the Holy Ghost in that way, then it may be you have committed that sin; but I never met any one. But I can hear some of you saying, "I have blasphemous thoughts; they come flitting into my mind." Well, many of the best Christian people in the world have them. I have met men very eminent in the service of God who have these thoughts come upon them, but they don't harbor or entertain them; they drive them off. That is Satan. No doubt but that we all have these thoughts in our mind, but if we don't entertain them, but drive them off, we don't sin. The sin is in harboring and entertaining them.

Let me call your attention to another thought—that we are sealed by the Holy Ghost. We are washed and cleansed by the blood, and when a soul is washed and cleansed by the precious blood of Christ, then it becomes a temple for the Holy Ghost to dwell in. The Holy Ghost dwells with only those that have been cleansed by the blood. In the 30th verse of the fourth chapter of Ephesians it says: "I was sealed by the Holy Ghost unto the day of redemption." That is the work of the Holy Spirit. After we have been cleansed and purified, then the Holy Ghost can seal us for the day of redemption; and who is going to break God's seal? Can Satan do it? Can all the infernal powers break that seal? Can man do it? Can all the world itself do it? Can God break His own seal? If we are sealed for the day of redemption, that seal will not be broken. And I want to call your attention to another very precious truth, and that is that the Holy Ghost dwells with every one that is sealed for the day of redemption.

Now, I have got a great many letters against that hymn, "Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove," and I hear a great many people complain about our singing that hymn and praying for the Holy Ghost to come. They say He came on the day of Pentecost, and has been here ever since. But when we pray for Him to come, it is that He may anoint us afresh, that He may endow us with fresh power. There is such a thing as a man just having life, but not having the power, and so when we pray that the Holy Ghost may come upon us with power that we may be anointed, that is a different thing. Then in

Corinthians, 3d chapter, 16th verse, it says: "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and the Spirit of God dwelleth in you." The Holy Ghost dwells in you. He dwells with us. He doesn't just come to visit us and then leave us. I don't believe there is a Christian here but what would fall into some grievous sin inside of forty-eight hours if it was not for the Holy Ghost dwelling in us. It is He that gives us power over the world and over Satan. Now I want this thing clearly understood. We believe firmly that any man that has been cleansed by the blood, redeemed by the blood, and been sealed by the Holy Ghost, the Holy Ghost dwells in him. And a thought I want to call your attention to is this, that God has got a good many children who have just barely got life, but no power for service. You might say safely, I think, without exaggeration, that nineteen out of every twenty of professed Christians are of no earthly account so far as building up Christ's kingdom; but on the contrary they are standing right in the way, and the reason is because they have just got life and have settled down, and have not sought for power. The Holy Ghost coming upon them with power is distinct and separate from conversion. If the Scripture doesn't teach it I am ready to correct it. Let us look and see what God says, and if you will look in the third chapter of Luke you will see that all these thirty years that Christ had been in Nazareth He had been a son, but now the Holy Ghost comes upon Him for service, and He goes back to Nazareth and finds a place where it is written: "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor. He has sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captive, to recover sight to the blind, and set at liberty them that are bruised." And for three years we find Him preaching the kingdom of God, casting out devils, and raising the dead, while for thirty years that He was at Nazareth, we hear nothing of Him. He was a son all the while, but now He is anointed for service; and if the Son of God has got to be anointed, do not His disciples need it, and shall we not seek for it, and shall we barely rest with conversion?

In the 7th chapter of John, 38th and 39th verses, Jesus says, "He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. But this spake He of the Spirit, which they that believe on Him should receive, for the Holy Ghost was not yet given, because that Jesus was not yet glorified." Now, do you tell me that Peter and John and James and the rest of those men had not been con-

verted at that time? Had they been three years with the Son of God and had not been born of the Spirit? Had not Nicodemus been born of the Spirit, and had not men been converted before them? Yes, but they were saints without power and must tarry in Jerusalem until imbued with power from on high. I believe we should accomplish more in one week than we should in years if we had only this fresh baptism. Then turn to the 20th chapter of John, 2d verse, "And when he had said this He breathed on them and said unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost." Now that is the second time. They must have received the Holy Ghost when they were converted; they must have been sealed by the Holy Ghost for the day of redemption; and now Christ breathes upon them and says, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." Do you think they did not receive it? Of course they did; and yet they were instructed to go to Jerusalem and tarry there until they got power.

It seems to me we have got about three classes of Christians. The first class, in the 3d chapter of John, were those who had got to Calvary and there got life. They believed on the Son and were saved, and there they rested satisfied. They did not seek anything higher. Then, in the 4th chapter of John, we come to a better class of Christians. There it was a well of living water bubbling up. There are a few of these, but they are not a hundredth part of the first class. But the best class is in the 7th chapter of John, "Out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." That is the kind of Christian we ought to be.

When I was a boy I used to have to pump water for the cattle. Ah, how many times I have pumped with that old right hand until it ached! and many times I used to pump when I could not get any water, and I was taught that when the pump was dry I must pour a pail of water down the pump and then I could get the water up. And that is what Christians want—a well of living water. We will have plenty of grace to spare; all we need ourselves and plenty for others. We have got into the way now of digging artesian wells better. They don't pump now to get the water, but when they dig the well they cut down through the gravel and through the clay perhaps one thousand or two thousand feet, not stopping when they can pump the water up, but they cut to a lower strata, and the water flows up abundantly of itself. And so we ought, every one of us, to be like artesian wells. God has got grace enough for every one of us, and if we were only full of the Holy Ghost what power we would have! The influence

of these meetings would be felt not only through New York, but through the whole country. A learned doctor said once, speaking of Christ's holiness, "You fill a tumbler of water to the brim and then just touch it and the water flows out; and so Christ was so full of truth that when the woman touched Him virtue flowed out and healed her." Every one of us should be as full of the Holy Ghost as this, and then men will see that we have an unseen power. We must not be satisfied with just having life, but we want this power. How many times we have preached and taught and it has been like the wind! And why? Because our hearts were not full, and we did not have that anointing.

Peter's heart was full and he had the anointing of the Holy Spirit when he accused the Jews of having crucified the Lord. This same man Peter, who only a few days before denied the Lord, stood up and preached with unction. It was not the same Peter. Suppose that little girl who had heard him deny his Master, and swear that he did not know Christ, had heard him preaching His name afterward? I can imagine how she would wonder. She would look at him and say, "Isn't that the man that said he did not know Him, and swore to me and said he did not know Christ?" She might have said, "Well, he looks like the same man, but it cannot be." Instead of being afraid of one little crowd of people, he charged it home to the whole nation, saying, "You have crucified our Lord." When a man is full of the Holy Ghost, he has boldness. He is not afraid to declare the Gospel truth in all its simplicity and drive it right home, even if he drives a man out of doors. We need boldness. In the 33d verse of that same chapter it says, "Therefore being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost." Now, I believe the gift of the Holy Ghost that is spoken of there is a gift for certain, but one that we have mislaid, overlooked, and forgotten to seek for. If a man is only converted, and we get him into the church, we think the work is done, and we let him go right off to sleep. Instead of urging him to seek the gift of the Holy Ghost, that he may be anointed for work, we let him sleep and slumber. This world would soon be converted, if all such were baptized with the Holy Ghost. We find Philip, a deacon, going down to Samaria to preach. We find that Stephen, the first martyr, was a layman. The Spirit of the Word of God came down upon him, and he could not help preaching. When a man is full of the Holy Ghost, he can-

not help working for the Lord. We would indeed have a stir in the church if we were baptized with the Holy Ghost. The cry would be, "Here am I, Lord; use me, send me!" We would all be anxious to be used in God's service. Some people say if you are once sealed by the Holy Ghost you need never to seek for it again, that it is with you from that time, and if you are once full of the Holy Ghost you remain so. I heard of a man in the last half-hour who said that it is the teaching of Scripture and of our experience. Do you not all know of some men who were full of the Holy Ghost a year ago, and were anointed, and there was a mighty power upon them, and that have already lost their strength, as Sampson lost his? But Sampson regained his strength, and those who have so lost it may regain theirs a second time, and many times. Let us not be trying to live on the old story. We cannot work now on grace that we had years ago. What we want is further baptism. The 4th chapter of Acts, 31st verse, says: "And when they had prayed, the place was shaken where they had assembled together; and they were filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spake the word of God with boldness." There were Peter and James and John and the rest of them there, those very men that were filled with the Holy Ghost at Pentecost. There the Holy Ghost came a second time to them. They must have been converted by the power of the Holy Ghost away back there where it is said "the Holy Ghost breathed upon them." They must have been brought under its influence a second time then, and a third time in the 2d chapter of Acts, and in the 4th chapter of Acts a fourth time.

Some one asked a minister if he had ever received a second blessing since he was converted. "What do you mean?" was the reply. "I have received ten thousand since the first." A great many think because they have been filled once, they are going to be full for all time after; but O, my friends, we are leaky vessels, and have to be kept right under the fountain all the time in order to keep full. If we are going to be used by God we have to be very humble. A man that lives close to God will be the humblest of men. I heard a man say that God always chooses the vessel that is close at hand. Let us keep near Him. But we will have to keep down in the dust; God won't choose a man that is conceited. The moment we lift up our head and think that we are something and somebody, He lays us aside. If we want this power, we have to give God all the glory. I believe the reason we do not get

this power more than we do is because we do not know how to use it. We would be taking all the credit to ourselves and saying, "Don't I do a great work?" and begin and boast about it. There are hundreds of thousands I believe that God would take up and use and give us a great baptism if we would only give Him the glory. We have not learned the lesson of humility yet, that we are nothing and God is everything.

The true idea of preaching is to cry down yourself and the devil and to preach up no one but God. That is the kind of preaching that He wants. If a man only wants to preach Christ and keep himself behind the cross, the Holy Ghost will use him, and he will be anointed for service. In the 19th chapter of Acts, they went down there at Ephesus, and they found twelve men, and said to them, "Have you received the Holy Ghost since you believed?" The early Christians looked for that; but what would our converts do now if that question were put to them? They would rub their eyes and say they never heard of such a thing, and, what do you mean by receiving the Holy Ghost for service? That is the reason men dare not speak to their neighbors about Christ, and the reason why every night so many go away from here that are anxious about their souls, and yet the man, the Christian who sits next them, has not the moral courage to speak to them about Christ and salvation.

THIRTY-SEVENTH EVENING.

HOW TO STUDY THE BIBLE.

YOU that were here yesterday remember that our text was the verse where we are commanded to be filled with the Holy Ghost. A person who is full of the Holy Spirit deals much with the Scriptures. One of the things we lack in the present day is more Bible study. I think this nation is just waking up to the fact that we have had a famine. It is not the man now that makes a fine oration in the pulpit so much as it is a man that expounds the Word of God that we need. A boy once asked another boy how it was that he caught all the pigeons there were in that neighborhood. He said: "Well, I tell you; it is because I feed them well." If you feed the people well they will come; and people have got tired of hearing a little more or less eloquence. The preachers have hitherto used the Bible merely as a text-book. They have taken their texts out of the Bible, and they have gone all over Christendom after their sermons. The result is that our churches are weak in spiritual power. But it is beginning to improve already. The churches are not now hunting after a man that will make a grand oration, so much as they are for a man that will unfold to them the Word of God. That is what the people want. If they can only get back to the Word of God, then we will have not just here and there a revival, but we will be in a revival all the time. The church will be constantly in a revived state. It is those Christians that are feeding on the Word of God that are revived all the while. There is something fresh about them, and people are glad to hear them talk.

As we come to talk of this Word of God to-day, we want to keep in mind that it is the Word of God, not the word of man; and that as the Word of God, it is true. I have not come here to-night with any argument about it. I think the colored man was about as near the truth as one need be, when

some infidel came to him and told him the Bible was not true. "That Book not true? Massa, I was once a murderer, and a thief, and a blasphemer, and that Book made me a good man. That Book *must* be true! If it is a bad book, it could not make such a bad man good." That is argument enough; we do not need any more. Look around us; if a man becomes a profligate, he begins to talk against the Bible; if he is upright, he takes it as a lamp to his feet. We are never afraid of a man that tries to live according to the teachings of this book. This book is God's Word, and it will stand. Over the new Bible House recently built in London, England, are written these words, "The Word of the Lord endureth forever." That building will pass away, that city may pass away, like Babylon and Nineveh, and other cities that once flourished, but the Word of God shall endure forever. Not one word that God has spoken shall fall to the ground. We want also to bear in mind that the Bible is not a dry, uninteresting book, as a great many skeptics try to make out. They say, "We want something new; we have outgrown that." Why, the Word of God is the only new book in the world. All that the newspapers can do is to tell of things as they have taken place, but the Bible will tell of things that will take place. We do not consider the Bible enough as a whole. We just take up a word here and a word there, and a verse here and there, and a chapter here and there, and never take it up in any systematic way. We therefore know very little about the Bible. I will guarantee that the bulk of Christians in America only read the Bible at family worship; and you will notice, too, that they have to put a book-mark in to tell where they left off the day before. You ask them an hour after what they have read, and they have forgotten all about it. Of course we cannot get much knowledge of the Bible in that way. When I was a boy I worked on a farm, and I hoed corn so poorly that when I left off I had to take a stick and mark the place, so I could tell the next morning where I had stopped the night before. If I didn't, I would likely as not hoe the same row over again.

In order to understand the Bible we will have to study it carefully. I was told in California that the purest and best gold that they get they have to dig the deepest for; and so, in studying the Bible, we must dig deep. And there are a great many Christians walking on crutches in their Bible studying. They do not dare to examine for themselves. They go wondering what others say, what Edwards says, what the commentators say. Suppose you look and see for yourselves. God

has given you your own mind to use. If we will go to the Word of God, and be willing to be taught by the Holy Ghost, God will teach us, and will unfold His blessed truth to us.

There are three books that every Christian ought to have, if he cannot have but three. The first is a Bible—one with good plain print that you can easily read. I am sick of these little fine types. It is a good thing to get a good-sized Bible, because you will grow old by and by, and your sight may grow poor and you won't want to give up the one you have been used to reading in after it has come to seem like a sort of life-long companion. The next book to get is Cruden's Concordance. You cannot get on very well in Bible study without that. There is another book printed in this country by the Tract Society called the Scriptural Text Book. It was brought out first in London. These three books will be a wonderful help to you in studying the Word of God.

Another thing: do not read the Word of God as I used to, just to ease your conscience. I had a rule to read two or three chapters every day. If I had not done it through the day, I would read them just before I went to bed to ease my conscience. I did not remember it perhaps an hour, but I kept the rule. You will never get much out of it in that way. It is a good way to hunt for something when you read it. Two words will give you the key to the whole Bible—Christ and Jesus. The Christ of the Old Testament is the Jesus of the New, and the two books explain each other. You may search for these words in your study.

Some time ago I went through the building where Prang's chromos are produced in Boston. They were bringing out a chromo of a prominent public man, and he showed me this picture in its different stages of progress. In the first stone there was no trace of a man's face; only a little tinge of color that did not suggest any shape. I saw the next stone, and still no face, and the third, and so on, and not until the fourth or fifth stone was there any likeness of a face at all. After a little it began to show, and yet not until I came to the fourteenth or fifteenth stone did it look at all like the man himself, and not until the twenty-sixth stone did it look as natural as life. That is the way it is when we read the Scripture. We take it up and do not see anything in it; we read it again, but see nothing. Again and again, and after you have read it twenty-five times, you will see the man Christ Jesus stamped on every page. The Old Testament was written only to teach us who Christ was. Moses, the law, the prophets, they all tes-

tify to Christ. You take Christ out of the Old Testament and it is a sealed book to you. It has been a great help to me in studying the Bible to study one book at a time. Suppose you spend six months reading Genesis. Getting the key of that, you get the key to the whole Bible. Death, resurrection, and the whole story are told in Genesis. All in types, to be sure, and shadows that are brought out further on. There are eight great beginnings in Genesis—the beginning of creation, the beginning of marriage, the beginning of sin and death, of sacrifices, of the covenant, of the nation, and the human race and the Hebrew race. Take up these eight beginnings, and see what they teach, and this key will unlock to you the rest of the Bible.

If you just take the Bible itself alone, without any other book to help you to interpret it, one passage will explain another. Instead of running after the interpretations of different men, let God interpret it to your soul. As Stephens said, Do not study it in the blue light of Presbyterianism, or the red light of Methodism, or the violet light of Episcopalianism, but study it in the light of Calvary. One man says, "I am a Romanist, and it has got to teach what Romanism teaches;" another says, "I am a Protestant, and it has got to teach me what Protestantism teaches." Take it up independent of these, and after you have dug its meaning out for yourself it will be so much sweeter to you.

Another way is to take it up topically. Suppose you spend three or four months reading all you can find about love; after that you will be full of love. Then take the word grace, and run through the Bible reading all there is about grace. After I had been studying grace for two or three weeks, I got so full that one day I could not stay in my study any longer, and went out on the street and asked the first man I saw if he knew anything about the grace of God. I suppose he thought I was crazy, but I was so full I had to talk to somebody. Then take up the subject of the blood, then the subject of heaven. Some are troubled about assurance, and do not know whether they may have assurance of being saved or not; but take up the Bible, and let God speak to you about it. If you go into court, you will find that the lawyer just gets all the testimony he can on one point and he heaps it before the jury. If you want to convince men of any grand truth, just stick to that one point. Take up the Word, and get all the testimony you can. Bring in Moses and David and Joshua, and every apostle you can, and make them testify. If you read

all the Bible says of forgiveness, before you have studied it a week you will want to forgive every one.

People do not have enough Bibles. Once in my own Sunday-school I asked all the children who had on borrowed boots to rise; no one rose. Then I asked all those who had on borrowed coats to rise; no one rose. Then I asked all those who had borrowed Testaments in their hands to rise, and they all went up; and I said I want you all to bring your Bibles with you, and about two months after that it would have done your soul good to see every child come with a Bible. A great many people carry their hymn-books, but it is better to carry your Bible. When I was in Scotland I had to keep my eyes open, and preach exactly according to the Word, or some old Scotchman would rise and draw his Bible on me, and I would know it pretty quick. A man got up in Parliament a few years ago and made a grand speech full of eloquence, that took over four hours. He carried all the people with him in one voice. When he got through a man got up and read two or three lines of the law of England, and bursted the whole speech in a minute. Some men are very eloquent when there is not one word of truth in what they say, but you cannot know it, because you have not the Bible knowledge. There are a good many people who wonder that they do not have joy in their religion. The reason is that they do not feed upon the Word; that is where they get the joy. If we neglect the manna that God has given us for our soul's nourishment, of course we won't have joy; but people whine and say it is a great mystery to them that they do not have joy as others do. See how happy some are! Why? They feed upon the Word of God. That is why. They are not living upon the old stale matter of the conversion that they had long ago. It makes me sick to hear men tell how happy they were long ago when they were first converted. The idea that they should not be happier since then! We ought to grow in grace and be advancing. Suppose I should keep telling my wife, "I loved you very much when I married you!" That is the way many treat the Lord, telling Him how much they loved Him once.

About bringing your Bibles with you—just have a Bible you can mark. If I should go and hear one of my friends preach, and he unfolded some grand and glorious truth, I would put a few words down upon the margin of the Bible that would just give me the key to the whole, and I would not forget it. By doing this, when you heard a good sermon you

could go and preach it to other people. I hope the day will come when if a man hears a good sermon in the morning, he will be so full of it he will have to go and preach it over again in some locality where they have not heard it. If the lawyers and merchants would only do that they would make better missionaries than the hired ones. I think more of this Bible in my hand than of all the other Bibles in New York. If I had come without this Bible I would have been lonesome. I have carried it so long I have got used to it. Buy a good Bible, one that won't wear out, with a good flexible cover that will fold around you. Button up your coat over it and keep it close to your heart. You can mark your texts in it and know where to look for them at any time, and they will all be glad to see you in any prayer-meeting. There will be something fresh about you that will make you always welcome.

An Englishman said to me, "Did you ever study the book of Job?" "No," I said, "not particularly." "You ought to," said he; "it is a wonderful book; if you get the key to that, you get the key to the whole Bible." "That is singular," said I. "I thought Job was more of a poetical book; how do you make it out?" He said the first division represents Adam in Eden, a perfect man untried; the second head represents his fall; the third says "The wisdom of the world came to restore Job." You cannot, he said, find any wisdom in all the books equal to the wisdom of those three men, but they could not help poor Job out of his difficulty. Just so is the world trying to put Adam back again; they try to amend him but they cannot do it. Your philosophers cannot restore Adam to his original perfection. What can the geologist tell you about the Rock of Ages? What can the astronomer tell you of the Bright and Morning Star? The fact is Job could not stand their treatment. He could stand his boils and his scolding wife, but he could not stand the way the wise men treated him. The fourth head is about Elihu; he came and brought grace and that is what Job wanted. He did not want law; Job was a righteous man in his own conceit up to this time. He said, I have fed the hungry, I have clothed the naked, I did this and that—I! I! I!—that was Job's cry then. He was a great man; if we had him now we would make him a leader in some Presbyterian church and be glad to get him. Under the fifth head God speaks. He says, "Gird up your loins like a man, I will put a few questions to you." The moment Job got a glimpse of God he

was a different man ; his self-righteousness was gone. When I go into the inquiry-rooms some days some have their heads down on their hands, and I cannot get a word out of them, I say to myself such persons are near to God. But some are flippant and glib, and say, Why does God do this and why does God do that? God alone restores Adam to his lost state, and in his restoration he is better than he was at the beginning, because his last state is eternal. When he is restored to Heaven there is no more banishment.

THIRTY-EIGHTH EVENING.

HOW TO STUDY THE BIBLE.—PART SECOND.

THOSE who were here yesterday evening will remember I was trying to show that Christ was the key to the Old Testament, and to-day I will show that Jesus is the key to the New. Christ was tempted as we are, but He had not the same enemy to overcome. He that knew no sin took upon Himself ours. One of the saddest mistakes that young converts make, is that of merely feeding upon sermons instead of the word of God. You know it is quite an event in the family when the child gets so it can feed itself. We want to learn as quick as possible to feed ourselves. If we will only take our Bible and make up our minds that we will depend upon our own study of the Bible, He will help us understand it. If we try to study it in one way, and we find we do not like it, let us take up another, and if that fails, try another. Some time ago my wife was very anxious that I should learn to like tomatoes. She liked them and she wanted me to like them. So she got me to try them, first raw, with vinegar, and sugar and pepper, but I could not bear them; then she fixed them another way, but still I could not eat them. One day I came home, and she said, "I have cooked the tomatoes a new way." Well, I tried them again once more, and I thought they were the best things I ever tasted. So, if you take up the Bible one way and don't like it, take it up another way, and keep trying until you find a way in which it will unfold itself to you. You won't find people that are in love with the study of this Word carrying a dime novel through the street. They won't walk up Fifth Avenue with a trashy book in their hands. They will be reading books that will help them understand the Bible. You will be so anxious to get off alone and have a feast upon it, that you will have to reprove yourself for not going out and working more. There is danger on that head. There are a great many who are all the time feeding upon the Word—not in this country, I am sorry to say. I would rather

be as they are elsewhere than as they are in this country, where they neither feed on the Word, nor study either. But some people are always taking in, taking in, and not as if they intended to give it out. Some one said we ought to fill our minds like they fill a vessel in the Mississippi river. A vessel goes up the Mississippi river, and takes in its cargo on the way, always with a view to taking it out. They put the freight that is coming out first, on top. So let us store away our knowledge with a view of getting it out again, and not just to lumber up our heads with a lot of stuff that we never intend to use. Let us try to put these truths where we can get them out and give them to some one else. Now, I see some people who are here every night. They get the best seats every solitary night, and for the last six weeks they have been here every night, regularly. And when they go into the inquiry room, you cannot get a word out of them; they won't as much as lift a little finger; their arms are folded. They are always standing round the building an hour before the doors are open. Here they are every night, always taking in and never giving anything out. But if we get a good thing let us go and give it to some one else. Some one said he always studied the Bible with three R's in his mind—Ruin, Redemption, and Regeneration. When I open the Word of God I keep that idea in view. There are three corner-stones that a man must know—first, that he is ruined, or he does not want a redeemer; second, there is redemption through the blood; and third, regeneration by the Holy Ghost, born of the Spirit.

I have in my Bible here the keynotes to the four books of the New Testament. I will give you my idea of a few of them. Matthew, when he wrote about Christ, writes of Him as the Son of David. He writes from the standpoint of a man that had belonged to the government. If you want to find out about Christ as the Son of David, you will have to turn to Matthew. These four men, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, wrote from different standpoints. Matthew brings out Christ as the Royal Son of David, as the Heir, as Abraham's successor, or from the line of Abraham to take the throne of David. Mark takes Him as a servant. You will find Him going here and there as a servant doing His master's will. Luke brings Him out as the Son of Man, as coming in contact with man; and then we find in the Gospel of John he brings Him out as the Son of God. Luke and Matthew and Mark do not go and trace Him back as John does. John goes past Adam and Abraham and Zachariah and Malachi—

sweeps past them all, and brings Him out of the bosom of the Father; and he has with one stroke of the pen settled the question of the divinity of Jesus Christ. No one can read the Gospel of John and believe it, and still doubt the divinity of Jesus Christ, and believe Him to have been a mere man. He spoke of Him as the Son of God, a stranger starting out in the world alone. All through John, He was meeting sinners alone. He met Nicodemus alone, and the woman at the well. I have been interested, some time ago, in taking up for study the characters that had personal interviews with the Son of God. There were nineteen. Peter had two such interviews. No one knows what they said. Take up the history of these nineteen persons and see how they were blessed, unless, indeed, they rejected Him, as Pilate did.

Take one word at a time, and run through the Bible and read all you can find on that point. Take the words "I Am." When the Lord sent Moses to Egypt, Moses was reluctant to go, and he said as a last excuse, "If I tell them that I have been sent, whom shall I tell them has sent me?" And the Lord said, "Tell them I Am." Some one said that was the same as a blank check given to Moses; and that when he got down in Egypt and they wanted water, he just filled in the check with water, and they got it. Take the word "verily" of St. John. Whenever you see that word, you may feel sure there is some great truth coming after it. Some time ago I was blessed in taking up the seven blessings of Revelation for study. Some people say you cannot understand Revelation. They say the deep theologians can understand it, but common people cannot. Why, it is the one book that tells of the downfall of the devil, and the devil does not want us to find that out, so he says to us, "You cannot understand Revelation." It is the one book in the Bible that opens with a benediction. It tells us of the marriage supper of the Lamb. We get a great deal in Revelation that is not found in any other part of the Bible. All Scripture is given by inspiration, and all is profitable for reproof and correction, that a man of God may be thoroughly furnished. We want to take the Bible from Genesis to Revelation. Do not let us join the unbelieving, scoffing world that says we cannot understand Revelation. "Blessed are those that watch. Blessed are those that keep from the world. Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, for they shall rest from their labors. Blessed are they that have part in the first resurrection." Let us have a part in the first resurrection. And the last is, "Blessed

are they that shall be at the marriage supper of the Lamb." Take these seven blessings and put them together and study them.

I take up one chapter in the Epistle of John with the word "know." There are six things worth knowing. The first verse and third chapter says, "We know He is manifested to take away sin." That is what Jesus came for. We know it because God said it. Some people say it makes no difference what a man believes if he is sincere in his belief. Why it makes all the difference in the world. What we believe we know to be true. We are not deluded and deceived into believing it. The Spirit of God has borne witness to its truth.

Take the third thing worth knowing, in the 14th verse. "We know that we have passed from death unto life." How many in this audience to-night know that? Suppose I should ask this audience, how many could say they knew it? Some people think it is not the privilege of any one to know that. But this is a great mistake. If I did not know it now I would not go to my dinner this day or to my bed this night until I did know it. It is worth knowing. Christ came to call us from death to life. Do you think we have to go on in this terrible uncertainty without knowing whether we are saved or not? God does not leave us with that uncertainty. But if you have malice and hatred against some one, that is a sure sign that you have not got the spirit of Christ. You may know you have not been born of God, for God is love.

The fifth thing worth knowing is in the 24th verse, "We know that He abideth with us, by the Spirit which He hath given us." If we are out backbiting our neighbors, and living like the world, it is good evidence that we have not been born of God.

The sixth thing worth knowing is the best of all. It is in the 2d verse: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God." John wanted to disabuse them of the idea that they were not sons of Heaven. I heard a man pray in a prayer-meeting: "When we come to die may we be the sons of God." But "now are we the sons of God," it says. "It does not yet appear what we shall be." The world does not yet know the difference, but it will be revealed by-and-by. There was a little boy in Boston who was probably the richest person in all Boston. The little child did not know that he was heir to a great estate. So, Christians, many of them, don't know that they are heirs to all

things. We will come into possession of our inheritance by-and-by. What God wants is to have us live for that inheritance. He has it in store for us where He dwells. Satan cannot get there to get it out, though he would like to if he could. It is kept for us, and He keeps us for it. The day I first got hold of those truths I could not hold my peace. When people came in I said to them, "I have got some honey out of the rock," and I gave it to my friends. So we can help one another in our wilderness journey.

The power of the Holy One is unlimited. If you have relatives who have no faith, and they are running down these meetings, do not get discouraged. The Lord God is able to save them. In the first twelve chapters of John, you will find Christ dealing with sinners altogether. In the 8th chapter of John, they are going to tell Him that they doubt His word. In the 10th chapter, He is going to have His sheep in spite of those unbelieving Jews. In the 11th chapter, the Jews are going to put Lazarus out of the way, because on account of Lazarus's testimony all men were believing. From the 13th to the 17th chapters, you will find Christ dealing with His church. When you take a chapter like that, you should consider whom the chapter is addressed to. We would not have any trouble about the doctrine of election if we considered that it was addressed to the church, to believers. Suppose I should find a despatch on the floor, saying, "Your wife is dead," I would say, "My wife dead! How can that be, and I not know of it?" But suppose I should find on the back of the envelope that it was addressed to some one else, and not to me, the case would be different. We must understand who it is written to. The whole Bible is not directed to sinners. A good deal of it is addressed to certain classes and individuals, and a great deal is addressed to the whole world. In the 13th of John, he has Christ dealing with the disciples. There are certain passages addressed to the wicked, and certain passages to God's people. Very often a sinner will get hold of some comforting word addressed to a Christian, and he will go and take comfort in it when he has no right to, any more than I would have a right to read some one's letters. In the 17th chapter of John, Christ is with the Father. In the 18th chapter of John, Christ is in the hands of His enemies. And so you just take any one book and divide it up like that. Take the subject of the gifts of Christ, and with the word gifts, learn all that is written of the gifts of Christ and the gifts of Satan. For Christ's gifts there are the bread of life and the Holy

Spirit, and peace, and joy, and love, and mercy, and the morning star, and mansions. Take these gifts and put them down, and then put down beside them the gifts of Satan for serving him, and compare them. See if you will turn your back upon all these blessed gifts of God for the sake of the few fleeting moments of time here, and the baubles which, when you have got them, do not satisfy you.

I want to speak of the seven different characters in John, and how Christ dealt with them.

Suppose we could divide up these sinners here under these seven heads. Turn to the 7th chapter of John, and see how Christ dealt with that respectable sinner, Nicodemus. He set him aside entirely. He did not put a new piece into the old garment; the Lord does not patch a man's coat. He gives him a new coat throughout. He told Nicodemus he must be born again. In the 4th chapter, see how Christ deals with one who has fallen. She is not very respectable, but He gives her the water of life. We cannot find any class of people in New York that has not its representative in the Bible, and Christ's dealings with them. A nobleman came to Him, whose child was ill. He told him to go home, his child would live; He did not give the nobleman any medicine for his child, but the man took His word, and when he got home he found his child was nearly well, and that it was better from the seventh hour, when he had spoken to Christ.

If some poor tramp is here to-night who has not got any friends, or anywhere to lay his head to-night, a poor miserable sinner, if he will turn to the 5th chapter of John, he will know how Christ will deal with him. There was just such a poor beggar at the pool. Christ asked him if he would like to touch the waters; he said, "I would like to be put in, but I haven't any one to help me; I am lame;" and the Lord said, "Take up thy bed and walk." He cured him by a word. I can imagine in the gallery there is a man who says: "I wish there was some class in the Bible that represented me. I have broken the law. If the law should get hold of me I would have to go to prison for twenty years; the police do not know; I have covered up my sin. I wish there was something in the Bible for me." Well, there is; there is. Turn to the 8th chapter of John. You will see how Christ dealt with a woman whom the law would have stoned to death. They dragged her into the presence of Christ, saying, "The law of Moses says, 'stone her to death;' what sayest thou?" He

stooped and wrote on the ground as if He paid no attention; then He raised up and said, "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone," and He went on writing on the ground. When He looked up again the crowd had disappeared. He said, "Where are thy accusers? Go thou and sin no more." If you want to know how Christ dealt with sinners, go to the Bible. There is no sinner here who has not his representative in the Bible.

THIRTY-NINTH EVENING.

TRUST.

MY text this evening is just one short word—five letters in it—"Trust." Five letters with five heads: Trust, whom to trust, when to trust, how to trust; and then who will trust Him, and the result of trusting. Now, I have not come to-day to preach a sermon as much as I have to tell you how you can be saved. I see a good many here who have been in the inquiry rooms during the past week, and have gone away with their heads down, sad and weary, carrying the burden, not leaving it all with Jesus. Now, God helping me, I want to make the way so plain that you can all be saved this evening.

Whom to trust. In that portion of Scripture I have just read, we are told whom not to trust. We are told not to trust in the arm of flesh. "Cursed be the man that maketh the arm of flesh his trust," and Isaiah, in the 26th chapter, 3d and 4th verses, tells us whom to trust: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusted in Thee. Trust ye in the Lord forever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." Now, you cannot find any one who has put his whole trust in God but he has perfect peace. His soul is at rest. It is not tossed about upon every wave of doctrine, but it is at rest; because it is utterly impossible for anybody to put entire trust in God, and not have perfect peace. That is the reward to those who do so. If we put our trust in our own strength, it will fail us. If we put our trust in our money, some thieves may get it away, fires may burn it up, it may take to itself wings. If we put our trust in friends, they will die and leave us. If we trust in anything on earth we will be disappointed; but if we put our trust in God, He never dies. He never breaks a promise. He is everlasting strength. All human strength fails. All earthly streams get dry sometimes, but God never fails. The Keeper of Israel never slumbers, never sleeps. Therefore if

our trust is in Him, and we look to Him wholly and entirely for everything, why we will have peace and joy.

Then, in the 62d Psalm, which was read here by Dr. Hall, one day this week, 10th verse, we find these words: "My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from Him." The trouble is, we wait upon every one else but God. We are running to this and that one, but don't wait on Him. "He only is my rock and my salvation. He is my defence. I shall not be moved. In God is my salvation and my glory; the rock of my strength and refuge is in God." Now, this is a verse I want to call your attention to, and that is the second head—When to trust. Trust in Him at all times. There are a good many that will trust in God when they are in no trouble and don't apparently need to trust, but to trust in God when we are in great trouble and difficulty is what they do not do. We do not leave it all with Him and rest assured that everything works together for good to them that love God. That is something they know very little about. Here and there there is one willing to trust God when they cannot see how it is coming out. That is what the Psalmist calls our attention to. Trust Him at all times—not a part of the time but at all times. If we don't trust Him of course we don't have peace and joy; but if we trust Him at all times the Lord never leaves us. Whoever heard of one's being left in a time of trouble when their trust was in God and all their expectation was from Him? "Trust Him at all times, ye people, pour out your heart before Him." God is a refuge for us. But I can imagine some one saying, "I don't know what it is to trust. I have been waiting for that trust. I have been praying for it." I met a woman in the inquiry room the other night who told me she had been praying thirty years, I think, for faith; that she might just trust God. Now, that is not a miraculous trust at all. It is the same kind of trust we have in one another. Don't you know that all business in this city would be suspended within forty-eight hours if the business men didn't trust one another? Let the business community once lose its confidence, and see how quick business is paralyzed. Why, there would be a rush on every bank in New York if the people hadn't confidence. That is what Paul meant when he said, "I am persuaded He is able to keep that I have committed to Him." I trust God to keep my soul, and so we just commit our soul to God and trust Him and rest right there. Certainly when any one of you are sick you trust the doctor. If not, you would not have him come

to see you. If you thought he was going to poison you, you could not be hired to take his medicine. Now, what you want is to trust the great physician of your soul. Trust Christ; He never lost a case yet. Trust Him; He will keep you and not let you die. If this great temple we live in dissolves, we have a building death cannot touch, eternal in the heavens, and we save that building just by trust. If you have a case in court and don't know anything about law, you have unbounded confidence in your lawyer, and you leave the case in his hands and trust him to take care of your interests. And so you have got a bad case, an awful bad case, and the best thing you can do now is to commit it to the great Advocate, Jesus Christ. He will take care of your case and bring you out of all your trouble if you only put your trust in Him.

I can imagine some of you saying, "I will try." How many times I have heard that—"I will try and trust Him." Now, that is nothing but downright insult. It is just saying, "I won't trust you." If after my making a statement to you, you should say to me, "Mr. Moody, I will try and believe you," I would think it an insult. It is an insult to talk that way to the Lord. What reason have you for not believing Him? Have you any reason under Heaven for not taking God at His word and believing on Him, that you might have everlasting life? How is it when you take man at his word? He makes promises often that he cannot keep, and which he did not intend to keep when he made them. If you can take man at his word—and you do trust him—why can you not take God at His word?

There has been a man in the inquiry-room during the last month with whom I talked a great deal. Night after night I talked with him. He lives in a part of the city where I am staying, and night after night I have walked up with him and talked with him. The other night going with him there was another friend, and after he separated from us he said to himself: "If Mr. Moody had told me he would see me to-morrow morning at nine o'clock I would believe him, and if so, why cannot I believe God in the same way? I will," and he was converted there in the street, on the spot. He said, "I will believe Him as I would anybody else," and that is what trust is—taking God at His word. Hasn't He promised to receive every one as he came? If I die I will die trusting. If I perish I will perish trusting. No one ever perished that way yet. Just to show you what unbelief is, in the 5th chapter of John,

9th verse, "If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater; for this is the witness of God which He hath testified of His Son. He that believeth in the Son of God hath the witness in himself. He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar, because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son. And this is the record that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life."

Now, if any one came here and told me he saw a man go out and stand in the street, I would believe what he said. I would take his testimony. If any one or two of these men here should go into court and testify it would be established in any court. Now, he says here, if you take the testimony of men, is not the testimony of God greater? "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself." "He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar, because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son." Now, when you say you will "try" and trust Him, it means you won't believe Him. It means you won't trust Him; that you won't take Him at His word.

Now, *how* to trust Him. That is a very important question. In the 3d of Proverbs, 1st verse, we find these words: "My son, forget not My law, but let thy heart keep My commandments." Don't give the devil a little corner in your heart. Don't let the world have any part of your heart. Trust Him with all your heart. That is how to trust Him. "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not to thine own understanding." Why? Because the heart is chief among all things, and you cannot trust your own understanding. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy path." You know what it is to trust any one with all your heart. You have got friends, and many of you wives and husbands, that you trust with all your heart. You have mothers in whom you place the most implicit reliance. You never have any suspicion coming up in your heart against them. You never think of doubting them. You take them at their word. You believe what they say with all your heart. Now why should you not trust God with all your heart? Why should you believe the devil's lies about God? Why say you will try and trust Him when you have no reason to doubt trusting Him? There is a story told of Alexander the Great. He received a note from some one stating that his favorite doctor was going to poison him, and the doctor was with Alex-

ander when the note came, and just as he was giving the Emperor the medicine, for he was sick. As Alexander took the cup of medicine he held up the letter, read it off to his doctor, and swallowed the medicine. That was to show the doctor that he had confidence in him. He did not believe what was in the letter. Some one was trying to injure the doctor, to get him put to death, but the Emperor had such confidence in his doctor that he just took the medicine and didn't believe a word of it. That is what I call believing with all your heart. Now there might have been poison in that cup, but do you think there is any poison in God's cup? He offers you the cup of salvation. Do you think it is poison and death to any one that will take that cup? Do you think any one can perish that will trust God for salvation?

There is a story told of old Dr. Chalmers, who went to see a Scotch woman in her time of trouble about her sin. In the North of Scotland they spend a good deal of thought in just looking at themselves, and occupying themselves with their misgivings. This Scotch woman was trying to get faith. She hadn't the right kind of faith, and the doctor was going to see her. On his way he had to cross a stream over which there was nothing but a thin plank, and he thought it looked rotten and insecure; and he went up and put his foot upon the plank doubtingly, and feared to trust his weight upon it. And the Scotch woman, watching him from the window, saw that he was afraid to venture out on the plank, and she came out and shouted, "Just trust the plank, doctor." [Here Mr. Moody used the Scotch dialect, which made the illustration more pointed.] And the doctor did trust the plank, and walked over the stream in safety. Afterwards he was talking with the woman, and she hadn't the right kind of faith, she said, and was lamenting over her lot; and the doctor, in his means to explain to her what was the trust she ought to have, at last hit upon the circumstance of his crossing the plank, and using the woman's queer Scotch expression, said to her, "Trust Christ, cannot you?" "Oh, doctor, is that faith?" said she. "Is it just to trust Him?" "That is faith," said he; "just to trust Him as I trusted that plank. It carried me over, and you trust God, and He will carry you over." "Oh," said she, "I can do that." That means trust the plank. Just trust it, and it won't break under you.

"Though He slay me, I will trust Him," in spite of the devil and all his lies. You cannot perish if you do. No man or woman ever perished that put their whole trust in Him.

Who will trust Him? I will tell you who will. Those that know Him. Those who are under the power of the devil and believe in the devil's lies, won't trust Him. Suppose some one were to tell you a lot of lies about me; you would not trust me, then, of course. If you believe the devil's lies about God, that God is not a God of mercy, and of love, and of truth, you won't trust in God, of course. When the devil went to Eden, the first thing he did was to begin to doubt. He said to Adam, "Did God say that? He knows very well it is not true. He knows that when you eat that fruit you become equal with God." We get into the pit just where Adam and Eve got in unless we put our faith and confidence in God, and believe in Him and trust Him unreservedly. Scripture tells us who will trust Him. "And they that know Thy name will have trust in Thee, and the Lord will not forsake them." A man that knows God will trust Him. The people who are running away from God are strangers to Him, and do not know anything about Him. Never was any one well acquainted with the Bible who did not trust Him. Those who are have no ground of unbelief, no reason for not trusting Him unreservedly, with all their heart and mind and strength.

Some one told me about a boy he once met in the Highlands of Scotland. There was a party of men who wanted to get the eggs of some rare birds there, and they wanted a boy to allow himself to be let down by a rope over a fearful precipice to a ledge where the eggs were deposited. They wanted to let the boy down in a basket, and they offered him considerable money for it. He was a poor boy and needed the money, but all they could offer would not hire the boy to do it. But after they had teased him for some time, he said to them, "If my father will hold the rope, I will go." He knew his father, and he would trust him, but he could not trust these strangers.

A man that really knows God will trust him. Did you ever hear of any one that was well acquainted with Him that would not trust Him? Did you ever hear of any Christian that knew anything about Him that would not trust Him? It is these infidels, who do not know God, that will not trust Him. The only way is for you to go to Him. How are you going to get to Him to know Him? Through the Scriptures. There He is revealed in Jesus Christ. There is no other way of knowing Him, only Jesus Christ.

I want to call your attention to one thing—the result of trusting. You read of it in the 26th chapter of Isaiah. People want peace. There is nothing we want more than we want

peace. All men are in pursuit of peace, and they do not know where to get it. They try various ways. They think they can get it with money; they think they can get it in the world; but the world cannot satisfy the longings of any soul, or help it to find peace. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." It would satisfy a good many to have it read in this way: Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on himself. People are all the time looking into their own feelings, and thinking about themselves. The most wretched people in the wide, wide world are those that are thinking about themselves. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is *stayed* on Thee"—not who thinks of him now and then. It does not say so, but it says, "whose thoughts are *stayed*" on Him. In Proverbs, 16th chapter and 20th verse, we read: "He that trusteth in the Lord, happy is he." Then in the 32d Psalm, 10th verse, it says: "Many sorrows shall be to the wicked, and he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about." Now it says God will be merciful to him that trusteth in Him. In Psalms 5th chapter, 11th verse, it says: "Let all those that put their trust in Thee rejoice: let them ever shout for joy, because Thou defendest them." As the horses and chariots of the Almighty surrounded Elisha when he encamped upon the mountain, so the angels of God are encamped around them that put their trust in Him. "Let them also that love Thy Name be joyful in Thee." In these verses there is peace, happiness, mercy and joy—all these blessings promised to those who trust in Him.

A great many people are looking for the fruit, but they do not care about the tree. A great many people who live in the country are not willing to plant trees on their places, but want to buy the fruit. But if you are going to get the fruit of Heaven, you have got to have the tree. If you have the tree, the fruit will be good. If you will first take His word and trust it, then follow peace and joy and mercy and happiness altogether in their places, and there is no peace and joy until you do trust and have confidence in God. Why are not people willing to come out on the Lord's side? Because they're afraid. Some women will not because they have husbands that are opposed to the family altar. But if your husband won't go, start alone. A woman in the inquiry-room the other day told me that as soon as her husband would become a Christian she would, but she was waiting for him to be one. But, my friends, we do not go to Heaven by families; it is one by one. Coming

down here to-day I met two funerals, but they were distinct and separate. One by one we pass to the bar of God; one by one we must go into the kingdom. I have no hope for those people that become Christians because some one else does. That is a personal matter; you want to come out on the Lord's side because it is right. If no one else will do it, I hope you will do it here to-day. In the 37th Psalm, 3d verse, it says: "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed. Delight thyself also in the Lord and He shall give thee the desires of thy heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass. And He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday. Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him. Fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass."

Now one more verse and I will be through quoting Scripture—the 11th verse of the 49th chapter of Jeremiah. First, it says in the 37th Psalm, 40th verse, "He will save them because they trust in Him;" that He will bring them out of all their troubles. There are two or three classes here to-day. Some are those who have learned to cast all their burdens upon God. There are a good many Christians who have not learned that lesson, but are carrying their burdens and sorrows still. Another class never cast either their burdens or their sins on Christ, but are carrying both burdens and sins themselves. What I want to say is that you can cast everything on Christ, all sin and burden, and go out of this house with your hearts leaping within you. I want to call your attention to that verse. There may be hundreds of widows in this house to-night. You may complain of your lot, and be passing through deep affliction. He says: "Leave thy fatherless children; I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me." When I was in England I knew an eminent minister, who a few months afterward died. And for a while before he died he was troubled for fear his wife and children might come to want. He carried the burden of that fear for days. A little while before he died he was lying on his sofa, and a little bird came and pecked at the window; the bird had a worm in its mouth, and afterward it flew away. The man said to himself, "Dear me! God takes care of that bird; He feeds it, yet here am I troubled about my family!" And there and then the burden was laid on the Lord. He had been one of those liberal men, and had given his money to others all through his life. Well,

when he died, the people in the town raised £5000 for his widow. God took care of them.

A good many people go forward into the future and they bring all the troubles they expect to have down to the present time. They go reeling and staggering under them, and say, "I don't know what will become of me next year, or next week," instead of remembering the words of assurance, "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be." He has plenty of grace for us. What we want is to go to Him with all our troubles, and cast everything upon Him. The first summer the war broke out, I heard in the fall of that same year something that touched my heart. A poor woman had been made a widow by the war. In midwinter time she heard that her husband had been cut down. She had two little children, and she did not know what would become of her; her health was not very good, and she had no money. A few days after, the landlord came round for his rent. He was a poor, heartless wretch, and when she told him her husband was dead, and she could not pay her rent, he said, with an oath, he would not have any one in his house who could not pay. After he had gone she threw herself in the rocking-chair and wept; her little girl came to her and said: "Mamma, does not God answer prayer?" "Yes, my child." And the child wanted to put in practice what she had heard her mother preach. She said: "Then won't He take care of us if we ask Him?" "I suppose He will." (She said "suppose,"—you see her faith was not very strong.) "Then may I not go and ask Him to take care of us?" "Yes, my child, you may if you want to." The lady told me of it the next day, and she said the child never looked so sweet to her as when she went into the room where her mother had taught her to pray. The door was open a little way, and she could see her; she put up her hands, and her curls lay back from her face, and she said, "Oh, Father! you came and took away my dear papa; he was killed in the war; my mamma has no money to pay the landlord the rent, and he is going to turn us out doors. We will sit on the door-step and catch cold and die, unless you lend us a little house to live in." Then she went to her mother and said, "Jesus will take care of us because I have asked Him." There is faith for you! Well, they did not have to pay any rent, a house was soon provided, and that widow and her children were taken care of. Oh, let us have child-like faith. That little girl down there has faith. She does not know where she will

get her next pair of shoes, but she has faith that her mother will see that she has them.

No man or woman who ever trusted in God was disappointed, or ever will be. I once noticed a lady who sat down by the side of the pulpit, and every time I would look down, her eyes would be riveted upon me. She looked so intent, trying to catch every word, that one day I said to her, "My friend, are you a Christian?" "Oh, no," she said, "I have been seeking Christ these three years, but cannot find Him." I said, "There is some mistake about that;" and she answered, "Do you mean that I have not been seeking Him?" "Well, I know He has been looking for you for twenty years." She asked, "What am I to do, then?" "Do! Do nothing; probably that is the trouble, that you have been trying to do." "But how am I to be saved?" she asked. "You are to believe on Him and stop trying." She scowled, and said, "Believe! believe! believe! I have heard that word until my head swims; everybody says it, and I am none the wiser." I said, "I will drop that word for another. The word believe is used in the New Testament, and the word trust in the Old. I will say to you, trust the Lord now to save your soul." "If I say I will trust Him, will He save me?" she asked. "If you really do trust Him He will save you." She said, "I trust the Lord to save me; now I do not feel any different,"—just so, in one breath. I told her, "I think you have not been looking for Christ, you have been looking for feeling. God does not tell you to feel, He tells you to trust Him, and you are to let the feelings take care of themselves." "I have heard people say they felt happy when they became Christians." "Well, wait until you become a Christian, and then you may talk about a Christian's experience; you must trust the Lord that He will keep you." She sat there five minutes, and then put out her hand to me, and said, "I trust the Lord Jesus Christ to save my soul now." That was all there was to it, no praying, no weeping. The next night I was preaching she was in front of me, and I could see eternity written on her face, and the light from fields of glory in her eyes.

Oh, my friends, there is nothing to hinder your trusting Him! If you do, when death shall come He won't be unwelcome, He won't terrify you. I went down the Tennessee river in war time with a boatload of wounded men, after the battle of Shiloh. Many were mortally wounded; they had taken the worst cases first. I said to those who were with me, "We must not let these men die without telling them of heaven."

One young man was unconscious, and they said he could not live. I asked the physician if he could not restore him long enough to get a message for his mother, and he gave me brandy and water, which I fed to him. He was a most beautiful boy. After a while he opened his eyes and looked around a little wild, and I placed my hand upon his brow, and said, "My boy, do you know where you are?" At last he said, "I am on my way home to mother." "Yes," I said, "you are, but the doctor tells me you cannot live." I asked him for a message to his mother. He said, "Tell my mother that I die trusting in Christ." He did not know me, whether I was a friend or an enemy. He added, "Tell my mother and sisters to be sure to meet me in heaven," and in a few minutes he was unconscious, and in a few hours he died. They will meet in the morning—it is only a little while—for he died trusting in Christ. Oh, may that word sink deep into every heart here!

FORTIETH EVENING.

“And the times of this ignorance God winked at ; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent.”—ACTS, 17th chap., 30th verse.

I WANT to call your attention to a text you will find in the 17th chapter of Acts, 30th verse: “But now commandeth all men everywhere to repent, because He hath appointed a day in which He will judge the world in righteousness by that Man whom He hath ordained, whereof He hath given assurance unto all men, in that He hath raised Him from the dead.” You will see to-night that I have for my text a command, and not only a command, but it is a command to all in this hall to-night. And now He commandeth all men everywhere to repent. Not only here in New York, but everywhere. I have had some fault found with me since I have been in New York because I have not preached repentance. I want to tell you one thing ; if you do not repent you will never see the kingdom of God. There will be no unrepentant sinners in heaven. An unrepentant sinner to God cannot love Him. If a man does not repent there is no hope for him in the world to come. Now repentance is not a godly sorrow for sin. I find a great many in the inquiry-room who are mourning because they have not got this godly sorrow for sin that they have heard of. In other words they are anxious to be anxious. They think if they only had more repentance, more godly sorrow for sin, they could come to Christ. No one that is not a Christian has godly sorrow for sin. You must have it before you can be a Christian. Repentance is a change of mind. Repentance is turning right about. In the Old Testament it is, “Repent, repent, repent, for why will ye die?” In the New Testament it is, “Repent and be born again.” Some one said man was born, turned away from God, and he must repent and turn back to Him before he can be received. When John the Baptist repented, the word of God came to him in the wilderness. It burst upon him like the flashing of a meteor. His cry was, “Repent, repent, for the kingdom of God is at hand.”

When Christ was baptized, He took up the wilderness cry, "Repent, for the kingdom of Heaven is at hand." When He sent out the seventy disciples, two by two, He told them to go into all the towns and villages and proclaim this message: "Repent, for the kingdom of Heaven is at hand." But they turned away from Him; they rejected Him; they took the Lord of glory and crucified Him, for they wanted Him to have His kingdom on earth. Then He said, as many as would receive Him, He would set up His Kingdom in their hearts, and that is what He is doing now, setting up His Kingdom in your hearts. There is not a man nor woman here to-night but He wants to set up His Kingdom in your heart. If you will repent of sin and come to God, He will set His Kingdom in your hearts this very night.

I will tell you why you need to repent. Because you have false ideas of God. You cannot find an unconverted person in the world that has not a false idea of God. He thinks God is his worst enemy, and that the devil is his friend. Sinners are running away from their best friend in running away from God. Therefore you must change your mind about God before you repent. Instead of Satan being your friend and God being your enemy, just reverse your belief, and, instead of following Satan and serving him, you want to turn right straight around to-night and take the Lord of Glory, and His Kingdom will be set up in your hearts. A great many think they cannot repent because they have not got this sorrow that they talk about. They think they must be wrought up in a high state of feeling before they can repent. But feelings are not repentance. A great many persons feel, but their feelings drive them into remorse and despair. I thought of that at the Young Men's Association Hall meeting yesterday. They were talking among the inquirers, and one or two thought they did not feel enough. One of them exclaimed, "I am lost; there is no hope for me," and left the meeting. Her fear that she could not be saved gave her too much feeling. And that is the way Satan works. He makes you have too much feeling, or else not enough. All this is man's idea. With the command for all men to repent comes the power. God is not unjust. He does not come and say to all men, "Repent," and not give them the power to do it. You can turn to Him and live if you will. He sets before us life and death. We are free agents; we are to choose. If we will turn to God we will live. If we refuse to turn to Him and reject Him we must die.

I want to warn you about this one thing—fear. Fear is not repentance. I do not have much hope of scaring men into the kingdom of God. If you could scare them in they would be out again as quickly as you got them in. How many men I have met who professed religion, and thought they had true repentance, when some sudden accident happened—on the railroad, for instance, or out at sea. You know how men on shipboard will be converted. In fifteen minutes the whole crew will be down on their knees crying to God. Fifteen minutes before, they were cursing and blaspheming; but there came up a terrible gale, and they think the ship is going to sink, and all these men turn pious instantly. This is fear; this is not repentance. A great many men make professions on their dying beds, but when the danger of death no longer threatens, and they get well again, they get up and forget all about their conversions. That is fear; that is not what we want. Instead of waiting to be worked up to a certain pitch of alarm, we want cool, calm calculation. It is making up your mind that you will change company, that you will turn from sin and leave the world and turn to God. And He will receive every one who does so come to Him. Any man can repent here to-night, and the Lord is willing to receive and save every one that will. If Nineveh repented, that wicked city, I do not know why New York cannot repent. I am sure if it does, the Lord God will have mercy. If a man truly repents and comes to God for mercy he will get it. He delights in mercy, and He will have mercy upon every one who turns from his or her sins to Him.

But there are a good many that are not sincere. They do not really repent in their hearts. God can read the heart, and knows whether repentance is in the heart or in the head. It is with the heart that man must believe, for I may have sin in my heart and make professions with my lips. I may believe in him with my head, but not in my heart. It is the heart God wants. For instance, take the son of David, take Absalom. You know after he murdered his brother he went off into a foreign country and was gone two years, and then they managed to get him back to Jerusalem. When he came back the king refused to see him; but Absalom wanted to bring about a reconciliation. So he sent for Joab once or twice, but Joab would not come. So he set Joab's barn on fire one day, and Joab, hearing of it, came at once, and he said to Absalom, "Why, what did you do that for?" "Because I wanted you to come here, and I knew that would bring you. I want

you to go to the king, my father, and tell him I am here. He has already refused to see me, but I want you to take word to him that I want him to come and examine me, and if he does not find any fault in me, I want him to receive me into court and into society again." Now that was not repentance. A good many come to God in just that way, saying, "Lord, I would have you examine me, and if you find no fault in me, take me." But there is no humility or repentance in that. And that father very foolishly forgave that son; he did not want forgiveness. He did not even ask for it. There was no repentance in him. He never confessed that he had sinned, and asked for mercy, but he came and said, "If you can find no fault in me." So David reinstated him, and the result was that Absalom drove him from his throne; and if God should let an unrepentant sinner enter heaven there would be war there: he would dethrone the Almighty if he could. There is one thing you cannot do, unrepentant sinner: you cannot go into the kingdom of God. You can come here, you can get into church, but you will never get into the kingdom of God without repentance.

God is very merciful; He is full of love, and He can pardon me. Well, you can go on in that faith, in that delusion if you like, but God says that if you don't repent you must die. God is true; He does not say that which is false. You can make light of it, young man or young woman, if you wish to, but the time is coming when, if you have not repented, there will not be much hope for you. You must be faithful; you must banish everything that is not good and holy.

Talk about God being merciful, and pardoning a man whether he wants to be pardoned or not! A man must have a new heart, and know that he is a sinner, and seek for the love of God, before he will be pardoned. Suppose the Governor of a State—suppose the Governor of New York was so merciful and tender-hearted that he could not bear to have any one in prison. A man is accused of murder; he is brought to trial; he is convicted and sentenced to death. While being led to the scaffold the Governor meets him with a full pardon. He lets him out, and not only lets him out, but also those imprisoned at Sing Sing and Albany—lets everybody out; cannot bear to have any one in prison: how long would he be Governor, do you suppose? Why, you could not live in this State if there was to be no punishment annexed to sin. Every one would be a law unto himself, and every and all kinds of wickedness would be alive and seeth-

ing in this community. If these wicked men could not get along in society, how could unrepentant sinners get along in heaven? A man who does not like to repent, but loves his sin—to him heaven would be a hell; he wouldn't care about heaven at all. If you don't repent, then there is no hope for you. Not only that, but how can God forgive a man if he don't want to be forgiven? Suppose your child were to tell you a lie, and you were to tell him that you would forgive him if he asked to be forgiven; then suppose he did not ask or care about it, how would you forgive him? David fell lower than Cain. The former not only committed murder, but also adultery. But Cain did not ask to be forgiven, and David did, and he was forgiven. That is the great difference between them. You cannot find a place in the Bible that states that Cain asked to be forgiven. If he had, God would have forgiven him. God is willing to forgive every one who truly and honestly and sincerely wants to repent and lead a new life. The only time that God is represented as running is in the parable of the Prodigal Son. He is represented as running to receive the repentant sinner. "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth," we are told. But a man must repent before he is forgiven. If we do not repent, then the forgiveness would be of no use, as we would go right back again to our sins. It would be a false peace—a reconciliation that would not last. When a man turns against sin—against the world—then God is ready to forgive him. I never knew a man who has truly repented of his sin and turned away from it, that ever desired to go back to it. He may fall, it is true, but he will rise again. Satan may have him down, but he can't keep him down. He may wander off into the world away from the fold, but the world cannot keep him. There are a great many men who think that when they leave the world and become Christians that they will be in sorrow. Did you ever see a man sorry that turned to God? I never did. You may imagine the Prodigal sitting there opposite to the old man; all at once tears begin to trickle down the young man's cheek. "What is the matter, my son?" says his father. "Oh! I was afraid I should go back into that foreign land again." "But you cannot conceive of such an idea, my boy." Of course there was no danger of his going again to the husks and the hard, half-starved life he had then just left. So if you come to your Father and say, "Father, I have sinned," and if you truly repent and turn your back upon sin and the world and are reconciled to God,

you won't want to go back again to the swine and the evils of your former life.

And I want to call your attention to this, that God commands all men *now* to repent; right here, right now, this dark and stormy night. But Satan comes along and whispers to you, "Put it off." Yes, defer it, "there is plenty of time yet; don't be in a hurry about it." He knows if he can get you to put it off till to-morrow, that to-morrow never comes. And why will men put off this repentance until to-morrow, and day after day, in the way they do? Is it because they love sin so much? Is it because they want to have their own way? Why, it is very much like Pharaoh when he had the plague of the frogs. He could not take a step but that he put his foot down on a frog. There were frogs in his bed-room, in his sitting-room. They got into his kneading-troughs. Cut a loaf of bread and a frog would be found in it. It was frog, frog, frog. At last it annoyed him so he was compelled to send for Moses. And Moses said to him, When shall I ask the Lord to take them away? I remember well the first time I read that. I of course thought that Pharaoh, in answer to that question, would have said, "Now, now," with all his might, and with all the earnestness of which he was capable. Did he say that? Why, no; he said, "to-morrow." He wanted the frogs all night. You laugh at that. Yet you want to hold on to your sins just as long as you are able. Well, are these sins so sweet that you like them so? Like them, then, if you want to, but you hear what God says—He commands you to repent and leave them.

Many of you would be shocked if I were to accuse you of swearing. Yet this command is as binding as that which prohibits the taking of God's name in vain. How can you say there is time enough to repent? How long do you know you are to live? Is it a time to repent in your dying hour? Are there many that truly repent then? I believe that God can have mercy in the dying hour and save people, and I know that many are saved then; but where one is saved there are hundreds that go into the grave without God and without hope. They defer it too long; they put it off until it is too late. It is fear that seizes them then. The truth is that a good many make strong intentions when they are sick, but when they get well they go back at once to their old professions, and deny the Lord of Glory, and go straight to their besetting sins. So it was not their repentance, but alarm. Death comes and looks them in the face and they get alarmed,

they are afraid to meet death, they get frightened. They make many vows and many professions to lead a new and godly life, but when they get well all these good intentions pass away like a morning cloud. I believe I am talking to some to-night who when God had chastened them severely, promised and vowed that should they get well they would serve Him and love Him and honor Him and obey Him and follow Him. Yet here they are this very night denying Him and slighting Him and scorning Him and fighting against Him.

They don't turn to Him with all their heart. I tell you, my friends, that ninety-nine out of every hundred die unexpectedly. Death is an unexpected visitor; he comes upon them suddenly and yet they are not ready. How many say, "I will put it off a little longer; there is time enough yet, and if I should become sick I can repent on my dying bed." Will you offer God your wasted life? Is that the true treatment? Is that what God should expect from us? Is it noble? Is it manly? Is it right for us just to go on serving Satan, living for ourselves and the world and just turn our backs upon Him? The minute is coming when we have crossed the line. Take that pitiful steamer, the *Atlantic*, that was wrecked off the coast of Newfoundland three years ago this month. There it was in the fog; it had been in the fog three days, and just plying along toward the shore and toward the rocks. There was just one moment when they could have stopped and reversed their engines, and saved the steamer, and there was one moment when it was too late. There was one moment when it crossed the line, and five hundred souls went down to a watery grave. There is a crisis in every man's life when he can stop. You can just stop to-night and say, "By the grace of God I will stop to-night, and I will just turn my face toward God." There isn't anything to hinder you; you can to-night just change your company; leave the world and join God's people.

But some people say, "I don't know what it is to repent." Let me give an illustration. I am not a politician, but in this country we have two parties. Supposing I belong to the Republican party, and there is an election coming on next Monday, and I have been a Republican for twenty years, and I am thoroughly convinced to-night that if the Republican party succeeds it will be ruin to the country. I am very patriotic and love my country, and I believe if the Democratic party succeeds it will be salvation to the country. How long does it take me to turn to the other party? It doesn't take me a

minute, and I not only turn myself, but I try to induce every man I know to do the same thing. You are on the wrong side of the question; you can't have two masters; you can't be for God and Mammon; you can't be for God and the devil at the same time. Whose side are you on to-night, young man? Who claims you to-night? That young man says, "Jesus." Thank God for that. If you are on the wrong one, rise like a man and say, "By the grace of God I will go over on the Lord's side." You know that God has doomed this world to destruction, and if you stay in the world it is sure ruin to you. You know if you belong to the other party, the Democrats would be glad to see you, and just so with the Republicans—don't think that they will give you so warm a welcome as the Lord. That is repentance. Right about face. You have been on the devil's side long enough; come right out to-night, and come on to the Lord's side. Suppose I am to go down to Boston to-night, and I go down to the Union depot and say to a man I see there, "Can you tell me is this train going to Boston?" and the man says, "Yes," and I go and get on board the train, and Mr. Dodge comes right along and says, "Where are you going?" I say "I am going to Boston," and Mr. Dodge says, "Well, you are on the wrong train, that train is going to Albany." "But Mr. Dodge, I am quite sure I am right; I asked a railroad man here and he told me this was the train." And Mr. Dodge says, "Moody, I know all about these trains; I have lived here forty years, and go up and down on these trains every day," and at last Mr. Dodge convinces me I am on the wrong train. That is conviction, not conversion. But if I don't remain on that train, but just get into the other train, that is repentance. O, to-night, say that you will just by the grace of God come right over on to the Lord's side, and turn your face toward God and He will bless you. Now it is the hardest thing for a man to become a Christian and it is the easiest. You may think that is a paradox, very hard until he makes up his mind and very easy when he has made up his mind. I have a little nephew who took a Bible he saw lying on the table and threw it on the floor. His mother said to him, "Go and pick up uncle's Bible." He said he didn't want to. His mother said, "I didn't ask you whether you wanted to or not; go and pick it up." Then the little fellow said, "I won't." His mother said, "Why, Charlie, who taught you that naughty word?" when she found out that he not only knew what it meant, but he meant every word he said. The mother says, "Charlie, I

never heard you talk so before. If you don't go and pick up uncle's Bible, I shall punish you." And the little fellow says, "I won't do it." She told him again if he didn't pick up the Bible she would punish him, and he would have to pick it up too. Then he said he couldn't. I suppose he thought he couldn't; he didn't want to. That is the trouble with men, they don't want to come. Christ says, "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life." It is not because men can't come to God; it is because they won't. The little fellow looked at it as though he would like to do it, but he couldn't. At last he just got down on the floor and got both his arms around the book and tried, and said he couldn't. Now the mother says, "Charlie, do you pick up that book or I shall punish you, and you will have to pick it up too." I felt very much interested, for I knew if she didn't break his will he would break her heart eventually. At last she broke that little fellow's will, and the minute his will was broke he picked up the book just as easy as that.

When a man makes up his mind, he will accept God just as easy. God commands you to-day to repent. Bear in mind that God commands you to repent. Don't flatter yourselves you have never broken God's commandments. If you go out of that door without turning to Him you have done so, because here is a commandment direct from God. God commands all men now everywhere to repent, because He has appointed a day when He will judge the world in righteousness. If you go on to the bar of God without repentance and without turning from sin, sinner, there will be no hope for you.

I felt very much interested the other night at the young men's meeting. A young man said he left London and got into this city three weeks ago. His mother was a very earnest Christian, had been praying for him, and he always told her that he didn't want her to talk with him about Christianity, for he had no desire to become a Christian. He left home to get rid of her entreaties. As he was leaving home, his mother said to him, "Bear in mind that my prayers will follow you, and you will find God in America." I suppose the young man was like the young man in the Scriptures, who, when his father told him to go into his vineyard and work, said he wouldn't go, and afterwards changed his mind and went. And this young man began to repent, and when he got into New York he left the boat and came right up to the Hippodrome, and says he found God waiting for him right here. He just repented and just received his mother's God. Sinner, God is

waiting for you. Are you willing to come to Him? Is there any one who will repent and will return to God?

A man got up one morning and saw the sun shining into his room, and lifted up his heart to God and said, "Let Thy love shine into my heart," and he found God. Why? Because he turned his face towards the Sun of Righteousness. The trouble is, you have got your back towards God; you are running away from Him. Ask for light, and it will come. God will never refuse you. Oh, to-night be wise—this dark, rainy, stormy night, repent of your sins and turn to God. Let us ask God to-night to turn our souls to Him. Now, if you have really a desire for salvation, you can find it just as that Englishman found it. God has been here all through the meeting, waiting with His arms stretched out, ready to welcome you.

A young man related this experience to me: "When my father died, my mother became more anxious than ever about my salvation. Sometimes she came and put her arms around me and wept over me, and I would push her away, and say there was time enough. I heard one night a voice in my mother's chamber, crying to God for her boy, 'O God! save my boy.' At last I could not stand it any longer. I made up my mind I would not become a Christian, and I ran away. It was a long time before I heard from that mother, except indirectly, for she did not know where I was. I did not want her to know, because I knew she would come for me if she knew. After a while I heard that my mother was sick, and I thought I would go to her. On my way from the station to my home I had to pass the cemetery. I stopped to take a look at my father's grave. It was a moonlight night, and the graves were very distinct, but by the side of my father's grave was a fresh one. The sod was loose as if only laid that day. Then I knew I had lost my mother. The thought struck me, 'Who will pray for me now that my mother and father are gone?' I passed that sad night by their graves, and though I feel that God has answered my prayers and forgiven my sin, I never can forgive myself for bringing sorrow to my mother's heart."

Young man, you can repent to-night, and go home and cheer your mother's heart by turning to God.

FORTY-FIRST EVENING.

BEHOLD!

YOU will find my text to-night just in one word, "Behold!" And when you find that in Scripture you may know something important is coming. It is just to draw attention. Look! See! "Behold! I am shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me." Now, the first thing for a man to know before he is saved is that he is lost. You needn't preach to him of a Saviour, because what does a man need of a Saviour that is not lost? You needn't take a pardon to a man that has not been condemned. You need not take medicine to a well man. You needn't send for a doctor to a man that isn't sick. The first thing for a man to know is that he is lost; that he is a sinner. There is a good many that want to learn the alphabet, but they don't want to begin at the beginning. They are trying to learn it backwards. They don't like the A, B, C of it, that they are lost, that they are full of sin. Now, you will find some of the most eminent men whose lives are recorded in Scripture, had to learn that they were lost. This man Isaiah, before God could use him, he had to see himself in God's looking-glass, and the moment he saw God on high and lifted up on His throne, he cried out, "Woe is me, I am undone. I am a man with unclean lips, I dwell in an unclean people." Then came the angel and put a coal upon his lips and purged away his sin, and then he was ready to do God's work. And whenever you find a man talking about how good he is, there is one thing you may know—that that man never saw God. The moment a man gets one glimpse of God, down he comes into the dust. "I fed the hungry; I clothed the naked." I, I, I done this and done that. Hear him talk about what he had done. Why, if we had Job here now, we would think him just as good a man as we have got. There was a time when Job never had seen God; he had heard about Him, but he never

had seen Him. But God said to Job, "Gird up your loins." God began to talk with Job and down he came. He put up his hand upon his lips and you couldn't get another word out of him. He got a sight of God, and that is what every sinner wants to-night. When he sees God he will cry out like Isaiah, "Woe is me," or like Job, "I am vile."

And it was so with Moses when he came to the burning bush. When he had been in the school of the Egyptians he was ready to begin his work, but he wasn't fit. But after he got to that burning bush he thought then he wasn't fit; he says, "I am unworthy." When a man finds God, his self-righteousness has gone off from him. As we find in the 3d chapter of Romans; Paul brings that all in there; it was "that every mouth might be stopped and the whole world become guilty before God." God stops every man's mouth before He saves him. When a man begins to see himself vile, and has got one glimpse of himself in God's looking-glass, then he goes down like David. He says, "I am shapen in iniquity, and in sin my mother did conceive me;" or like Job, "Behold, I am vile." I don't know how many abusive letters I have got for preaching from that 3d chapter of Romans—"There is no difference"—where I tried to prove from Scripture and from history that man without God is a total failure. There is a great many boast they can get along without God. Look over the history of the world and see what a failure man has been without God. Just withdraw God from man and he goes to ruin very quick. You and I could not live in the world without God's restraining grace. Man without God—now that is the first behold; don't make anything out of yourselves but a poor, lost, wretched sinner. That is the A, B, C of God's alphabet. It is no use trying to learn a child to write or read until he has learned the alphabet.

Now the next "Behold!" is, "Behold! I bring you glad tidings of great joy." But to talk to a man drawing his filthy rags of self-righteousness around him is like pouring water upon a rock. You might as well talk to that post there as to talk to a man that don't think he is lost. If a man will only believe he is lost, without God, without hope in the world, then we can bring to him the glorious hope that comes from heaven, the glorious hope of Jesus. "Behold," said the angel to the shepherds, "I bring you glad tidings of great joy, for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour." Do you think there is better news ever came down from heaven than that, that God made a way for poor lost man to

escape? Here is a Saviour for you here. "Behold! I bring you glad tidings of great joy, for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour." Now there is one thing the world don't believe, and that is that the gospel is good news. The angels proclaimed good news on the plains of Bethlehem, and the world don't believe it. You wouldn't have to preach if men believed it was good news. Why, there is no trouble in getting men to receive good news if they believe it, but it is because men don't believe it is good news. But you can't find a man that has ever received the gospel but that will tell you it is good news, and that that is the best news that ever reached their ears. Now, look at the witnesses all around. If I should put it to vote here, how many of you would rise up and say, "We have found it to be the best news that ever reached us," and yet, with all these witnesses, we can't get the world to believe it. It shows that the world is condemned.

When a man receives a message, I can tell by his face when he reads it whether it is good news; so, when I preach the gospel, I can see who believe it. I see some of you smiling; you believe it. And there are some men that look sad, as though I brought them a death-warrant; they don't believe it. There is a story over here in the Old Dispensation that represents the gospel. I don't know if that presents it any better. One day David and Jonathan were walking together, and Jonathan said to David, "David, I want you to make me a promise, that when my father is dead, and you have my father's throne, I want to have you promise that if there is any of the house of Saul with you, you will show them kindness." David said, "Why, of course, I will do that. Jonathan." Long after that, after many battles and contests, after David had reigned in Hebron and built him a palace up in Jerusalem, he thought of his promise, and after search found one of the house of Saul, the son of Jonathan, who had been hiding from him in Lodebar, a place of no pasture. And that is what sinners are doing; they are hiding from Him in a place of no pasture. What did David say? "Let him stay there"? No; but he sent a messenger for him, and Mephibosheth, when he heard that David had sent after him, was afraid. The man who came from the king tried to comfort him, and at last got him to go along back with him to Jerusalem. When David saw him, his heart melted; he could see that he was the son of his old and dear friend Jonathan. He went towards him, and Mephibosheth went down on his knees. And David bade him rise, and then told him that he would

restore him to his proper position in the kingdom as a descendant from Saul. And Mephibosheth then became a part of the household of David, and lived in splendor and in happiness at Jerusalem. My friends, the Lord waits to bring you from Lodebar; he wants to have you set at His own table and to be with him forever.

The next "Behold" is that "Behold!" used by John the Baptist when he cried there in the wilderness after he met Christ. His text became nothing else but "Behold!" At first it was "Repent! repent! repent!" But after he had personally seen the Lord, he said, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." That was his cry. Will you not look at Him, then? Look at Him going from town to town, healing the sick, cleansing the unclean, restoring sight to the blind, casting out devils, and raising the dead. Yes, look at Him again hanging there between the two thieves, suffering for your sins that He had accepted, and which He has borne away. Power was given to Him on earth to save you, and He will save you if you let Him.

But there is another "Behold!" "Behold, now is the accepted time." Some men complain because I press that little word—"now." Well, would they not complain greatly, and with sufficient cause, if I said "next year" instead of "now?" Why, what a criticism there would be in New York if I should say, "Repent, repent, repent—next year." Supposing I said, "Oh! you must repent for your sins, but you need not do it this year; this is the centennial year; you needn't mind it this year, but you must repent next year." The newspapers would come out and say, "What queer thing is this that Mr. Moody is saying—repent next year?" I want to press the word "Behold! now is the accepted time." "Oh, well," men say, "that is all for effect." Well, my friends, it is for effect. I say amen to that. We preach for effect; we don't preach to put people to sleep. We have been saying, and we say at this time, "Repent now," because it is the only time that God has given you. You cannot turn back the wheels of time; you are speeding onward to eternity. Every minute that is gone is gone forever; you cannot recall it. And every minute that is in the future belongs to God; it don't belong to you or me. I can't say, "Repent next hour." I don't know how many may be here next hour. The door is open for you now, and by and by the door will be shut, and no man can open it. You can tell that

from your own experience. How many have heard the Gospel from this platform who are passed away within the few weeks we have been here and who are now in eternity! You have heard how death has been near to the choir, having taken the husband of one of our singers; three of the ushers have also gone, and how many of those who have attended here in the assembly have been snatched away I know not. Yet many have gone, and now they are gazing upon the face of the King in the New Jerusalem; they have plucked the fruit off of the Tree of Life; they are walking now by the great river that flows by the Throne. While I am preaching they are perchance looking over the battlements of Heaven to see if there is any one here among their friends who will repent, or if they prefer to pass through the dark valley of the shadow of death without God and without hope. No wonder that I press the little word "Now," when I see how many are neglecting the means of salvation from day to day, and are losing their chance of Heaven. "Behold! now, is the accepted time." Thank God there are hundreds and thousands here to-night who will take it to their hearts, and who will lift up their souls to Christ.

Again, an inquirer said to me the other night, "Mr. Moody, I would like to be a Christian, but Christ seems so far from me." Listen. "Behold now, I stand at the door and knock." Thank God, He is not a great way from us. Jesus is in this house to-night. He is just as much here in this assembly as you and I are. May God open your eyes to see Him. He is not only here on this platform, but He is down there where you are. Hark! Does the heart throb? That is Christ knocking. Do you believe that you are a sinner? That is the work of the Holy Ghost. He convinces you of sin. Satan does not do it; that is not his work. He is at work to try to convince you that you may go on and sin as much as you like, and that there is plenty of time to repent hereafter. "Behold! I stand at the door and knock." Who will let Him in? Who will make room for Him to-night? Who will unlock the door and welcome Him into his heart to-night? Give Him a welcome and He will come in. Mark the word, "Behold! I stand at the door and knock." It is not an angel, or any messenger of Heaven; it is "I." Thank God for a gospel which brings Christ to the door of our hearts. He is nigh to you; He is close upon you. My friend, won't you let Him in?

Here is another "Behold!" "Behold, he prayeth." It was said in relation to the conversion of Saul, when he encountered the Lord on his way to Damascus. And as Saul then called upon Christ for His commands, so let every one here to-night ask, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" and you shall be taught His holy will. He will take you by the hand and guide your footsteps a-ight. Oh, make room for Him, my friends, in your heart to-night, and He will enter and bless you.

FORTY-SECOND EVENING.

"Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet did we esteem Him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted."

"But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed."—ISAIAH, 53d chapter, 4th and 5th verses.

YOU will find my text this evening in the 53d chapter of Isaiah, 4th and 5th verses: "Surely He has borne our griefs and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted. But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed."

Five times that little word "our" is used—our sorrows, our griefs, our iniquities, our transgressions, and the chastisement of our peace—there is a substitute for you! I would like, if I could, to make that 53d chapter of Isaiah real. I would like, if I could this evening, to bring before this congregation, or to bring out this truth—what Christ has suffered for each one of us. We take up the Bible, we read the account of His crucifixion and death, how He suffered in agony, and we go away, lay the Bible down and think nothing more about it. I remember when the war was going on I would read about a great battle having been fought, where probably ten thousand men had been killed and wounded, and after reading the article I would lay the paper aside and forget all about it. At last I went into the army myself; I saw the dying men, I heard the groans of the wounded, I helped comfort the dying and bury the dead, I saw the scene in all its terrible realities. After I had been on the battle-field, I could not read an account of a battle without it making a profound impression upon me. I wish I could bring before you in living colors the sufferings and death of Christ. I do not believe there would be a dry eye here. I want to speak of His physical sufferings, for that I think we can get hold of. No man knows all that Christ suffered. Now, when a great man dies we are all

anxious to get his last words, and if it is a friend, how we treasure up that last word, how we tell it to his friends, and we never tire talking to our loved ones of how he made his departure from the world.

Now, let us visit Calvary; let us bring the scene down to this present age; let us bring it right down here into this world this evening; or let us go back in our imagination to the time of Christ's crucifixion; let us imagine we are living in the City of Jerusalem instead of New York; let us take just the last Thursday He was there before He was crucified. Let us just imagine we are walking up one of the streets of Jerusalem. You see a small body of men walking down the street; every one is running to see what the excitement is. As we get nearer we find that it is Jesus with His Apostles. We just walk down the street with them, and we see them stop and enter a very common-looking house. They go in and we enter also, and there we find Jesus sitting with the Apostles. You can see sorrow depicted upon His brow. His disciples see it but do not know what has caused His grief. We are told He was sorrowful unto death. As He was sitting there, He said to the twelve, "One of you shall this night betray me." Then each of them wondered if it was him of whom the Master spoke, and they said, "Is it I?" Then Judas, the traitor, said, "Is it I?" Jesus said it was. Christ said, "Judas, what thou doest do quickly." Then Judas got up and left the room. For three years he had been associated with the Son of God. For three years he had sat at the feet of Jesus. For three years he had heard those words of sympathy and love fall from His lips. For three years he had been one of the faithful twelve. He had seen Him perform His wonderful miracles. He had heard the parables as they fell from the lips of Jesus. For three years he had been a member of that little band. So he got up and went out into the night, the darkest night that this world ever saw. He goes out of that guest chamber. You can hear him as he goes down those steps, off into the darkness and the blackness of the night. Then he went to the Sanhedrim and he said, "I will make a bargain with you, I will sell Him cheap;" and there he betrayed his Master for thirty pieces of silver. That was a small amount. Men condemn Him, but how many are selling Him for less than that? How many will give Him up for less than that? There are men who will sell Him for a little pleasure, and women for two or three hours in a ball-room.

You can hear the money being counted. He puts it into his pocket. He says, "Give me a band of men and I will take you where He is." It was then that Christ said those beautiful words. It was on that night that He said, "Let not your hearts be troubled. I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again, that where I am there may ye be also." Instead of the disciples trying to cheer Him, He is trying to cheer them. He takes Peter, James, and John off from the rest, and then He withdraws from them about a stone's throw. Then He prayed to the Father. He that knew no sin was to bear all our sins. He who was as spotless as the angels of heaven was to suffer for us. From this lone spot His earnest prayers ascended to heaven. And while He is praying the Apostles fall asleep, for their eyes are heavy. Peter, James, and John were heavy with sleep. When He gets up from prayer He looks into the distance. He sees the men who are hunting for Him. They are looking around through the olive trees for some one. He well knows who they are looking for. He went up to this band of men and said, "Whom seek ye?" And they said, "We seek Jesus of Nazareth." "Well," said Jesus, "I am He." There was something about that reply that terrified those men. They trembled and fell to the ground. Then at last Judas came up, and I don't know but he put his arms around His neck and kissed Him. When Judas had kissed Christ, the soldiers seized Him, for Judas had told the soldiers that when they saw him kiss a man that was Him. Those hands that had wrought so many wonderful miracles, those hands that had often been raised to bless the disciples, were bound. Then Peter takes his sword and cuts off the high priest's servant's ear. But Jesus healed the wound at once. He would not let the soldier suffer.

Then they take Him back to Jerusalem. He can see the soldiers and the populace mocking Him. When they take Him back they are summoned before the Sanhedrim. They lead Him before the Sanhedrim, and Annas is sent for. He is taken before Annas and Caiaphas; Christ is taken before the rulers of the Jews. There were seventy that belonged to that Sanhedrim. The law required that two witnesses must appear against a person on trial before he could be convicted. They secure false witnesses, who come in and swear falsely. Then the high priest asked Jesus what it was that those men witnessed against Him, but He said nothing. Then the high priest asked Him a second time and said, "Art Thou the Christ,

the Son of the Blessed?" Jesus answered, "I am, and ye shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven." Then the high priest said, "What need we any further witnesses? Ye have heard the blasphemy from his own lips." And the verdict came forth, "He is guilty of death!" What a sentence! After a moment He was pronounced guilty of death. You can see one of these soldiers strike Him with the palm of his hand. Another spits in His face. Why, if I would spit in one of these people's faces you would be disgusted and get up and leave the hall. They not only struck Him, but they spit upon Him. They keep Him until morning. While they are keeping Him Peter is out in the Judgment Hall swearing that he never knew Him. They had all forsaken Him. Judas had already come back and thrown down the money which had been paid him for betraying innocent blood. He was about going out to hang himself.

About daylight they take Christ before Pilate. They are so eager for His blood that they cannot wait. By this time the city is filled with strangers from all parts of the country. They had heard that the Galilean prophet had been brought before the Sanhedrim, that they had condemned Him, and that He was to die the cruel death of the Cross, and all they had to do was to get Pilate's consent and they would then put Him out of the way. Pilate looked at Him and talked with Him, and then said, "I find no fault in this man." And they shouted, "Why, if you chastise this man and let Him go, you will do wrong; He is a Galilean." "Why," said Pilate, "is He a Galilean?" And they told Pilate that He was brought up at Nazareth. When he heard that, glad to get rid of the responsibility, Pilate says, "Then I will send Him to Herod." There are a great many Roman soldiers keeping back the crowds in the streets, the same as our police on some great day. You can see these soldiers going before the crowd that has Jesus clearing the streets. Herod was glad when Jesus was brought into his presence, for he hoped that He would perform some miracles to gratify his curiosity. We are told that Herod's men of war set Him at naught. They dressed Him up, took some cast-off clothing of one of their kings, perhaps, and said, "Hail, King of the Jews!" Then they came up and struck Him on the face. Oh! my friends, let us make this scene real to-day! He was bruised for our transgressions. He is your substitute and mediator.

After they had mocked Him they dressed Him up in His

own garments and brought Him before Pilate. You can see the crowd around the judgment hall. They are ready to put Him to death. Pilate wanted to chastise Christ and release Him, and then deliver a prisoner to them. And they cried, "Away with this man and release unto us Barabbas."

They opened the prison door and let the prisoner out. Then Pilate thought of a way to save Him. He remembered that it was a custom among the Jews that on a certain day one prisoner was to be released to them and go unpunished. So he said to the Jews, "Which of these two prisoners shall I release, Jesus or Barabbas?" And when the chief priest found out what was going on, he went through the crowd and asked that Barabbas might be released. The governor was disappointed, and when he put the question to the crowd, "Which shall I release unto you, Jesus or Barabbas?"—Jesus who raised the dead, or Barabbas who took the lives of men—whose hands were dripping with the blood of his fellow-men? No sooner was it put to the crowd, than they lifted up their voices shouting, "Barabbas, Barabbas!" Then he said, "What shall I do with Jesus?" And the cry rang through the streets, "Let Him be crucified!" But a few days before the crowd was crying, "Hosanna to the Son of David!" Then, when the governor heard it, he turned and wrung his hands, saying, "I am innocent of the blood of this just man."

Oh, until I came to read all about what Christ suffered, I never before realized what He had done for us. I never knew until I came to read all about the Roman custom of scourging what it meant by Christ being scourged for me. When I first read about that I threw myself on the floor and wept, and asked Him to forgive me for not having loved Him more. Let us imagine the scene where he is taken by the Roman soldiers to be scourged. The orders were to put forty stripes, one after another, upon his bared back. Sometimes it took fifteen minutes, and the man died in the process of being scourged. See Him stooping while the sins of the world are laid upon Him, and the whips come down upon His bare back, cutting clear through the skin and flesh to the bone. And, after they had scourged Him, instead of bringing oil and pouring it into the wounds, He who came to bind up the broken heart and pour oil into its wounds, instead of doing this they dressed Him up again, and some cruel wretch reached out to Him a crown of thorns, which was placed upon His brow. The queen of England wears a crown of gold, filled with diamonds and precious stones, worth \$20,000,000; but

when they came to crown the Prince of Heaven, they gave Him a crown of thorns and placed them upon His brow, and in His hand they put a stick for a sceptre.

Now you might have seen at one of the gates of the city a great crowd bursting through. What is coming? There are two thieves being brought for execution. Between the two thieves is the Son of God, walking through the streets of Jerusalem. And He carried a cross. You ladies wear small crosses made of gold and wood and stone around your necks; but the cross that the Son of God carried was a rude, heavy tree, made into a cross. I can imagine Him reeling and staggering under it. Undoubtedly He had lost so much blood that He was too faint to carry it, and before they got to the place it well nigh crushed Him to the earth. And then some stranger undertook to bear it along after Him. I can imagine the strong man carrying it along, and the crowd hooting, "Away with Him; away with Him"—a pestilent fellow, as they called Him. This was only nine o'clock in the morning. They arrived at Calvary a little before nine. Then they took up the Son of God and they laid Him out upon that cross. I can imagine them binding His wrists to the arms of the cross. And after they had got Him bound, up came a soldier with a hammer and nails and put one nail into the palm of His hand, and then came the hammer without mercy, driving it down through the bone and flesh and into the wood; and then into the other hand. And then they brought a long nail for His feet; and then the soldiers gathered round the cross and lifted it up, and the whole weight of the Son of God came upon those nails in His hands and feet. O, you young ladies, who say you see no beauty in Christ that you should desire to be like Him, come with me and take a look at those wounds, and remember that that crown of thorns was laid upon His brow by a mocking world. Look at Him as He hangs there, and at the people who pass by deriding Him. There are the two thieves that reviled Him, and the one that said, "Save us and save Thyself if thou beest the Son of God." But hark! At last there comes a cry from the cross. What is it? Is it a cry to the Lord to take Him down from the cross? No! It is "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Was there ever such love as that? While they were crucifying Him He was lifting His heart to God in prayer. His heart seemed to be breaking for those sinners. How He wanted to take them in His arms! How He wanted to forgive them! At last He cried, "I thirst;" and instead of giving

Him a draught of water from the spring, they gave Him a draught of gall mixed with vinegar. There He hung! You can see those soldiers casting lots for his garments as they crowd around the foot of the cross. While they were casting lots the crowd would mock and deride Him and make all manner of sport of Him. He cried only, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Right in the midst of the darkness and gloom there came a voice from one of those thieves. It flashed into His soul as he hung there, "This must be more than man; this must be the true Messiah!" He cried out, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom!" We are anxious to get the last word or act of our dying friends. Here was the last act of Jesus. He snatched the thief from the jaws of death, saying, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." And again He spoke. What was it? "It is finished," was His cry. Salvation was wrought out, atonement was made. His blood had been shed; His life had been given. Undoubtedly, if we had been there, we would have seen legions of devils hovering around the cross. And so the dark clouds of death and hell came surging up against the bosom of the Son of God, and He drove them back as you have seen the waves come gathering up and surging against the rock, and then receding and then returning. The billows were over Him. He was conquering death and Satan and the world in those last moments. He was treading the wine-press alone. At last He shouted from the cross, "It is finished." Perhaps no one who heard it knew what it meant. But the angels in Heaven knew; and I can imagine the bells of Heaven (if they do have bells there) ringing out and the angels singing, "The God-man is dead, and full restitution has opened the way back into Paradise, and all man has to do is to look and live." After He cried, "It is finished," He bowed His head, commended His spirit to God, and gave up the ghost. Do you tell me you see no reason why you should love such a Saviour? Would you rather be His enemy than His friend? Have you no desire to receive Him and become His? May God soften all our hard hearts to-day.

FORTY-THIRD EVENING.

“Nevertheless, the people refused to obey the voice of Samuel.”—1st SAMUEL, 8th chapter, part of the 19th verse.

I FIND in this 19th verse of the 8th chapter of 1st Samuel: “Nevertheless, the people refused to obey the voice of Samuel”—or you might say the voice of God, for God is speaking through Samuel—“and they said, We will have a king over us.” I want to call your attention to this disobedience and the consequence. For between four hundred and five hundred years God had been their king, and when they obeyed His voice and done what He told them to do, none of the nations were able to stand before them. They had never been degraded while they were walking in God’s sight and obeying His voice, but now they got tired of God. They wanted to cast off His yoke. They wanted a king like the nations around them had, who might lead their armies and make them as imposing and splendid as the nations around them were. When God brought them into that land He told them they should not have chariots of iron, and should not be trusting in horsemen, and in great armies, but He would be their defence; He would be their shield; He would protect them, if they would only look to Him and trust Him. But no. They have their eyes on the nations around them, and they come to the old prophet Samuel, who has grown very old and is about to retire from office, and they said, “We want a king.” And Samuel was very much displeased, heart-broken, and he took his trouble to the Lord, as we all of us ought always to do, and the Lord says: “Well, now, Samuel, it is not you that they have rejected, but Me. Don’t take it so to heart, but protest solemnly against it. Tell them the consequences, and then, if they insist upon it, I will give them a king.” He said this very often, as mothers deal with their children. They let them have something, that they know will bring them into sorrow, just to show them how much better it would have been for them if they had obeyed without a murmur; but then, there

are very few of us that can learn by other men's experiences and we want to try our own way, and God permits us just to show how much better it is to take God's way than our own.

Now, the Lord told Samuel He would send a man there whom he should anoint king; and it seems that a man in the tribe of Benjamin, by the name of Kish, lost his asses, and he sent one of his sons to hunt them up. Little did he know as he left home where he was going to. He hunted for the asses two or three days, but was unsuccessful; and as he came near Ramah his servant suggested that they should go up and see the seer or prophet, and he could tell them where to go. Now, the Lord had told Samuel the day before Saul came this was to be the man whom he should anoint to be Captain over Israel. What was Saul's surprise when the seer met him on the way, took him into his house, made him stay over night, and then took him up on the roof of his house and told him what the Lord was going to do with him. Saul seems to have been full of humility, for he told Samuel that he belonged to the smallest of the tribes of Israel, and did not think he was worthy; but God chose him, and the next morning when he left the town the prophet went with him to the outskirts of the town, and said to him, "Let your servant go on before you," and after he had passed on and gone out of sight, Samuel anointed Saul king, and then told him what would take place on his way home, and where he would find his animals. And it all came to pass as he had prophesied. Saul went home and went about his work as usual, taking care of his father's sheep; but one day a messenger came into the town in great haste bringing the startling tidings that the enemy had besieged the city, and the people had offered to surrender and become servants to the enemy if they would only just spare their lives; and the commander of the besieging army said he would grant the request on condition that he might tear out their right eyes, and the elders of Jabesh said, "Give us seven days and we will decide." If the inhabitants of the city could not get help within seven days, they would have to have their right eyes dug out. And the people lifted up their voices and wept. And Saul came in from the field, and when they told him the tidings, the Spirit of God came upon him, and he was greatly angered. And he took a yoke of oxen and hewed them in pieces, and sent them throughout all the coasts of Israel by the hands of messengers, saying, "Whosoever cometh not forth after Saul and after Samuel, so shall it be done unto his oxen;" and the fear of the Lord

came upon the people, and inside of three days Saul had three hundred and thirty thousand people, and in the night, about daylight, he moved upon the enemy, and fought them until midday with such vigor, that there were no two of them left together, and thus he routed the whole army and saved the city, and won his way to the hearts of the people.

You know there is nothing like success. He had been successful, and had already been proclaimed at Mizpeh king, for Samuel had brought the people up to Mizpeh, and they had cast lots, and it had fallen upon the tribe of Benjamin and upon the house of Kish. And now he had had a successful battle, and everything looked very bright and hopeful for him and his people. Why, when they raised the cry at Mizpeh, "God save the king!" it looked as if everything was going to be in their favor. Saul was a head and shoulders above all men in Mizpeh, and they said, "We have got a fine-looking king. No nation around us has got a man like him." He was a grand man to look at. Men like to walk by sight instead of by faith. They had got just the man, and they felt he was the one to meet the giants coming out against them, and they shouted for him, and the cry has been heard ever since in the earth, "God save the king." That was the first time that cry was ever heard, when they proclaimed Saul as king.

But now the trial comes. The next thing we hear is that the enemies are gathering again. After the defeat at Jabesh-Gilead they called together their armies and nations. There were thirty thousand chariots of iron and six thousand horsemen, and the rank and file were like the sands of the seashore—a great multitude. And the heart of Saul began to sink within him, and he waited at Gilgal for Samuel to come, and the army began to be discontented, and instead of looking to God and trusting Him—for He wanted them to put their trust in Him—Saul gets a little discouraged and breaks the law of God. The law of God was that no man should offer sacrifices but those that were appointed. Saul had no right to do it, but he took that position himself, and began to offer sacrifices, and his friend Samuel, than whom no man ever had a purer, truer friend, said to him, "You have done very foolishly. Now your kingdom is departed from you, and it shall not be maintained. You have disobeyed the voice of God." The old saying is, "Like priest, like people." The people would not obey the voice of God. Samuel deals faithfully with him and tells him the consequences. Saul cries, "My

army is leaving me and is becoming demoralized." And Samuel says, "You ought to obey God and let the consequences be what they will."

And now it came to pass that Jonathan, Saul's son, said to his armor-bearer, "Come, and let us go over to the garrison of these uncircumcised; it may be that the Lord will work for us, for He can save by many or by few." How the faith of Jonathan shines out here! He feels that with the help of the Lord he can save the whole army. Would to God we had a few Jonathans right here in New York! "Now," says he, "we will just go up there, and if they ask us to come right into camp, we will take it as a sign that God is with us. And if they say, Stand where you are, we will know the Lord is not with us." And when they had climbed up the steep rocks, the Philistines saw them and shouted, "Behold the Hebrews come out of their holes where they had hid themselves." And they said to Jonathan and his armor-bearer, "Come over to us." And Jonathan said, "God is with us; He has given us the land." And he and his armor-bearer went up and slew the people, and in that first slaughter were about twenty men within half an acre, and the people were frightened and trembled, and the watchmen of Saul beheld the multitude melting away like the snow upon a side hill, and Saul, who was afar off, began to inquire, "Who has gone out from us?" And they numbered the people, and found out that Jonathan and his armor-bearer were gone. Saul had given a rash order that no one should eat until he had destroyed his enemies, but Jonathan didn't know anything of this. After the slaughter, when all the people had joined in the rout of the Philistines—there are a great many men who are willing when the battle goes against our enemies to join in pursuit of them, and then, after the work is done, say, "Didn't we do a good work?" but they hide themselves away in the caves and holes, and dare not meet the enemy until some braver man has come to the front and done the work—after, I say, all the people had joined in the pursuit, they came to a wood, and there was honey upon the ground, but no one dared eat except Jonathan, who knew not of his father's order. It is decreed that poor Jonathan must be slain. He has been disobedient and must die. Because Saul had disobeyed the Lord he did not die, but because Jonathan had disobeyed his father he must die. But the army said, "We will not let him be put to death." And they took the matter out of the king's hands, and Jonathan was spared.

But the Lord gives Saul another chance, and sends him to

destroy the Amalekites, and tells him through Samuel not to spare a single man, woman, child or beast. But Saul slew all of the Amalekites except the king and the best of the sheep and the oxen. And Samuel comes out and Saul says, "I have obeyed the Lord." He had a guilty conscience, and was afraid Samuel would reprove him. "Ah!" says the old prophet, "what is the meaning of these cattle that I hear lowing, these sheep that I hear bleating? Did not God tell you to destroy them?" Yes," says the guilty Saul, "but I saved the best of the cattle to sacrifice to the Lord." Is it sacrifice that the Lord wants or obedience? That is the spirit of the present day. People say, "Oh, I know it is not just exactly right, still a man must be sharp to get along;" and if they get money somewhat dishonestly, and afterwards endow colleges and build churches with it, they think it is good enough. They think the Lord will accept it if made dishonestly; that He will overlook it. Will He? See if He will. If we had not been disobedient, there would be no need of sacrifices.

Now Samuel says to Saul, "To obey is better than to sacrifice. What God wants is obedience, and you have disobeyed Him again. Now, just listen, and I will tell you what God told me this night. God told me He has taken the kingdom from you, and will give it to your neighbor, who is better than you are." And as Samuel turned to go away, Saul seized the mantle of Samuel, and it rent, and Samuel said to him, "Your kingdom has been rent from you as you have rent my mantle." And they separated, and never met after that. A sad parting, for a truer friend than Samuel no man ever had. Samuel wept over him as a father over his son, for he loved Saul. But Saul tried to have Samuel stay and honor him before the people, like many of the present day, who care for the applause of the world rather than the approval of God. But Samuel went back to Ramah and left him.

But now the enemy comes back again stronger than ever, thousands upon thousands, a great multitude, and the hour of battle comes on. There on that hill are the armies of the Philistines, and here on this are the thousands of Saul; and at last a giant warrior comes out from the camp of the Philistines and cries to Saul's army, "Just select one man to come out and fight me, and if he will overcome me we will all be your servants," and he defies them day after day, and there is not a man in all that camp that dare meet the giant of Gath. They were all frightened, and the king trembled from head to foot. As he came out in the morning I think I can see them looking

so startled, and saying, "Look! There he comes again." So he defies them again and again—"Show me a man that will dare to meet me." And so every morning, day after day, day after day, for forty days, he came out two or three times a day, and each army was afraid of the other, not daring to open fire. Just then up came a young stripling. (Some one has said he was the first delegate to the Christian Commission.) He had been sent up from the country round by his mother, to see how his brothers were getting on in the king's encampment. I suppose the mother made up some nice things for them to eat, some nice cakes, perhaps, and jelly. I can see him coming up; perhaps there was a servant along, and up they came on their asses. Just as they came into camp, out came the giant again, and defied them. The young man looks at him, and then asks: "What, what does that man say? Hark!" He hears the giant defy Israel, God's anointed, God's own people. His blood begins to tingle in his veins. He goes into camp and says to his brothers, "What does that mean? Why do not some of you go out to meet him?" "Why," they said, "you don't know much about fighting, or you would not talk of such a thing in that way." Said he, "I will go myself, then." "It's a nice thing for you to say you'll go. Why, one look at him will make you run faster than you ever ran in your life." They began to make sport of him, and mock him. He said, "If there is no one else to go, I will go." But they only mocked him. At last some one said to the king, "There is some one in camp who offers to go and meet the giant of Gath." And the king said, "Go bring him." And when the king saw David, his heart sunk within him at once. What could he do? He had not been used to using a sword. He did not know anything about it. The king said to him, "You are not able." He looked at David. He saw that he knew nothing of the use of weapons in battle. Said David, "I think I would like to meet him. A lion and a bear got into my father's fold one night, and I killed them both; and I believe that God will be able to deliver me from the giant as he did from the lion and the bear." Some one has said there were thousands of men in that camp who knew that God *could* use them, but David was the only one there who believed that God *would* use him. Said David, "Now I will go." So they took him and began to dress him for the fight. They began to put armor upon him, and a shield and a helmet. But in a few minutes it began to act upon him. He began to feel uncomfortable in it, and to twist himself and make wry faces, and at last he said, "I cannot

fight in this armor." He was like a little boy in his grandfather's overcoat. It did not fit him at all. He said, "I have not proved it. I have proved the God of Israel. I have not proved this armor." It was like the way of the world. A great many are anxious to work in Saul's armor. If he had gone out in this armor and conquered, they would have said it was Saul's armor that did it. Then he said, "Let me take my sling. I am used to that." "What!" they exclaimed, "a sling to meet the giant of Gath! Why, he has a helmet and a sword and a shield and an armor-bearer!" But David said, "Well, I will only take my sling." I can imagine how they made all manner of sport of him. But they were driven to extremes and must have some one, and so they let him go. Even his brothers must have thought he would surely be brought back dead.

So he went to the brook and he picked up five smooth stones out of the brook. Oh, my friends, God uses the weak thing, God uses the little thing! You and I would have wanted some good big rocks to have slung at him; but David got a few little smooth stones, and went to meet his enemy. The giant came out full of indignation and wrath, saying, "Am I to take the consent of this man to meet me?" David said to him, "You come with a helmet and a shield and an armor-bearer. I come in the name of the God of Israel." So if we come in the name of God will all giants fall. So he puts one hand behind him and raises the other right up and throws his sling, and the giant falls dead; and then he rushed right up to him and took his sword from him, and cut off his head, and with the sword and the giant's head in his hand, went forward toward the king. Then Saul called to his cheering army, "Make haste, rush upon them!" And it was not long before the whole camp of the Philistines were falling before their enemy.

So God used the man who was willing to be used. He used the man that had faith to believe that God would use him. But soon Saul began to grow jealous of David. It might have been that the fires of envy were kindled in Saul's soul by David's success immediately; but first Saul wanted to show him off, that he had a man among his subjects who could accomplish what David could. So immediately after their success, they began to be happy and to sing, and at first they never thought about jealousy. But soon the fire began to burn in Saul's pulses. He began to plan how he could put David to death, and get him out of the way. Oh what a

miserable enemy we all have in jealousy! How it does mar the work of salvation! It is one of the worst enemies of God and man. Well, three times God put Saul into the hands of David, once when he was asleep in the cave and David was left there in the cave; but he would not lift his hand against God's anointed. But at last he drove him off into the wilderness, and finally he drove him out of his kingdom, and he went off into a foreign land. Samuel also died, and they buried him at Ramah. We are not told that Saul was there at his funeral. The enemy at last came again, as soon as they got strength after their defeat. The news came to Saul that the Philistines were marching upon his country. He brought out his own army again, and we see them there at Gilboa. Saul's kingdom now is tottering. He is full of remorse and despair. God has left him; Samuel has died; David is gone. The noble Jonathan alone stands by him. At that last battle he had three hundred thousand men at Gilboa. Only a few years before he had three hundred men, who were enough then. Now, notwithstanding his three hundred thousand men, he is full of fear, and so are they. What are even three hundred thousand, full of fear and cowardice? The church has many who are full of fear and despondency, and they cannot work. God cannot use them.

Saul cannot keep the fight off any longer. God has left him. So he says to the two men near him, "Go, take me to some medium, some witch—the witch of Endor." And they took him off down to Endor. How are the mighty fallen! One who had had Samuel and David for his counsellors went to consult an old witch—an old medium! In the day when he took the advice of Samuel, he once had all these witches burned; but now he said, "Find me one." So he was led by some one away to Endor. He wanted Samuel brought before him. Yes, the time is coming when you who make light of the counsel of a loved friend, of a loved mother or a loved father—the time will come when you will cry, "Bring me my mother! Oh, that I could hear her counsel once more! Would that I had taken her advice!" That was the cry of Saul, "Would to God I had never left Samuel, would to God I had obeyed!" So he said to that medium, "Bring me up Samuel." But Samuel was buried sixty miles away. Some persons think that at that time Samuel was brought before him; but I do not believe God would permit an old witch to bring a man like Samuel anywhere. A man came to me some time ago and said, "I want to know if you would not like to

go to a place where I go, and see them materialize these spirits? If you go there you can see your father and shake hands with him." I said, No; that I would as soon put my hand in the fire. "In the last day shall come spirits, spirits from hell." I believe we are there to-day. I believe they would deceive the very elect if they could. Thank God we have the Holy Spirit for our guide and comforter. I never saw a man yet who believed in these things who was not an infidel, and who did not talk against the Bible. They come to see us and want to know if we want our departed ones brought up. Let our friends rest with Jesus. Let us not think they are sleeping in the grave. God permits them to see something that I do not see. They will not be terrified and alarmed by being brought back here. God undoubtedly spoke to Saul there and told him of his doom—that he would not live twenty-four hours; that the next night he too would be in the arms of death. Then they tried to get him to eat. He had not eaten anything for many hours. After they had coaxed him for some time, he sat down upon the witch's bed and ate. Think of Saul, a friend of Samuel, taking his last supper in such a miserable place! At last the king arose and said, "We must go back." See him as he climbs the mountain side of Gilboa. His hour has almost come; only a few more hours, and he will be in another world. Oh, that he had cried to God that night to save his soul. But he does not say one word. He can, perhaps, as he goes on, see the enemy's fires burning on yon mountain side, while he steals back to his army. At last the battle commences, and the enemy prevail. It is not long before the whole Israelitish army is routed. They are beaten. When Saul saw there was no hope of saving his crown and he must perish, fearing that his enemies would take him alive, and perhaps put him into some prison to die, he asked his armor-bearer to kill him; but the armor-bearer would not. He took his own sword and fell upon it and died. Let us learn a lesson from Saul. Let us obey God. "To obey God is better than sacrifice." It is obedience that God wants. You may ask, "What may I do to obey God?" You are just to believe on His Son and be saved. Will you obey Him to-day?

FORTY-FOURTH EVENING.

"For even hereunto were ye called : because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow His steps: Who did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth: who, when He was reviled, reviled not again: when He suffered, He threatened not; but committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously."—1st PETER, 2d chapter, 21st, 22d and 23d verses.

MY subject this evening is walking with God. For six thousand years God has been trying to win men back into His company, that they might walk with Him. We would be saved from many a dark hour, if we were only willing to walk with God, if we would only just let Him take us by the hand and lead us through this dark world. He would not lead us into darkness; He would not lead us into trouble and sorrow; He would lead us into the light. He sent His Son down here to tell us how to walk. In the 1st epistle of Peter, 2d chapter, 21st, 22d and 23d verses, it says: "For even hereunto were ye called, because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow in His stead; but did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth, and when He was reviled, reviled not again. When He suffered, He threatened not, but committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously."

What God wants is for us to follow in His footsteps. I have been told that there are some men out on the frontier, in the wilds of America, who in going through the Rocky Mountains will find an Indian trail where there is only one footprint, as if only one man had gone over the mountains; and I am told by those who know a good deal about these Indians, that the chief goes before, and all the rest of the tribe follow him and put their foot into his footsteps. That is what our Chief wants us to do. He has passed through the heavens and gone up on high, and wants us to follow. Whenever we are tempted, if we would just ask the question: "I wonder if Jesus would do it if He were here?" and be willing to take Him as our guide, what a help it would be! I am talking now to God's

people—to Christians; for no man would have any desire to walk with God until he is a Christian. You must be a subject of the Kingdom of God before you will have any desire to follow the King. Will you turn to the 26th chapter of Leviticus—“Ye shall keep My Sabbaths and reverence My sanctuary. I am the Lord; if ye walk in My statutes and do them, then will I give you rain in due season, and the land shall yield her increase, and the trees of the field shall yield their fruit.” And so He goes on and tells how He will bless them, and then again in the 12th verse: “And I will walk among you and will be your God, and ye shall be My people.” If God is only walking with us, what power we have got! We have nothing to fear then. We have nothing to fear, literally nothing, because God with all His influence is walking with us. We can walk through into glory; that is what He has promised us we may do. But He gives us a warning in the same chapter and the 27th verse: “And if you will not for all this hearken unto me, but walk contrary unto me; then I will walk contrary unto you also in fury; and I, even I, will chastise you seven times for your sins.” “I will walk contrary to you.” What is it makes all the trouble in New York? Because men are walking contrary to God. All the trouble in this world comes from that. He says, “If you will keep my statutes I will walk with you.” As long as God was walking with Israel, they had power and success; but they did not want Him; they cast Him out; they wanted a king like the nations round about. What is the result? How quickly they got into trouble, and God had to bring a deliverer, and send David. That has been the experience of men for thousands of years. The moment a man goes away from God and breaks away from His influence, he gets into trouble. I believe God has His hand upon this nation now, because they have walked contrary to Him. During the past few years how He has blessed this nation! (I am talking now of His own children.) How many of them have prospered abundantly! But they have not made good use of their prosperity, and God has taken it away from them. I do not think He has got through yet. The hand of God seems to be upon the nation, and He is working contrary to us now. Most of us cannot stand prosperity. The moment God begins to prosper us, we forget all about Him, and are carried away by the temptations of the world. In the 6th chapter of Jeremiah, 16th verse, “Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye

shall find rest for your souls." There is where you get rest, in the old path. Men want everything different from the old way; they want some new Bible; they want some new Tophet, some new church, something that will tickle their ears and tell them there is no God and no heaven and no hell. That is the trouble. They do not want the good old Gospel; they do not want the God of the Hebrews; they do not want the God of this Bible. Their cry is, "Give us some new Gospel; give us some new way."

Every generation for the last six thousand years has had its class of men that wanted some way besides God's way. He says, "Ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." If you want to find people that have rest, you will see they have found it in the old way. No one ever found it in the "broad church," as some call it. But here they will not hearken. They say, "We will not hearken." What is the result? The foreign nations came and conquered them, and took their princes from them, and all their noblemen, and took them off to Babylon, and kept them seventy years in slavery, and they hung their harps on the willows, for they could not play in a foreign land. If you say, "We will not walk in the old way," then God will walk contrary to you.

It is one of the most astonishing things to me to see how people can go on, with their open Bible in their hands, and expect to gain anything by walking contrary to God. We do not gain anything by turning away from the God of our fathers. It is better to walk alone with God than to go with the whole world. The whole world has got to be punished if it goes contrary to God. Turning a moment into the New Testament, in Second Thessalonians, 3d chapter, 6th verse, I read, "Now we commend you, brethren, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, that ye withdraw yourselves from every brother that walketh disorderly, and not after the tradition which he received of us. For yourselves know how ye ought to follow us; for we behaved not ourselves disorderly among you." Then turn over to Second Corinthians, 6th chapter, and 14th verse, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers. For what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness, and what communion hath light with darkness? And what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel? And what agreement hath the Temple of God with idols? For ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them and walk

in them, and I will be their God and they shall be my people. Wherefore, come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you, and will be a Father to you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."

Now, if that is not clear, nothing is. We are then told what to do, and that if we are to keep company with God we have to be separate from the world. I do not know but it would be a good thing to stop preaching the gospel and go right to work and preach separation to the church until the church shall separate from the world. If we could only draw the line, and say wherein they shall be separate!

This idea that we have to be mingled with ungodly men and be yoked with them is contrary to the teachings of God. God says, "If you will separate from the world, I will walk with you and bless you." If some prophet would arise and raise a cry of separation, and impress it upon the people until we could get the Church of God separate from the world, it would be a great day for Christian people. "Be not unequally yoked." What does that mean? Some say that means matrimony. If a Christian man has a Christian wife, he says it means matrimony. If he has an unchristian wife, and wants to get away from her, he says it means matrimony. If a man who is a Christian wants to marry a woman who is not a Christian, he says it does not mean matrimony. A man came to me one day, after I had been preaching on this subject, in great trouble. He said, "I enjoyed that part of your lecture ever so much, but I don't believe it means secret societies; does it?" "Do you belong to one?" said I. "Yes," he said. And so people think it means what it says, unless it goes right home to them. I think we do not need any particular light thrown upon that passage; it is very clear. If God will walk with us, we have to be separate from unbelievers. If I am identified with ungodly persons, how is God going to walk with me? How can two walk together unless they be agreed? Walking means communion, fellowship. If you see two men walking together every day, coming up from business at night and going back down the avenue to business in the morning, we make up our minds that they agree with one another, and have fellowship together. If a man is walking all the time with unbelievers, it is pretty good proof that he is not walking with God. God says you must come out and be separate from the world. I believe it means matrimony. I do not believe a Christian man has a right to marry any unconverted woman.

I do not believe any woman has a right to marry any unconverted man. I imagine you will, many of you, go out of this building after you have heard this, and laugh about it and ridicule the whole idea. Nevertheless, here is the word of God for it. I never knew any one go against it that did not suffer for it. Let him that takes off the harness laugh, not him that puts it on. It is not for you, young people, that have not seen as much of life and the world as some others, to say that you can go right on and dispute this thing. You can see it is plain. There is not a mother here that would not feel badly to have a daughter marry a man that could not bear her, but would only make her wretched and abuse her. There is no father here who would not be made miserable by such a possibility. Do you suppose God does not feel it to have His sons and daughters marry an unregenerate and unconverted person that hated God, and would doubt Him and misrepresent Him and abuse Him? That is what the world is doing. You say "Yes, but I will have influence over this person if I marry him." Well, get influence over him before you marry him. You may say some Christians are already married to unbelievers. Well, you have passages of Scripture about that to tell you what to do. You are not then to be separated. If you are not already married, if you are not yoked, you had better take the advice given here in the Word of God. Do not be yoked up with unbelievers. Some of you say, perhaps, "If you take that ground, some people will leave the church." Well, of course; but a great many more will come who will be worth hundreds of such. Is it not a good deal better to have these false professors go back? We say go back, but that they could not do, because they have never really gone forward. It is the Church shaking off these pretenders that are hanging on to it. God says He will walk with us and adopt us as His children. I would rather have the smile of Heaven than the applause of the unconverted world. We have been trying too long to call upon the sons of Belial to help on the Church. We can get on without them. It will wake up the unconverted pretenders to feel that the Church can do without them. You say we need their money. We can get along well enough without it. God's people have money enough. God is rich. The cattle on a thousand hills are His. He can take care of us. He has money enough.

A man came to me some time ago in some trouble, because having formed a partnership some time before with two men

in business, he found his partners wanted him to do something that would compromise his Christian principles. He was greatly excited. I asked, "When did you form this partnership?" "Three years ago." "When did you become a Christian?" "Fifteen years ago." "Oh," said I, "there is the trouble. Why did you go and yoke yourself up with these unbelievers?" He said, "I thought I could make more money, and could give it to the Lord." That is the way with a good many; but the Lord can do without your money. Be right with God, and let the money take care of itself. I cannot, with an open Bible before me, see what right any child of God has to go and yoke himself up with unbelievers, in business, or in secret societies, or any other society. If you say it is to do good, you can do more good without them than you can possibly do by identifying yourself with them. Abraham had more influence over Sodom away up in heaven than Lot had there in Sodom. You say you must go into the world, and go to theatres and the opera, and be hand and glove with the world, in order to lift the world up, and get an influence over the world. I am sure that in the twenty-one years that I have been in the Church of God, it has been my experience that these worldly Christians never lifted up the world yet. Some one said, "You might as well try to make the ocean fresh by throwing a piece of fresh meat into it, as expect to help up the world by becoming a part of it."

We have been redeemed out of this world and transplanted into another world. We are children of the light; let us walk with children of the light, and not with children of darkness. I have noticed that when a Christian man goes into the world to get an influence over the world, and does as the world does, he suffers more than the world does. Oh, my friends, if you want power with God and man, be separate from the world! You say if you take that stand you will have to go alone! Well, you can go alone if you have God with you. Some one said, "If you take that course the whole world is against you." Well, then, be against the whole world. Stand alone with God, and God will bless you. Joseph in Egypt walking with God had more power than all the men in Egypt apart from Him. When they locked him into prison they had to lock the Almighty in with him. You may suffer in the sight of the world for a while; they may abuse you and say you are a Pharisee. Never mind. Know that you are right, and be able to look up and see God smiling upon you. Oh, that God's dear people may learn the sweet lesson of

separation! Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers. Come out from them. "I will be your God, and I will walk with you," says Jehovah. I believe in my soul that the reason why so few of us have power with God and with man is because we are so near the world, and we are so much like it. Oh! that the Spirit may show us what it is to be separate, to-day, that we may know what it is to have God walk with us!

In the 8th chapter of John it tells about a great many Christians that are groping in darkness, and I hear a great many persons say they feel just so. I will tell you the reason. You have got away from Christ. I contend that it is utterly impossible for any child of God to walk in the darkness who is following Him. Why? Because He is the Light of the World. If you just get near Him, you will have the light all around you. It is because people have got away from the light that they are groping in darkness. It is the privilege of every child of God to walk in an unclouded sun. If people would stop looking down at themselves, and would look up at Christ and keep looking at Him, they would have peace and light and joy all the while. That is where you get those things. There is no light in ourselves, or if there is, it is borrowed light that comes from God. Christ is the Light of the World. He says, "If any man follow me, he shall not walk in darkness; he shall have the light of life."

When I was a little boy I used to try and catch my own shadow. I don't know whether any of you have ever been so foolish as that or not. I could not see why the shadow always kept ahead of me. Once I happened to be racing with my face to the sun and I looked over my head and saw my shadow coming back of me, and it kept behind me all the way. It is the same with the Sun of Righteousness. Peace and joy will go with you while you go with your face toward Him.

Once I was trying to walk across the field after a fresh fall of snow. I would try and see how straight a line I could make with my footprints in the snow. When I looked around to see how straight I was going I always walked crooked; but if I kept my eye on the mark ahead of me, and did not take it off, I could walk straight enough. So if Christians only kept their eyes on the mark—on Christ Jesus, and followed in his footsteps, not turning around to see what kind of a path they made—they would walk straighter. He is our model. If, instead of asking, Why can't I do this and that? Why can't I dance? Why can't I go to the theatre? Why can't I read *The New York Ledger*? I don't see why I cannot do it! Can you?

Then put it in this way, What is the use of it? "Will it make me a better Christian?" If it won't, then I won't do them. Instead of asking, What is the use? and Why can't I? ask if it will be for the honor and glory of Jesus, and if it won't, say, I won't do it.

I do not see that we can have any better example than Christ himself. Just consult the Word of God and see what Christ would do. You will find that God never makes a man do wrong. Who ever heard of a man backsliding who walked with God? God never backslides. If we are going to keep company with God we have got to walk. God does not stand still and does not run. You must grow in grace or else in worldliness. Enoch walked with God. He found the right way back there in that dim age. He was the most unpopular man in that time. If they had had him up for office I don't think he would have got to be even so much as constable. God and he agreed very well, so that at last God said to him, "Come up here and walk with Me." Old Dr. Bonner said, "Enoch started on a very long walk one way—he has not got back yet." It is sweet to walk with God. We walk the wilderness to-day and the promised land to-morrow. Oh, that we all could say, "Father, take my hand," and put our hands in His to-day. There is a difference between our having hold of God and His having hold of us. If God has hold of me, I cannot fall, can I? If the great God who created heaven and earth held us by the hand what have we to fear? When my little girl was about three or four years old her mother got her a new muff, and then she wanted to go right out and take a walk with that muff. She teased me to go out walking with her. I told her I was tired, but after a while I got up and went with her. I said, "Emma, you had better let me take hold of your hand." She said, "No, I want to put my hands in my muff like mamma does." She was as proud as a peacock with the muff, and went strutting down the street. So a great many people start out with the idea that they are saved and can get along without the Word of God, but they find they need to have God hold them all the time. My little girl went alone for a minute, and by-and-by down she went. When she got up she said, "Papa, I wish you would let me take hold of your little finger;" but I said, "If you do, when your feet go from under you, you will let go and go down." She insisted on having my little finger, so I gave it to her. Pretty soon her little feet slipped from under her, and down she went again. Then when she got up she said, "Papa, I wish you

would take my hand." So I took her little hand, and held it by the wrist. Her feet went out from under her a number of times after that, but she did not fall because I held her. Oh, my friends, let us learn the lesson to-day of separation from the world. Enoch walked with God and God saved him. Abraham walked with God and God became his friend. Let us to-day put our hands in His as a friend, and take hold and walk with Him.

FORTY-FIFTH EVENING.

LOVE.

A FEW weeks ago we had for our subject, Love. I did not say upon that occasion all I wanted to upon that subject, and to-day I would like to continue it. Some one has said that the fruit of the Spirit is all in one word—"love." It speaks in Galatians about love, the fruit of the Spirit being love, joy, peace, gentleness, long-suffering, meekness and temperance. The way this writer has put it—and I think it is very beautiful—is that joy is love exultant, peace is love in repose, and long-suffering is love enduring. It is all love, you see, and gentleness is love in society, and goodness is love in action, and faith is love on the battle-field, and meekness is love at school, and temperance is love in training. Now there are a great many that have got love and they hold the truth. I should have said they have got truth but they don't hold it in love, and they are very unsuccessful in working for God. They are very harsh and God cannot use them. Now let us hold the truth, but let us hold it in love. People will stand almost any kind of plain talk if you only do it in love. If you do it in harshness it bounds back and they won't receive it. So what we want is to have the truth and at the same time hold it in love.

Then there is another class of people in the world that have got the truth, but they love so much that they give up the truth because they are afraid it will hurt some one's feelings. That is wrong. We want the whole truth any way. We don't want to give it up, but hold it in love, and I believe one reason why people think God don't love them is because they have not this love. I met a lady in the inquiry-room to-day, and I could not convince her that God loved her, for she said if He did love her He would not treat her as He had. And I believe people are all the time measuring God with their own rule, as I said the other day, and we are not sincere in our love, and we very often profess something we don't really

possess. Very often we profess to have love for a person when we do not, and we think God is like us. Now God is just what He says He is, and He wants His children to be sincere in love; not to love just merely in word and in tongue, but to love in earnest. That is what God does. You ask me why God loves. You might as well ask me why the sun shines. It can't help shining, and neither can He help loving, because He is love Himself, and any one that says He is not love does not know anything about love himself. If we have got the true love of God shed abroad in our hearts we will show it in our life. We will not have to go up and down the earth proclaiming it. We will show it in everything we say or do.

There is a good deal of what you might call sham love. People profess to love you very much, when you find it is all on the surface. It is not heart love. Very often you are in a person's house, and the servant comes in and says such a person is in the front room, and she says, "Oh, dear, I am so sorry he has come, I can't bear the sight of him;" and she'll get right up and go into the other room, and say, "Why, how do you do? I am very glad to see you!" [Laughter.] There is a good deal of that sort of thing in the world. I remember, too, I was talking with a man one day, and an acquaintance of his came in, and he jumped up at once and shook him by the hand—why, I thought he was going to shake his hand out of joint, he shook so hard—and he seemed to be so glad to see him, and wanted him to stay, but the man was in a great hurry, and could not stay, and he coaxed and urged him to stay, but the man said no, he would come another time; and after that man went out my companion turned to me and said, "Well, he is an awful bore, and I am glad he's gone." Well, I began to feel that I was a bore, too, and I got out as quick as I could. [Laughter.] That is not real love. That is love with the tongue while the heart is not true. Now, let us not love in word and in tongue, but in deed and in truth. That is the kind of love God gives us, and He wants the same in return.

Now there is another side to this truth. A man was talking to me out here the other day that he didn't believe there was any love at all; that Christians professed to have love, but he didn't believe men could have two coats, and I think he reflected on me, because I had on my overcoat at the time, and he hadn't got any. I looked at him and said: "Suppose I should give you one of my coats, you would drink it up before sundown. I love you too much to give you my coat and

have you drink it up." A good many people are complaining now that Christians don't have the love they ought to have, but I tell you it is no sign of want of love that we don't love the lazy man. I have no sympathy with those men that are just begging twelve months of the year. It would be a good thing, I believe, to have them die off. They are of no good. I admit there are some that are not real, and sincere, and true, but there are many that would give the last penny they had to help a man who really needed help. But there are a good many sham cases—men that won't work, and the moment they get a penny they spend it in drink. To such men it is no charity to give. A man that won't work should be made to work. I believe there is a great deal more hope of a drunkard, or a murderer, or a gambler, than there is of a lazy man. I never heard of a lazy man being converted yet, though I remember talking once with a minister in the backwoods of Iowa about lazy men. He was all discouraged in his efforts to convert lazy men, and I said to him, "Did you ever know of a lazy man to be converted?" "Yes," said he, "I knew of one, but he was so lazy he did not stay converted but about six weeks." And that is as near as I ever heard of a lazy man being converted; and if there are any here to-day saying they don't love us because we don't give them any money, I say we love them too well. We don't give to them because it is ruin.

Some years ago I picked up several children in Chicago, and thought I would clothe and feed them, and I took special interest in those boys to see what I could make of them. I don't think it was thirty days before the clothes had all gone to whiskey and the fathers had drank it all up. One day I met one of the little boys for whom I had bought a pair of boots only the day before. There was a snow-storm coming up and he was barefooted. "Mike," says I, "how's this? Where are your shoes?" "Father and mother took them away," said he. There is a good deal that we think is charity that is really doing a great deal of mischief; and the people must not think because we don't give them money to aid them in their poverty that we don't love them, for the money would go into their pockets to get whiskey with. It is no sign that we are all hypocrites and insincere in our love that we don't give money. I believe if the prodigal son could have got all the money he wanted in that foreign country he would never have come home, and it was a good thing for him that he did get hard up and had to live on the husks that the swine ate. And

it is a good thing that people should suffer. If they get a good living without work, they will never work. We can never make anything of them. God has decreed that man shall earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and not live on other people.

But I am getting away from the subject. I only wanted to touch upon this subject because a good many are complaining that Christian people don't help them. I have sometimes fifteen or twenty letters a day, coming from Kansas and Europe even, asking us to take up a collection. They say: "Here is a poor woman. Just get the people to give a penny apiece." Suppose we began doing that sort of thing. We should have to have somebody to look up this man or this woman and find if they are worthy. If we took up one collection, we would have to take up five hundred. I never found a person true to Christ but what the Lord would take care of them. I think it is a good thing for people to suffer a little until they come back to God. They will find that God will take care of them that love Him. A great many say, "Oh, I love God." It is easy enough to say this, but if you do love God He knows about it, be assured. He knows how much you love Him. You may deceive your neighbors, and think you love God, and assume a good deal of love, when there is really no love in your heart. Now it says in Corinthians viii. 3: "But if any man love God, the same is known of Him." God is looking from Heaven down into this world just to find that one man. God knows where he lives, the number of his house, and the name of the street he lives in. In fact, He has the very hairs of your head numbered, and He will take good care of you. He will not let any of His own children come to want. He will not let any of those who come to want suffer. He will provide for their wants if they are only sincere, but He don't want any sham work. When the Lord was here He was all the time stripping those Pharisees of their miserable self-righteousness. They professed great love for Him while their hearts were far from God. Let us not profess to love God with our tongue and lips, while our lives are far from it.

Another class say, "I don't know whether I love God or not. I am really anxious to know whether or not I love God." Now, if you are really anxious it won't take you long to find out. You cannot love God and the world at the same time, because they abhor each other. They are at enmity, always have been, and always will be. It is the world that

crucified God's Son; it was the world that put God's Son to death. Therefore, if we love the world, it is a pretty good evidence that the love of the Father is not in us. We may say our prayers and go through some religious performances, but our hearts are not right with God, because we cannot love God and the world at the same time. We have got to get the world under our feet, and the love of God must be first in our hearts, or else we have not got the love of God. The command we have is that he who loveth God loveth his brother also. Now, if we have got our heart full of enmity and jealousy and malice toward any of God's children, it is a sure sign that the love of God is not in our hearts. To love a man that loves me—that don't require any goodness; the greatest infidel can do that; but to love a man that reviles me and lies about me and slanders me—that takes the grace of God. I may not associate with him, but I may love him. I may hate the sin, but love the sinner. And that is one of the tests by which to find out whether you have love in your heart. The first impulse of the young convert is to love every one, and to do all the good he can, and that is the sign that a man has been born from above, born of God, and that he has got real love in his heart; and these tests God gives us that we may know. The question is, Do you love the world? Had you rather go to theatre than to prayer-meeting? Had you rather go to a dance than to commune with the godly? If so it is, then it is a good sign that you have not been converted and not born of God. That is a good test. People want to know whether they love God or not; let them turn to that test and they will find out. If your heart is set on the world and you had rather not be with God's people, it is a sure sign that you have not been born of God.

Well, there is another class of people who say, "I don't see if God really loves me and I love Him, why I am called upon to have so many afflictions and troubles." Just turn a moment to the 8th chapter of Romans, the 28th verse: "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are called according to His promise." It is not in a few things, not a part of them, but *all* work together for good. Give a man constant prosperity and how quick he turns away from God, and so it is a little trouble here, and a little reverse here, and some prosperity there, and taken all together it is the very thing we need.

If you just take your Bibles you will find that God loves you. There is no one in this wide world, sinner, that loves you as God

loves you. You may think your father loves you, or your mother loves you, or a brother or a sister, but let me tell you, you can multiply it by ten thousand times ten thousand before it can equal God's love. "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Can you have greater proof of God's love and Christ's love? "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Christ laid down His life for His enemies. Ah, my friends, it will take all eternity for us to find out the height and breadth and length and depth of God's love. I am told that when that Roman Catholic Archbishop in Paris was thrust into prison during the last war, there was a window in the door of his cell in the shape of a cross. He took his pencil and at the top and bottom marked the height and length and depth, and at each end of the arm the length and breadth. Ah, that Catholic bishop had been to Calvary. He could realize the breadth and length and depth and height of God's love, and that Christ gave Himself up freely for us all.

How a man with an open Bible can say that God don't love him is more than I can understand. But the devil is deceitful and puts that into their heads. Let me beg you, beg you, go to Calvary and there you may, just for a moment, catch a glimpse of God's love. There was a man came from Europe to this country a year or two ago, and he became dissatisfied and went to Cuba in 1867, when they had that great civil war there. Finally, he was arrested for a spy, court-martialled, and condemned to be shot. He sent for the American consul, and the English consul, and went on to prove to them that he was no spy. These two men were thoroughly convinced that the man was no spy, and they went to one of the Spanish officers and said, "This man you have condemned to be shot is an innocent man." "Well," the Spanish officer says, "the man has been legally tried by our laws and condemned, and the law must take its course, and the man must die." And the next morning the man was led out; the grave was already dug for him, and the black cap was put on him, and the soldiers were there ready to receive the order, "fire," and in a few moments the man would be shot, and be put in the grave, and covered up, when who should rise up but the American consul, who took the American flag and wrapped it around him, and the English consul took the English flag and wrapped it around him, and they said to those soldiers, "Fire on those flags if you dare!" Not a man dared; there were two great governments behind those flags. And so God says,

"Come under my banner, come under the banner of love, come under the banner of heaven." God will take good care of all that come under His banner. Oh, my friends, come under the banner of heaven to-night. This banner is a banner of love. May it float over every soul here, is the prayer of my heart. God don't will the death of any who will come under His banner of love. It is pure love, and sinner, may the love of God bring you into the fold is the prayer of my heart. I read once of a young man who left his father, and at last that father died, and the boy came to the funeral, and there was not a tear that flowed over his cheeks during all the funeral. He saw that father laid down into the grave, and he did not shed a tear. When they came to break the will, and the boy heard that the father had dealt kindly with him, and had given him some property, he began to shed tears. When that boy heard his father's will read, his heart was broken, and he came to his father's God. Oh, sinner, if you want to find out God's love, take this last will and testament of Jesus Christ. He showed His love by going to Calvary; He showed His love by His death agony there. He loves you with an everlasting love; He don't want you to perish. O, may you love Him in return.

FORTY-SIXTH EVENING.

“Shall the prey be taken from the mighty, or the lawful captive delivered?”

“But thus saith the Lord, Even the captives of the mighty shall be taken away, and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered: for I will contend with him that contendeth with thee, and I will save thy children.”—ISAIAH, 49th chapter, 24th and 25th verses.

I WANT to call your attention to a verse which you will find in the 49th chapter of the prophecy of Isaiah, 24th and 25th verses, “Shall the prey be taken from the mighty or the lawful captive delivered? But thus saith the Lord, Even the captives of the mighty shall be taken away, and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered: for I will contend with him that contendeth with thee, and I will save thy children.” I want to talk about Christ as a deliverer. Now this whole audience could be divided into two classes of people—those bound by Satan, and those that have had the fetters snapped and are free in the sight of Jesus. Only two classes. We are all under the power either of Satan or Christ. We are led on by an unseen power that we have not strength to resist, or else we are led on by the loving Son of God. Now Satan rules all men that are in his kingdom. Some he rules through lust, some he rules through covetousness, some he rules through appetite, some he rules by their temper; but he rules them. And no one will ever seek to be delivered until they get their eyes open and see that they have been taken captive. The trouble with the Jews was that they did not know they were captive. They said, “We are the seed of Abraham. We never have been bound to any one. We never have been slaves to any one. We are free.” But Christ went on and told them it was only the truth that could make them free.

There is no liberty in the service of Satan. Now, if you really don't believe it, I will tell you how you can try it and test it yourself. Just see if you can break off from your sin, and see if it has not got the mastery over you. “You are a servant of sin.” You have not the power to break away from

sin and deliver yourself. How many have tried and tried and failed? I never knew any one to come to Christ in my life until they had tried every other way to deliver themselves, and at last they woke up to the fact that it was utterly impossible for them to deliver themselves, and then they were willing to let Christ deliver them.

Now, I just want to call your attention to slavery. I don't know as there is any better illustration than what we had in our own country a few years ago. Not that I want to bring that up to disturb any one's feelings. I think, if I know my own heart, I love the South as well as I do the North, but then I am going all around the world for illustrations. I can very often make people see things by illustrating them when I cannot in any other way, and it is no feeling that I have about the South that causes me to bring up these illustrations. We must all know something about slavery. Perhaps our children won't know as much as we do about it, but if you have not been South, or were not South during slavery, you have read about it, and you know that when a man was a slave all his children were born in slavery. They were born slaves. And so, when Adam fell in sin, when he sold himself out, he sold out all his posterity with him, and we were therefore all born slaves.

We have all been taken captive; not only that, we read we are lawful captives. That is what the Scripture calls it, and now the question is asked, Shall the lawful captive be delivered? "I will contend with him that contendeth with thee, and the lawful captive shall be delivered." And that is just what Christ came into the world to do—to deliver the captive. Now that is one part of the gospel, that Christ came to deliver the captive. In that beautiful verse I have quoted so often since I have been here, and I will never get tired of it—the 4th chapter of Luke, 18th verse—it says, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor: he has sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captive."

It was my privilege to go into Richmond with General Grant's army. Now just let us picture a scene. There are a thousand poor captives, and they are lawful captives, prisoners in Libby Prison. Talk to some of them that have been there for months and hear them tell their story. I have wept for hours to hear them tell how they suffered, and how they could not hear from their homes and their loved ones for long intervals, and how sometimes they would get messages that their loved ones would

die, and they could not get home to be with them in their dying hours. Let us, for illustration, picture a scene. One beautiful day in the spring they are there in the prison. All news has been kept from them. They have not heard what has been going on around Richmond, and I can imagine one says one day, "Ah, boys, listen! I hear a band of music, and it sounds as if they were playing the old battle-cry of the Republic. It sounds as if they were playing 'The star-spangled banner! long may it wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!'" And the hearts of the poor fellows begin to leap for joy. "I believe Richmond is taken. I believe they are coming to deliver us," and every man in that prison is full of joy, and by-and-by the sound comes nearer, and they see it is so. It is the Union army! Next the doors of the prison are unlocked; they fly wide open, and those thousand men are set free. Wasn't that good news to them? Could there have been any better news? They are out of prison, out of bondage, delivered! They can go to their wives, their children, and their homes now. Ah, my friends, you could not find happier men than those that were liberated at that time, and that is just the Gospel. Christ came to proclaim liberty to the captive. Every man has been taken captive by Satan, and Christ has come to snap his bonds.

Another thing that occurred at Richmond. We had been there but a few hours before I heard that the colored people were going to have a jubilee-meeting down in the great African church that night, and I thought to myself, although I am a white man, I will get in there somehow. I had a hard fight to get in, but I did succeed at last. It was probably the largest church in the South. There were supposed to be three or four thousand black people there, and they had some chaplains of our Northern regiments for their orators on the occasion. Talk about eloquence. I never heard better. It seemed as if they were raised for the occasion. I remember one of them, as he stood there on the platform, pointed down to the mothers and said: "Mothers, you rejoice to-day that you are forever free, all your posterity is free, that little child has been taken from your bosom and sold off to some distant State for the last time." And some of those women shouted right out in meeting, "Glory to God!" They could not keep the good news to themselves. They believed they were delivered. They believed the good news. Then this man turned to the young men and said: "Young men, rejoice to-day. It is a day of jubilee, a day of glad-tidings. We come to proclaim to you

that you are free. You have heard the crack of the slave-trader's whip for the last time." And they shouted and clapped their hands and said, "Glory to God!" Then he turned to the young ladies and said: "Rejoice to-day! you have been on the auction-block and sold to captivity for the last time." And then the young maidens clapped their hands and shouted for joy. It was a jubilee. What made them so glad? They believed they were liberated, and that is what made them so joyful. People want to know why Christians are so joyful. It is because they have been delivered from Satan. Some of these slaves had good masters, and slavery was not hard for them, but some of them had unkind and cruel masters; but I will tell you no slave in all the Southern States ever had so mean a master as you have, and you have more reason to rejoice that Christ has come to set you free than any prisoner in our Southern States, and every one of you ought to rejoice here to-day that you bear the good news that Christ has come to proclaim liberty to the captive, to recover sight to the blind, to set at liberty those that are bound. Jesus has come to open the prison doors and let out the captive, and what you want is to just believe it.

But there are some here that are still stumbling over that doctrine of election. Within the last twenty-four hours I have met two more. They don't know what liberty to them means. Well, there was a story told me while I was in Philadelphia by Captain Trumbull. He said when he was in Libby Prison the news came that his wife was in Washington, and his little child was dying; and the next news that came was that his child was dead, and the mother remained in Washington in hopes that her husband could come with her and take that child off to New England and bury it; but that was the last he heard. One day the news came into the prison that there was a boat up from City Point, and there were over nine hundred men in the prison rejoicing at once. They expected to get good news. Then came the news that there was only one man in that whole number that was to be let go, and they all began to say, "Who is it?" It was some one who had some influential friend at Washington that had persuaded the government to take an interest in him and get him out. The whole prison was excited. At last an officer came and shouted at the top of his voice, "Henry Clay Trumbull!" The chaplain told me his name never sounded so sweet to him as it did that day. That was *election*, but you can't find any Henry Clay Trumbull in the Bible. There is

no special case in the Bible. God's proclamations are to all sinners. Everybody can get out of prison that wants to. The trouble is they don't want to go. They had rather be captives to some darling sin like lust, appetite, covetousness, than to be liberated. You need not be stumbling over election. The proclamation is, "Whosoever will, let him come and drink of the water of life freely."

Miss Smiley said that after the war, when she went down South, she was in a hotel, and the room she was to occupy was so dirty that she said to the old colored woman that had charge of the room, "Auntie, you know I cannot live in such dirt as this, and you know, now, that we Northern people set you colored people free. I am from the North, and I want you to show your love for the North by cleaning up this room." She then went away for a short time, and when she came back in about half an hour the room looked as if a half a day's work had been spent on it. And the old colored woman came up to her and said: "There! now be's I free or beant I?" "Why, what makes you ask that question?" said the lady. "Oh," says she, "my old massa says I beant free at all, no one has a right to make me free at all, and he hasn't given me my freedom; and when I go out and see the colored people, they tell me I am free, and now be's I free or beant I?" And there the poor colored woman had been free for months, and didn't know it. That is what the devil is doing with a great many. They are free, and don't know it. Now, perhaps the colored woman could not read the proclamation, and find out. If you cannot read it, you can get some of your friends to read it. The truth shall make you free. The truth shall snap every fetter, set at liberty every captive here to-day.

You can be free this day and this hour if you will. The only way is to believe the proclamation, and then you may go free. He came to deliver you, and he will deliver every man and woman in this audience that wants to be delivered. At the noon meeting to-day did you hear that man speak who had been a victim to opium for long years? He had himself tried to conquer it; he had also tried four or five physicians, and spent all his money and lost his character and his reputation, and his friends. His own children turned against him at last. But the hour that he came to Christ and tried Him, Christ snapped his fetters; Christ delivered him, and to-day he is rejoicing in a Saviour's love. Every Friday, at the temperance meeting, you can hear them tell how the Lord has

set them free. Perhaps a good many of you will say, "I am no opium eater; I am a lady of refinement and culture." "I am a young man of moral standing; I am not as bad as an opium eater." Don't you flatter yourselves; you may be a good deal worse. Let us imagine how it may be. There is a boy six years old; his mother died to-day. His father is a drunkard. Then the little fellow lives neglected. He hears around him nothing but cursing and blasphemy. He has no mother to watch over him, no mother to care for him, and pray with him, and govern and instruct him. He is neglected and never sent to school. His school is, as you might say, the devil's school of the streets of New York. There he learns everything bad. He grows up to know everything that is bad. I know when he becomes a young man he will swear, he will get drunk, he may eat opium. It may be that you have had a godly mother to pray for you and with you. She has guarded you and educated you. You have had, besides, a godly minister to instruct you, and you have heard sermon after sermon. All the years of your life you have heard of the Son of God, and you have rejected Him. I say, then, that you are worse. Do not let any one think you are not as bad as some who have lived as that poor boy did who grew up to be a drunkard. The drunkard is to be pitied rather than condemned. This man who ate opium—the doctor gave it to him when he was ill, and he became a slave to it before he knew it. Some people inherit such things, even without knowing it. Well, when you have, you cannot find a better friend than Jesus Christ. Go to Him, and He will deliver you. He came to proclaim liberty to the captive. There is not a man or woman here to-day but is a poor captive. All you have to do is to believe the proclamation which is in this Bible.

Once the Emperor of Russia had a plan by which he was to liberate the serfs of that country. There were 40,000,000 of them. Of some of them, their whole time was sold; of others, only a part. The Emperor called around him his Council, and wanted to have them to devise some way to set the slaves at liberty. After they had conferred about it for six months, one night the Council sent in their decision, sealed, that they thought it was not expedient. The Emperor went down to the Greek Church that night and partook of the Lord's Supper, and he set his house in order, and the next morning you could hear the tramp of soldiers in the streets of St. Petersburg. The Emperor summoned his guard, and

before noon 65,000 men were surrounding that palace. Just at midnight there came out a proclamation that every slave in Russia was forever set free. The proclamation had gone forth, and all the slaves of the realm believed it. They have been free ever since. Suppose they had not believed it? They never then would have got the benefit of it. If one man can liberate 40,000,000, has not God got the power to liberate every captive in New York? If there is a poor slave here, if there is a child of earth here to-day who wants to be liberated, I have come to show He came to bring liberty to the captive. If you will come to Jesus Christ just as you are, black as you may be with sin, He will cleanse you of sin; He will free you, and make you heir to His salvation, if you will only accept it as a gift.

When Wilberforce was trying to get a bill through Parliament to liberate all the slaves under the British flag, away off in the islands subject to the British flag, there was great excitement. They were anxious to get their liberty. When they were expecting the vessel which would bring the news that the bill had failed or succeeded, thousands of people went down to the shore to get the first news. The captain of the coming vessel knew how anxious they were to get it. As soon as the vessel was in sight, and he saw the multitude on the shore watching for him, he shouted the words, "Free! free! free!" and they all took up the cry, and it spread through the island.

Oh, my friends, we came here to-day to proclaim the Gospel trumpet, "Free, free!" You will never know what liberty is until you know Christ. This very hour you can be free if you want to be. We come to proclaim the Gospel of freedom here to-day. Once in a town in England, just before I went there, they had a very dark Sabbath. The whole city seemed to be moved, and everybody talked about it. There was a man there in prison that had been condemned to die. He was to be executed on Monday. They had tried to get the Governor to pardon him and had failed, so he was to be executed the next day. The black flag waved over that prison all day on that Sabbath. Ministers preached about it, and held the man up as a warning. It seemed that a dark cloud hung over the city all day. Sunday night the poor condemned man could not sleep. He was greatly agitated and excited. The next day he was to be led out to execution. He was to be hung the next morning. About midnight he heard the footsteps of a man coming to his cell. The poor man trembled, and at

last there came the governor of the prison, bringing a despatch from the Queen pardoning the man! O, they said, what joy there was in that cell, what joy there was in that man's heart when deliverance came. I have come to bring you a proclamation of deliverance. You are slaves. Sentence is out against you. You are already condemned, and waiting for the execution. I have come to tell you of One who will set you free, if you will believe Him.

If you will believe on the Lord Jesus Christ now, you are free; if not, you are condemned for all eternity. If you will accept salvation as a gift, it is yours. Here is a man who has a bad temper. Don't you want to gain the victory over that? Christ will give it to you. Some men say they cannot help swearing. Well, let Jesus keep you from it. Here is a man with a strong appetite for liquor; Christ will help you conquer it. He is a Deliverer as well as a Saviour. The trouble is, people do not know that Christ is a Deliverer. They forget that the Son of God came to keep you from sin as well as to forgive it. You say, "I am afraid I cannot hold out." Well, Christ will hold out for you. There is no mountain that He will not climb with you if you will; He will deliver you from your besetting sin. There is no sin in the whole catalogue of sins you can name but Christ will deliver you from it perfectly. When Christ was on earth there was a woman in the temple who was bowed almost to the ground with sin. Satan had bound her for eighteen years; but after all these years of bondage Christ delivered her. He spoke one word and she was free. She got up and walked home. How astonished those must have been at home to see her walking in.

Look at the children of Israel going through the Red Sea. There was Pharaoh with his hosts pressing upon them; the Red Sea was before them. What was going to become of them! They had heard of God as a Saviour, but now they were to know Him as a Deliverer. Mountains were on the right side and on the left. If they went forward it was death. Just at this critical time there came a voice from Heaven, "Moses! say to the children of Israel that they go forward." And the moment they started the Red Sea was separated, and God delivered them. He took them through the Red Sea. He will deliver you if you will let Him. It is a glorious Gospel, and I like to preach it, of a Saviour who will deliver us from all sin. You may have a treacherous nature; He can deliver you. You may have a mean and deceitful heart, as most of

us have; Christ can deliver you. We must look to Him and Him alone. Our cry must be but to Him, "O Lord Jesus, deliver me and set me free to-day." There is a Deliverer here to-day who wants to set you free.

When Pollock (that good man) was Governor of Pennsylvania, a man in one of the counties was condemned to death for murder. His friends tried to get him pardoned. The Governor said the man must die. Before the man was executed the Governor asked the warden of the prison to let him see the man who was to be executed, so he went to see the man in his cell. He told the warden not to tell the man who he, the Governor, was. He went and talked to the man about his soul. He told the man that though he had been condemned to die God would save his soul; and he prayed with the man and commended him to the God of salvation. After he had left him the warden of the jail told the man that his visitor was the Governor. He exclaimed in sorrow, "O, why, why did you not tell me? I would have prayed to him for pardon. I would have asked him for mercy."

My friends, there is one greater than the Governor here to-day. He wants to deliver you. He will save you from all your sins. Do you want to be delivered? Do not say no one ever told you the way. He will bring you out of the prison. He will bring you out of bondage. He will put a new song into your mouth if you will let Him. Let us pray that the captive may go free.

FORTY-SEVENTH EVENING.

"And the Lord said unto Noah, 'Come thou and all thy house into the ark.'" GENESIS, 7th chapter, part of the 1st verse.

YOU will find my text this evening in the first verse of the 7th chapter of Genesis: "And the Lord said unto Noah, 'Come thou and all thy house into the ark.'" I would like to have you ask yourselves the question now before I go on any further—just ask yourselves this question, "Am I in the ark?" and if you cannot answer the question, if you are not able to say you are in the ark, won't you just lift up your hearts in prayer if you never prayed before, and ask the Lord to give you light on the question to-day? Now if these questions are true, and so far as I am concerned, I have no doubt about it, it is an awful thing for a man or woman to die outside of the ark.

One hundred and twenty years before, God had come to Noah and told him to build this ark that He now called him into. It was a great building. It was no small thing for those days. If you should put it into one story and one floor it would have been 1500 feet long and 240 feet wide. This room is about 200 feet wide, and the ark was seven times as long as this building and a good deal wider. The room would have been about sixteen feet high. Some infidels and skeptics have tried to make out that the ark was not large enough, but there is no trouble about that. Undoubtedly in those days they thought it was too large, and I can imagine that they complained of Noah for building such a large ark when there was nobody who agreed with him, and none to go into the ark but his own family. He certainly did not confer with flesh and blood or he would never have undertaken to build that ark. The people jeered and scoffed at him while he was building it. They made a great deal of sport of him. I can imagine how they ridiculed him, and if they had had insane asylums I have no doubt they would have had him in one of them.

They laughed at him for spending all his time and money in preparing the ark. All classes made sport of him.

But Noah in the face of all obstacles still goes on with the work which has been assigned him. I can imagine that after 100 years have rolled away the people become more skeptical. They will have nothing to do with it; they laugh and mock and say, "We don't believe there is any danger," or "There is no sign of a flood. The light shines the same; the sun is as bright as it has been the last thousand years. It is a very strange thing if this world is to be destroyed, for we are getting on so well and are so prosperous." And so they went on scoffing, drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, as the Lord tells us. Some people say that their consciences were not touched and awakened. So it may be said that your consciences are asleep, and that you are dumb to everything pure and holy. That makes your fate worse. It is a good deal better for you to be wise and to hear the voice of God.

Well, twenty years more have rolled away, and that is the time Noah has set. He told the people that after 120 years the world would be destroyed. They had been looking into the heavens but could see no sign. The geologists could see no sign, and the astronomers predicted nothing. The geologists, and the astronomers, and the scientific men, and the wise men, and the great men in those days, all united to testify that Noah was wrong—that God could not drown the world. Just as some men say now that God cannot burn up this world. The God that created this world out of nothing certainly can destroy it. Don't flatter yourselves, my friends, that God cannot destroy the world. Don't go on thinking that God is not going to call this world to judgment. He is a God of mercy, but there is one thing we must keep in mind. He is a God of justice. We are taught that if a man won't have grace he shall have judgment. You can have grace, mercy, love, or you must take judgment, and the curse of God must rest upon you.

Well, I can imagine that Noah's contract has run out, and everything is ready. It is spring, and all the people are busy planting their crops. But Noah plants nothing. "Look," they say, "he plants nothing; he will surely want." They were very much startled at his course. At length God told Noah to occupy the ark he had built. When he moves in they all say, "Why don't he wait until a storm comes?" The sun is shining brightly, without any sign of a coming storm. Noah and his family moved into the ark. The world is drink-

ing, marrying, and giving in marriage; there are the lambs and the stock grazing on the hillside, and everything moves on as it has for the last 2000 years. Yet right in the midst of it Noah went into that ark. God had told him that He was going to destroy the world, and he believed it. The people who had formerly ridiculed the old man, were alarmed as they saw the beasts coming up from the fields and forests, the lion out of its den, and the bear out of its cave, and the lion and the lamb went in together. And down on the earth you can see the little insects which creep toward the ark. Then the little snail comes moving on toward a place of safety. After they had all gone in, we are told that God shut the door, and in another place in the Scriptures we are told that when God shuts no man opens. After the door was shut, the flood did not come. There was seven days grace, as it were. If those people had cried for mercy then, I believe God would have saved them. They didn't believe that God would destroy the world, but did that change the decrees of high heaven? At last the storm began, and we are told that the foundations of the deep were broken. Not only did the water come out of the heavens and pour upon them, but it seemed that it burst up from the earth, and the ocean broke from its banks. After the storm had raged for perhaps forty-eight hours, the scoffers began to change their tune. They cry to God for mercy. They go to the door of the ark and cry, "Noah, let us in; Noah, let us in." But there comes a voice from within, "I cannot; God has shut the door." So, my friends, the door that shuts in God's people in safety will shut you out.

So, to-day, God has provided an ark for every soul in this house. He says He does not want any of us to perish, He does not want any of us to die outside of the ark; He wants us all to come inside the ark. O, hear His loving call to-day, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." O, you who are mothers—I am speaking to a good many mothers here to-day—mothers, come you in first. Noah went in first, and his children followed him. Noah had lived such a life as to give his children confidence in him. If you mothers do not go into the ark yourselves, how can you expect your children to go in? God calls you to-day.

I have noticed all through Scripture that this call of mercy comes first, and after that comes judgment. There was first 120 years of grace, which were given by God to those antediluvians in which to repent, but they would not repent. Christ called Jerusalem to repent, but it would not; forty years after-

ward tidings came of the destruction of that city, wherein hundreds of thousands of people perished. In 1857 there was the great revival, in which there was a tide of salvation that swept over this land and brought many people into the Church of God. Right after that came our terrible war, and we were baptized in blood. Now we are again living in a glorious day. God is calling men to Himself all throughout the land. Is not to-day a day of mercy and grace, and does not God call upon you to come into the ark? O, if you mothers would only step in and then plead and pray with your daughters and sons to come in, they will come. I never yet have seen a truly earnest father and mother whose hearts were set upon training their children to Christ, and who were living consistently as they ought to, and who really strove to have their children come, but that those children were saved either then or afterward. This impression has gone out, that it does not make any difference what religion the parents have, about their children going in the same paths; that the children of good fathers and mothers are sometimes worse than those of other people, especially of ministers. A man who had heard this said, once took a certain district and canvassed it, and got the names of every family in the district, and the stand that they had in respect to religion and conduct. Where he found the father and mother both Christians, he found that the proportion of two-thirds of the children over ten years of age were professed Christians; where he found only one of the two were Christians, one-third of the children over that age were members of Christ's church; and where neither father nor mother were Christians, there was only one-twelfth of the children Christians. I believe if we are only consistent in our life, we will have all our children with us in the ark at last. Every one of them will be brought into the ark, if we pray and work earnestly for it.

O, mothers! are your boys all in the ark? Mothers, are your daughters all in the ark? If they are not, what are you living for? What is your aim in life? Is that the uppermost thought in your hearts at all hours—how you can get them into the ark? Are you in the ark yourselves? If you are not, why not come in to-day? Why not come in and then try to bring them in? It seems to me that parents are asleep, and while we are asleep our children are wandering on down to death. We hear of their dying every day; we hear of their being suddenly taken away, snatched away unexpectedly, dying outside of the ark, while we as parents sleep on a beach

our children exposed to the wrath and the judgment. If there seems to be a dark mountain between you and the ark, pass through the mountain. Though it is a mountain, it is at the same time but the devil's mountain, and the devil's mountains are all mountains of smoke and fog. Say to yourselves, "This day I must go into the ark, this day I will call my children in; I will not stay out and let them perish."

Many of you have children in heaven watching and waiting for you, still outside of the ark, and you cannot meet your loved ones unless you turn and go in. Oh, for the sake of your own soul, for the sake of these children, for the sake of the Son of God, come into the ark this day. A friend was telling me of a Christian child who died whose father and mother were not Christians. When the little thing was dying she called her father and mother to her and took their hands, and plead with them to come to Christ, and so meet her in heaven. She spent her dying moments and her dying strength to plead with her father and mother to come into the ark. I would take the place of your departed ones if I could and speak for them to you to come to Christ. Everything that is pure and holy and lovely is beckoning us to come to that world of peace and joy.

FORTY-EIGHTH EVENING.

PETER.

I WANT to call your attention this evening to the life of Peter. If you will just turn your Bibles to John i. 40, that is the first glimpse we get of him. It is John's first account of Peter and Christ's first meeting. Then, in Matthew iv. 18, we find that they met again. I have an idea that that account in John was that Peter was called to be a disciple, a follower of Christ. But in Matthew iv. 18, he is called from his business, his occupation, to become an apostle and a worker in the vineyard. What I want to call your attention to is this—that before a man leaves his occupation, whatever his business may be, to give his whole life and service to God, he must be sure he has got the call, "Follow thou me."

I think there are great mistakes being made every year by men who would make good farmers, carpenters, and mechanics, perhaps, by those who would make good business men, giving up their occupation and attempting to preach, to work for God. Now I don't know how many men have come to me during the past few months and asked my advice about their going into the ministry. I never advised a man in my life to go into the ministry. I don't think I ever shall, for I think the ministry is too high a calling for a man to be influenced to enter it by anybody. He must get a higher call than from man. He wants to get a call from above. If God calls him into His service to leave all and become "fishers of men," he won't fail.

One reason why so many break down in the pulpit is because they run before they are sent—in fact, before they are called at all, and the result is so many failures. Now let us be sure we have got a call before we give up our business to go into the service of the Lord; and one good way to tell whether you have got that call is, Has God used you? I think Wesley had a good idea of it. When a man came to

him and asked him if he should enter the ministry, he used to ask him, "Has God blessed you? Have there been any souls converted under your efforts? How is it when you preach? Do people go to sleep under it or wake up? Do some get mad and some get converted?" He thought that was a good sign that they had been called to the ministry, for that is what the gospel does, for it wakes up some and brings them to the feet of Christ. It is better if they get mad, for then there is some hope of their getting over it and becoming Christians; but if they go to sleep, they may make up their minds they are not called.

There is something very sweet about this, that when Christ called Peter to His service what He said was, "Follow me." As long as Peter followed Him he was successful. As long as any of us follow Christ we will be successful—successful in everything we undertake to do. Christ never failed in anything he undertook to do. God never failed. It is man that is constantly failing. But if we get our orders from above, and God calls us, we cannot fail. It is utterly impossible. So, now we find Christ coming along and saying to Peter, "Follow me." And he left his fishing-smack and business to go with Him. It says here they forsook them. It don't say they took their nets and their old boats and disposed of them. They didn't stop to sell them or have an auction of them. They had got the highest call a man ever got, and so they just left all and followed Him. It says in Luke that He gave them one chance. He told them to throw their net in and have one good haul, and when they attempted to pull in their net it broke, there was such a multitude of fishes in it; and He called them away from their nets and boats and fish, and they followed Him straightway.

Now, in Matthew xiv. 28, we find Peter again. There we see that he has got into doubts. How many people get into doubting castles! Peter got to doubting, and the result was he got into trouble, as all Christians do when they get to doubting. The Lord appeared to him walking on the water, and he calls out to Him, "Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come unto Thee on the water," and the Lord said, "Come!" and when Peter was come down out of the ship he walked on the water to go to Jesus, but when he saw the wind was boisterous he was afraid. Ah, that is it. He got his eye off Christ, and got to thinking about the wind and the waves and the storm. He had made a good start, a good beginning, and some of you young converts want to take heed right here. This is the

great danger. You get to looking away from Christ; you begin to look at the obstacles and the difficulties in the way and you get full of fear, and down you go. It was a noble act of Peter when he got out of that ship and put his foot on the water. He had got the word of God. God told him to do it, and the water was as hard as stone to him, because God's word was there, and he ought not to have doubted when he got half way over. His word was enough, and He could make that sea like a whole mountain of rock. There was no trouble if he had only kept his eye on Christ, looking to Jesus. How many have fallen in the same way! Jesus don't like these doubts. I wish we could get the Church of God out of Doubting Castle. I wish we could get away from these doubts that hinder us so much. We are all the time looking at the wind and the waves, and are full of doubt. How many Christians go through the world trembling all the time and all their life, because they are afraid of the storm and of the troubles they think may come upon them. Just think of the promises of God. Just let us walk right out on them. The Lord has promised never to forsake us. We have nothing to fear.

I want now to call your attention to Peter's confession. He made an open confession. Turn to the 9th chapter of Luke. Here is Peter turning his eyes toward Rome, getting to worship the saints, and not knowing the difference between Christ and Moses and Elias. The idea that Peter should put Christ on the same level with Elias and Moses! That is what some men are trying to do to-day. They say, "Yes, Christ was a very good man; so was Moses, and so was Elias. He was a very good man, and we have a profound respect for Him, but don't say He was divine." Why, this makes Christ out the greatest liar in the world, if He is not divine, if He was not more than Moses and Elias. God is a jealous God, and do you think He would allow these millions for one thousand eight hundred years to worship His Son and adore Him if He was not God in the flesh? Ah, my friends, if you want to please a father speak well of his son. You are driven to one of two alternatives—that He was either the Lord, or else the greatest impostor that ever came into this world.

But now I am coming to Peter's fall, for that is the object of this lecture. I want to call your attention to the fall of Peter, so as to warn these young converts and Christians that have just commenced a new life. You will find the first step of his fall in Matthew xxvi. 33. Now, the thought I want to

call your attention to is this: Peter was self-confident, and wherever you see a Christian so confident, and boasting of himself and reflecting on others, you may doubt the permanency of his zeal. Peter tells the Lord that, "though James and John and all deny Thee, I will not deny Thee." He casts a reflection on all of them, as if he was stronger than the rest. There is one thing the Lord cannot have, and that is His disciples boasting in their strength. When a man thinks he has got a good deal of strength, and is self-confident, you may look for his downfall. It may be years before it comes to light, but it is already commenced. Peter did not fall all at once, but it was gradual and sure. The thing to do is to stand, and take heed lest ye fall. Beware! We have got terrible enemies, and we are very weak in ourselves. All our strength is borrowed strength. We get it from Christ. When Peter says, "I will not deny Thee," the Lord told him he would deny Him. Peter says, "I will die for Thee." "You will?" "Yes." Then the Lord answers, "This very night, before the cock crow, thou shalt deny Me thrice." "What, Lord, you don't think I would do such a thing as that?" And so these young converts don't think they are going to fall, and there is the danger. We have got some terrible enemies and therefore we ought to walk very humbly, and if we do so God will strengthen and keep us, but the moment we get self-confident and lifted up in our own sight, then the danger comes. There was a time when I was first converted, when I used to think that when I got to be a Christian of twenty years' standing, I should rejoice because there would be no danger of my falling then. My friends, there is more danger now than there was then. Do you know why? because the more useful a man becomes the better target he is for the devil. The devil is more watchful to see if he cannot trip him up, and the fall is a great deal more for a man that is risen to be used of God.

(Here Mr. Moody read the passages of Scripture relating to the denial by Peter of his Master, and the accompanying events of the sacred history, showing how Peter, after Christ's resurrection, became repentant, and again Christ's beloved Apostle. At the close, Mr. Moody said he wished he had more time to dwell upon the wonderful topic, and hoped it might be a great help to all, and that young Christians might be kept from falling.)

FORTY-NINTH EVENING.

CHRIST AND ADAM.

I WANT to speak to-day upon the subject of the two Adams. Every person in this hall to-day is either in the first or second Adam, and I want for a little while just to draw the contrast between the two Adams. In the first chapter of Genesis, 26th verse, we find the Lord made the first Adam lord over everything, over creation. They have in the old country a great many titled men, and a good many that they call lords. You might say that Adam was the first lord; he was the first man that was lord over creation. God had made him lord, or you might say king, and the whole world was his kingdom. He was the father of all. The second Adam you will find if you turn to the first of Mark. You will see that when Christ commenced his ministry, after He had been baptized by John He went off into the wilderness, and there He was among the wild beasts for forty days. He was not made lord over everything. He came not as the first Adam did, but He that was rich became poor for our sakes. Then in the second chapter of Genesis, the 17th verse, you will find the first Adam introduces sin into the world. I used to stumble over that verse more than any other verse in the whole Bible. I could not understand how God said Adam should die the day he ate that fruit and yet he lived a thousand years. I didn't understand then, as I do now, that the life of the body is not anything in comparison with the death of the soul. Adam died in his soul right there and then. Death is just being banished from God's sight; for God is the author of life, and the moment the communication was cut between Adam and God that was the end of life. It was then "Eat and die." Thank God! It is now eat and live. If we eat of the bread of Heaven we shall live forever.

Then in the 3d chapter of the 6th verse, God told him not to do it, and when the woman saw that the tree was good for

food and that it was pleasant to the eye, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat. Now, there is the first sin that came into the world. The second Man, instead of yielding to sin—He that knew no sin—became sin for us. The first man brought sin upon us and brought sin into the world, but the second Man, who was without sin, became sin for us. A great many complain because Adam's sin comes down upon the human race all these 6000 years. They seem to think it is unjust in God that Adam's sin should be visited upon the whole human race, but they forget that the very day Adam fell God gave us a Saviour and a way of escape, so that instead of complaining about God being unjust, it seems to me every one of us ought to look on the other side and see what a God of grace and love we have. God was under no obligation to do that. If it had been any one of us, we would have come down and pulled the rebel from the face of the earth. We would have created another man, it might have been, but God made a way for Adam and all his posterity to be saved. He gave us another man from heaven, and through Him all of us could be saved just by accepting life. Through the disobedience of one, many were made sinners; but, thank God, through the obedience of another, many are made heirs of eternal life. I want every one in this hall to just turn away from this first Adam. He has brought all the misery into this world. It came by Adam's disobedience and transgression. He disobeyed, and sin came, and death came by sin. God's word must be kept, but you turn to the 11th chapter of John, and you find Christ is the Resurrection and the Life. One brought death, and the other brought immortality to life. If it were not for Christ we should know nothing about resurrection. I pity the poor man that ignores Christ, who rejects the Son of God. What has he got to do at the resurrection? In the third chapter of Genesis, the first Adam lost life. In the first chapter of John, the second Adam gives it back to us, if we will only take it. The gift of God is eternal life, and all we have to do is just to take it. All the pain and sickness in this world came by the first Adam, but, thank God, the second Adam came to bear away our griefs and sorrows. "Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." And you will find in the 17th chapter of Matthew, that He cures our sicknesses. Now, when the first Adam had done this, had sinned and brought death upon the world, had brought a curse upon it, he ran away and

hid in the bushes; but when the second Adam came to take his place and suffer his guilt, instead of hiding away in the bushes of Gethsemane, He came out and said to these men who were seeking for Him, "Whom seek ye?" and they said, "Jesus of Nazareth;" and He answered and said, "Here am I." He delivered Himself up. The first man was disobedient unto death, but the second Man was obedient unto death. Through the obedience of one many shall be made alive, many shall live forever. Turn back to Corinthians, 15th chapter, 45th verse. That is the most wonderful chapter, almost, in the whole Word of God. You ought to be well acquainted with the 15th chapter. And so it is written, "The first man, Adam, was made a living soul, the last was made a quickening spirit." Now, there is a difference between a living soul and a quickening spirit. The first was made a living soul, but he could not impart life to a dead body. He could hand life down through his own family and his own line. He was made a living soul, and he could have lived forever if he had not sinned; but the second Adam was made a quickening spirit; therefore He could raise others from the dead. All He had to do was to speak to a dead body and it would live. That is the difference between the first Adam and the second. The first was made a living soul, and he lost life, and the second was made a quickening spirit, and all He had to do was to speak to dead bodies and they lived. He was the conqueror over death; He bound death hand and foot, and overcame it and was a quickening spirit.

Now the first Adam was of earth, earthy. God promised him the earth; God gave him Eden, and he was all of this earth, earthy. The second Man is the Lord from heaven. That is the difference between the two Adams. One is all of earth, earthy, and the other is from heaven. Now I don't see what people are going to do with these passages in the Bible where they try to ignore Christ's godhead, saying that He did not belong to the godhead—that He was not God-man. "The second Man was from heaven," says Paul, "and therefore He spoke as a man from heaven." When the first Adam was tempted he yielded to the first temptation. When the second Adam was tempted He resisted. Satan gave Him a trial. God won't have a Son that He cannot try. He was tried; He was tempted; He took upon Him your nature and mine and withstood the temptation. The first Adam was tempted *by* his bride. The second was tempted *for* His bride. God says, "I will give you the church." He was tempted in this world

just for His bride—the church. He came for His bride, and instead of the bride tempting Him, He overcame all that He might win the bride to Himself. And you can always tell the difference between the two Adams. When the first Adam sins he begins to make an excuse. Man must have an excuse always ready for his sins. When God came down and said, “Adam, where art thou? What have you been doing? Have you been eating of that tree?” he hung his head and had to own up that he had; but he said, “Lord, it is the woman that tempted me.” He had to charge it back upon God, you see. Instead of putting the blame where it belonged, on his own shoulders, he tried to blame God for his sins. That is what the first Adam was. We have it right here every day in our inquiry-room—men trying to charge the sin back on God instead of getting up and confessing their sins. They say, “Why did God tempt me? Why did God do this and that?” That was the spirit of the first Adam. But, thank God, the second Adam made no excuse. He took it upon Himself to bear our sins upon the tree. The first Adam looked upon the tree and plucked its fruit and fell. The second Adam was nailed to the tree. “Cursed is every one that is nailed to the tree.” He became a curse for us. The two wonderful events that have taken place in the world are these, that when the first Adam went up from Eden he left a curse upon the earth, but when the second Adam went up from the Mount of Olives He lifted the curse. The first brought the curse upon the earth, the second as He went up from the Mount of Olives lifted the curse, and so every man that is in Christ can shout Victory! and there is no victory until he is in Christ.

When God turned Adam out of Eden, He put cherubim at the gate with a sword; he could not go back to the tree of life. It would have been a terrible thing if they had gone back and eaten the fruit, and had never died. O, my friends, it is a good thing to be able to die, that in the evening of life we may shuffle off this old Adam coil, and be with the Son of God. There is nothing sad about death to a man that is in Christ Jesus. God put a sword there to guard the tree of life. The Son of Man went into the garden and plucked up the tree, and transferred it into Paradise. The gates are ajar (that is a poetical expression, but I use it for an illustration), and all we have to do is to walk right in and pluck the fruit and eat. Men complain because Adam was driven out of the Garden of Eden. I would rather be up there, where Satan cannot go, than to be in the old Eden.

Thanks be to God, Satan cannot go up there! The tree is planted by the throne of God, and there is the crystal stream by the river, and the tree is planted beside it. If God put Adam out of this earthly Eden on account of one sin, do you think he will let us into the Paradise above with our tens of thousands of sins upon us? If he punished one sin in that way, and would not allow him to live in the old garden for one sin, will He permit us to go to heaven, with all our many sins upon us? There is no sense in the sacred history of the atonement, unless our sins have been transferred to another and put away. There is no hope unless God's sword has been raised against sin, and if God finds sin on you and I we must die. All we have to do is to turn our sins over to Him who has borne our sins in His own body on the tree. Will you turn to the third chapter of Colossians, 3d verse: "For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." When Adam was driven out of Eden, all he lost was an earthly garden. God never promised him Heaven. He was not a fallen man; he was an earthly man. God gave him Eden. What do we get if we are of the Second Adam? The moment that God pronounced His Creation good, then evil began to creep in. You could hear the footsteps of Satan coming. Satan said to himself, "Good, is it? I will mar it then;" and he went to work to destroy God's work. But no sooner had Satan left Eden than God came right down and put man into a higher place than before. Thanks be to Him, we have our life hid with Christ in God! You know Satan was once the Son of the Morning, but God afterward cast him out, and now God takes a man and puts him in Satan's former place beside Him on the throne. We have more in the second Adam than we lost in the first Adam. There is a poor sinner that takes and hides his life in Christ; how will Satan get at him? He is secure. Our life is where Satan cannot get at it. If he could he would get at it before we could have time to get our dinners to-day, and we could not have the power ourselves to keep him out; but Christ keeps him out, and we are secure. When God said to old Adam, "Where art thou?" Adam went and hid away. When he asked the second Adam, "Where art thou?" He was at the right hand of God. When God asked the first Adam, "What hast thou done?" he said he had sinned. The second Adam said, "I have glorified thee forever." He came for that purpose. That is all that He did when He was down here on earth.

I want to call your attention to the natures of the two men.

It is one of the most important truths that can be brought out. I was a Christian for twelve or fifteen years before I understood the two natures. I had a good deal of doubt and uncertainty because I did not understand one thing. I thought when a man was converted God changed his whole nature. We very often talk about a change of heart. I do not think that is a good way to put it. You cannot find those words in Scripture. All through Scripture it is a "new birth;" it is a new creation; it is new life given; "born from above of the Spirit;" "born again." If it is a new birth it must be a new nature. I believe that every child of God has two natures. Some people say, "Why have you Christians so much conflict? You are always struggling with yourselves, and having conflict. We don't have it. Why is it?" Because we have two natures; and there is a battle always going on between the worlds of light and darkness. Once there was a Judge who had a colored man. The colored man was very godly, and the Judge used to have him to drive him around in his circuit. The Judge often talked with him, and the man would tell the Judge about his religious experience, and battles and conflicts. One day the Judge said to him, "Sambo, how is it that you Christians are always talking about the conflicts you have with Satan? I am better off than you are. I don't have any conflicts or trouble, and yet I am an infidel." That floored the colored man for a while. He didn't know how to meet the old infidel's argument. The Judge always carried a gun along with him, for hunting. Pretty soon they came to a lot of ducks. The Judge took his gun and blazed away at them, and wounded one and killed another. The Judge said quickly, "You jump in and get the wounded duck," and did not pay any attention to the dead one until the wounded one was safely secured. The colored man then thought he had his illustration. He said to the Judge, "I think I can explain to you now how it is that Christians have more conflict than infidels. Don't you know that the moment you wounded that duck, how anxious you was to get him out, and that you didn't care anything about the dead duck until after you had saved the other one?" "Yes," said the Judge. "Well, I am a wounded duck; and I am all the time trying to get away from the devil; but you are a dead duck, and he has you anyhow, and does not bother about you until he gets me for certain." So the devil has no conflict. He can devour the helpless and the widow, and it does not trouble him; he can drive a sharp bargain, and get the advantage of a man and ruin him, and

not be troubled about it; and he can heap up such things all the time, and have no conflict within. Why? Because the new nature in him is not begun. When a man is born of God he gets a new life. One is from Heaven and comes from Christ, that heavenly manna that comes from the throne of God. The other is of the earth, earthy, and comes of the old Adam. When I was born of my father and mother I received their nature; when they were born of their parents they received their nature; and you can trace it back to Eden. We then received God's nature.

There are two natures in man that are as distinct as day and night. With that old Adam in us, if we do not keep him down in the place of death, he brings us into captivity. I do not see how any one can explain the 6th, 7th and 8th chapters of Romans in any other way. People sometimes tell me they have got out of the 7th chapter of Romans, but I notice they get back there again always. The fact is, we do not know ourselves. It takes us all our lives to find out who and what we are, and when we think we know, something happens that makes us think we are not much further than we were when we started. The heart is deceitful above all things. In the 6th chapter of Romans it is written: "Knowing this, that the old man is crucified with him that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin. For he that is dead is freed from sin." And in the 11th verse there are just three words to be specially considered: "Reckon yourselves dead." If we were really dead, we would not have to reckon ourselves dead; but if we were dead, as it means there, we have to think of it and "reckon" about it. Judicially, we are dead, but in reality we are down here fighting the world, the flesh, and the devil. Some people seem to think they have got away from the flesh, and that they are soaring away in a sort of seventh heaven; but they get back again sooner or later. We find them wandering off down here. You cannot make the flesh anything but flesh. It will be flesh all the time; it will bring us into captivity. If we do not put it off and crucify it, and keep it in the place of death, it will keep us there forever. What if a man does yield, and says it is not he, but it is the sin in him? It is but one man after all, not two men; and one man is responsible. If I am led astray by Satan, I may protest against it as much as my accuser does. I say I know I have been wrong; I was off my guard; I was not watching; but I hate it as much as any one does. That is the reason why, in the 17th chapter of Romans,

he calls it "I protest." But protestation does not excuse us. A man went into court, having been arrested for something. He said he did not do it, and when it was proved on him, he said he did not do it—it was the old man in him. The judge said: "Well, I will send the old man to prison; the other may do what he can." If we yield and sin we have to suffer.

And at the very time that we are doing good, Satan comes along and says, "That is a good action," and goes on and gets us all puffed up. There are a good many that have been ruined by spiritual pride. This very time we are trying to do good, the devil is present trying to get us to do it with some impure motive. We are to put him off. He is no longer our master. We have been redeemed, and we belong to the new man. We must starve out the old man; give him no food at all; not let him speak. The more we put him down the weaker he gets, and the more the new man speaks through us, the more power he has and the stronger he gets. As the house of Saul grew weaker and weaker, the house of David grew stronger. If you feed the old Adam it will go right on growing. If you go on with the world, and go to the theatres and to dancing-halls in preference to prayer-meetings, the old man will get stronger and stronger.

A friend of mine said that when he was converted and began preaching, he talked a good deal about himself. He said one day he saw in one of the hymn books left by a godly woman who had a seat in the church, a fly leaf on which was written these words: "Dear Harry; not I, but Christ; not flesh, but spirit; not sight, but faith." These words my friend pasted in his Bible, and never preached or thought any more about himself. He kept himself out of the way. That is just what the old man does not do. With him it is self, self, self. If it is the new man, it is not I, but Christ. If it is the new man, it is not flesh, but spirit. If it is the new man, it is not sight but faith. In the old Adam it is death; in the new Adam, it is eternal life. We all come under the two heads. Which, my friend, do you belong to, the old creation or the new? Let us pray that we may stand by the throne of God clothed in the righteousness of the second Adam.

FIFTIETH EVENING.

“One thing thou lackest.”—MARK, 10th chapter, part of the 21st verse.

I WANT to call your attention this evening to six “one things.” The first, Mark x. 21: “One thing thou lackest.” We very often hear people say, “Oh, well, he is a very good man,” or, “she is a very good person, but she lacks one thing,” or, “he lacks one thing.” But if that one thing is salvation, why he lacks everything. You might say all that a dead man lacks is life. That is all. All that a beggar lacks is money to make him rich. Only one thing! A sick man that is lying right on the borders of the eternal world only lacks his health to make him all right. That is one thing, but it is everything to a man that is sick. Money is everything to a man in want—a beggar; and if a man lacks salvation he lacks everything; and it seems to me it would be well for us just to pause in life once in a while and ask ourselves the question, “Do we lack that one thing?” Now, that young man spoken of here came to Christ, and Christ beholding him loved him. He was a noble young man. He tried to save himself by the law. He had the law and the prophets, but when Christ just touched his heart—for he had his heart set on his possessions—he found that he did not love God with all his heart; he did not love his neighbor as himself. He thought he did, but he didn’t know himself. He spoke very well of himself. He had a good opinion of himself. There are a great many such people, and it is almost impossible to do them good. It is a good deal better for God to say, “Well done!” than for us. It is a good deal better for God to say we lack nothing than it is for us to say ourselves we are not lacking. I am told Whitefield once was a guest of a General high in position, and Whitefield’s courage failed him. He wanted to speak to him about his soul, but he didn’t have the courage. He was up late one evening and the next morning he was to go away early. The General was an old man, but he was one

of those men that lacked that one thing. He lacked Christ and lacked salvation ; and Whitefield, when he went upstairs to retire, just took his diamond ring and wrote upon the pane of glass, "One thing thou lackest." And after Whitefield had gone some of the servants found that text of Scripture and spoke to the General about it, and God used that to bring the old soldier to his knees and into the kingdom. .

"One thing thou lackest." My friends, do you lack Christ ? I was speaking once in Manchester on a platform very much higher than this, and right below me, in a seat close up to the platform, sat a man who strained his neck looking up at me all the time, and I looked right down on him and said, "My friend, won't you take Christ?" Said he, "I have got Him, thank God !" He did not lack Him. He had got Him ; and it is the privilege of every one here to have salvation and to know you have got it. Now, when I was out to sea some time ago we had been in a fog and storm and darkness for a day or two and didn't know just where we were ; but the moment the clouds broke away a little and we could get a glimpse of the sun, we took an observation to find out where we were, and I think it would be well for sinners to take an observation and find out where they are. Have I a hope that will bear the light of eternity, or am I lacking that one thing that will be worth more than all the world when God calls me to stand for Him ? You know when a man comes to die, church order and government won't help him. It may be very well to ease a man's conscience, but when he comes to die, he wants a real, living, personal Christ. That is the one thing to do. My friends, have you got Him ? "Oh, yes, I go to church every Sunday." Well, that is not having Christ. You may go to church and lack Christ. "But I say my prayers." Yes, a man can say his prayers, too, and yet lack Christ. I suppose no one prayed more than Saul did in Jerusalem ; at least he thought he prayed. The time he really prayed was when he got near to God and cried out, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" That prayer came right out of his heart and not out of the prayer-book. He cried right out what he felt. There are a good many that are just going through the forms. They have got the form but they have got no Christ. Now, my friends, let us be honest to-day, and let us see if we lack that one thing. If we do let us not rest until we have it. "One thing thou lackest, and the young man turned away sorrowful."

The next thing I want to call your attention to is in the 9th

chapter of John. It is on assurance, because after we have got Christ the next thing is to know it. I have spoken sometimes about assurance, but I wish I could every day until I could get the Church of God to look into the subject. Suppose I should meet you when you go out of here, and should take you by the hand and should ask, "Are you a Christian?" You would say, "I hope so; I trust I am." They don't dare to say right out, "Yes, I am on the Lord's side," but they say it in such a stammering way that they don't really believe it themselves. Night after night we have asked people to speak to those near them and they dare not do it. I have learned this, that you cannot get men to work until they know the Saviour themselves. Now, this man says here: "I know that whereas I was blind, I now see." If God does open our eyes we know it. They tried to make him believe Christ was nothing but a man, but, said he, "Haven't I been feeling my way through the world for 25 years, and don't I know I can see now?" They could not beat that out of him. All the philosophy and science of the present day could not beat that out of him that whereas he was blind now he could see. All the Scribes and Pharisees could not beat it out of him. He said, "I know I see;" and so, my friends, it is the privilege of every one to have Christ, and to know we have Him. This idea that we have got to go on through the world is a terrible uncertainty. We cannot tell whether we have got to spend eternity in heaven or hell. Some people say: "How are you going to be sure until you have got the judgment? You have got to wait until you are brought before the Judge." Thank God, we are not ever going to be brought into judgment. "Don't it say every one shall be brought into judgment?" they ask. Yes; but that is already passed. I have been brought into judgment nearly 1800 years ago at Calvary. If Christ was not Judge for me, who was He Judge for? If He didn't settle the claims of sin, what did He go into judgment for? What does the Cross mean if it was not for judgment? But they say: "Don't it say in Corinthians, every man must give an account of himself for the deeds done in the body?" Certainly, every one must give an account of his stewardship, but not for sin. That is already settled. Don't it say in the Scripture: "Know ye not that your sin shall not be mentioned against you?" We are going to sit upon the throne at the right hand of God himself. We are not going into judgment.

The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life.

If I didn't get eternal life twenty-one years ago, when I was converted, what did I get? Then if we get it ought we not to know it? It is a terrible delusion of Satan, and I believe hundreds of Christian people are being deceived by Satan now on this one point, that they have not got the assurance of salvation just because they are not willing to take God at His word. "But," a man said to me, "no one has come back, and we don't know what is in the future. It is all dark, and how can we be sure?" Thank God! Christ came down from heaven, and I would rather have Him, coming as He does right from the bosom of the Father, than any one else. We can rely on what Christ says, and He says, "He that believeth on me shall not perish, but have everlasting life." Not that we are going to have it when we die, but right here to-day.

And another thing, I don't believe we will have any peace or comfort or joy until this question of assurance is settled. Some people say, "It is presumption for you to stand up there and say you know you are saved." I say it is presumption for me to stand up here and say I doubt it when God has said it. Shall I doubt God's own word? But you say it is too good to be true. Then you must go and settle that thing with the Lord, not with me. I take it as I find it in the Word of God. Do you think He is going to leave his children down here in the dark world to go through life with terrible uncertainties, not knowing whether we are going to glory or perdition? There is no knowledge like that of a man who knows he is saved, who can look up and see his "title clear to mansions in the skies."

It is said of Napoleon, that while he was reviewing his army one day, his horse became frightened at something, and the Emperor lost his rein and the horse went away at full speed, and the Emperor's life was in danger. He could not get hold of the rein, and a private in the ranks saw it, and sprang out of the ranks towards the horse, and was successful in getting hold of the horse's head at the peril of his own life. The Emperor was very much pleased. Touching his hat, he said to him, "I make you captain of my guard." The soldier didn't take his gun and walk up there. He threw it away, stepped out of the ranks of the soldiers, and went up to where the body-guard stood. The captain of the body-guard ordered him back into the ranks, but he said, "No, I won't go." "Why not?" "Because I am captain of the guard." "You captain of the guard?" "Yes," replied the soldier. "Who said it?" And the man, pointing to the Emperor, said, "He

said it." That was enough. Nothing more could be said. He took the Emperor at his word. My friends, if God says anything, let us take him at His word. He that believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ shall not perish, but have everlasting life. Don't you believe it? Don't you believe you have got everlasting life? It can be the privilege of every child of God here to-night to believe and then know that you have got it.

How is a man going to do all this if he does not think he has got the foundation ready, if he does not know he has eternal life? How is he going to add all these virtues and build up that monument if he has not that assurance? Do you not see that it is the privilege of every one of God's dear children to-night to know that they have eternal life? Christ is ours for time and eternity; He will never leave us. It seems to me that we want this doctrine preached and taught now, so that the Christians of New York will be helped to go to work and to begin to talk to others. Make it personal. One thing I know. I cannot speak for others, but I can speak for myself. I cannot read other minds and other hearts. I cannot read the Bible and lay hold for others, but I can read for myself and take God at His word.

The great trouble is that people take everything in general, and do not take it to themselves. Suppose a man should say to me, "Moody, there was a man in Europe who died last week, and left five million dollars to a certain individual." "Well," I say, "I don't doubt that; it is rather a common thing to happen;" and I don't think anything more about it. But suppose he says, "But he left the money to you." Then I pay attention. I say, "To me?" "Yes, he left it to you." I become suddenly interested, and want to know all about it. So we are apt to think Christ died for sinners; He died for everybody, and for nobody in particular. But when the truth comes to me that eternal life is mine, and all the glories of heaven are mine, I begin to be interested. I say, "Where is the chapter and verse where it says I can be saved?" If I put myself in among sinners, and take the place of a sinner, then it is that salvation is mine, and I am sure of it for time and eternity.

In the first chapter of Luke, the 41st verse, we read of Mary's choice. After we have been saved, the next thing is to sit at the feet of Jesus, and learn of Him, as Mary did. That is God's College. You may go through Andover and Princeton, and Yale and Harvard, or any and all of the colleges, but if you don't go to God's college God will not use

you for his cause. He sends his teachers all out from there. We must learn at the feet of Jesus from His lips. A man who prayed at Jesus' feet did not have his prayers answered in the way he expected them to be. He wanted to stay there. He prayed to be allowed to sit at Jesus' feet forever. "No," said Christ, "go and tell what great things the Lord hath done for you." The first news that came to the disciples that Christ had risen, came from the two Marys. They came and fell at the feet of the Saviour, and He said to them, "Go, publish what thou hast seen; go, tell the tidings." He said to Mary, "She hath the one thing needful," and that was to sit at the fountain and drink of the wisdom of the Saviour. The disciples were called disciples because they were to learn of Him. The young converts who are not willing to study Christ and learn of Jesus, are not fit for His service. They must go to God's college and learn of Him. Martha was like many who are willing to work for God, to do something for Him, but are not willing to pause and hear the voice of Jesus. Hundreds of good people are willing to do all they can, but they are not willing to stop and hear the voice of the Lord and receive instruction from Him. He says, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Mary took her place of receiving, and was content to put the Lord in His place of giving something. She chose the good part. I think if I had Christ in my house to-night, I would feel like not doing anything, like letting the supper go, and sitting at His feet to ask Him questions and listen to the answers. It is better if we are going to work for God to be alone with Him a great deal.

There are two lives that Christians lead; one before the world, wherein we manifest God; and there is a life that we must live alone with God, and sitting at the feet of Jesus Christ. The longer I live and the older I grow, the more convinced I am that there are times when we must sit quietly at the feet of Jesus, and only let God speak to our souls. O, young friend, learn that lesson. It will save you many a painful hour. Just keep quietly alone, and learn of Jesus. You know it is when a man is alone with his wife that he tells her the precious secrets of his soul. It is not when the family are around, or when there is company there. So, when we want to get the secrets of heaven we want to be alone with Jesus, and listen that He may come and whisper to our souls. The richest hours I have ever had with God have not been in great assemblies like this, but sitting alone at the feet of Jesus. But,

in these days of steam and telegraph, we cannot get time to listen to Christ's whisper in our ears. We are so busy we do not choose that one thing needful. If we did, we would not talk so much as we would listen, and when we did speak it would be only when we had something to say. We would hear words that came from the Master, and they would burn down deep into our souls and bring forth fruit.

In the 20th chapter of Matthew, 8th verse, you read the words, "One is your Master." Ah, to learn who is your Master and serve Him only! We are willing to serve our friends, to serve the church, to serve the public, and please every one, and forget the Lord. But we should just have one Master, and live to please Him alone, and He should be the Lord of Glory. He is a good Master. I want to recommend Him to you here to-day. If He is not your Master, then the devil is. Every one has a master, who is either Satan or Christ. You may not acknowledge it, you may not know it, but either the Lord of Glory or else the Prince of the Powers of Darkness is the one you serve. Satan is a hard and cruel master. If you make mistakes under him, he will have no mercy for you. When you get into trouble, if you are in his service, you will have to suffer indeed; but with the Lord of Glory for your master, if you make mistakes or fall into error, all you have to do is to go and confess to Him, and He will forgive you quickly and smile upon you, and restore to you the joy of salvation if you have lost it. O, that we might learn the sweet lesson that "One is our Master," and that One is Christ in Heaven. Those men who are trying to serve the public, what do they gain? I pity those men in Washington who are trying to serve the public. We send them there and then turn and abuse them. Public men get nothing but abuse, after all. It is a hard thing to serve the public; but it is a glorious thing to serve Christ. I would a thousand times rather have Him for my master than the cruel, heartless, wretched world. To know that we have only one master, but one to please and to serve; to live with that idea in view all the while—one to please and one to glorify—is a most blessed thing. He is not a hard master. He knows we are liable to mistakes, and He is ready and willing to forgive. If Christ is such a glorious Master should we not be willing to sacrifice ourselves to Him and give up all and follow Him, and turn our back upon this fleeting world and live for Him? When our country was in danger, how men laid down their lives and gave up everything for their country. The moment Abraham Lincoln called for

600,000 men you could hear the tramp of their feet in every direction, and the song went up from all quarters, "We are coming, Father Abraham, 600,000 strong." All Mr. Lincoln had to do was to call, and the men came pouring in. Christ is calling for laborers. There are nations perishing for the want of the Gospel tidings. We are a long time getting them to the world. America has men enough and money enough to do it all, to send the Gospel around this globe. It is high time that this Gospel was proclaimed in every town and village and hamlet throughout the whole world. It would be very easy if God's disciples would work together for it.

Oh, my friends, if we have such a glorious Master, who has passed through heaven and is sitting on the right hand of God, calling for laborers, shall we withhold our lives and affection? Shall we not go into the vineyard and work for Him? It is a glorious thing to have such a Master, a high, exalted privilege to be a co-worker with God. Let us remember our Chieftain has gone on before. He bears even now at the throne of God those scars He received here for our sakes; He suffered and endured the cross, despising the shame, for the glory that was before Him. Shall we excuse ourselves from work? Shall we say: "Do not send me, Lord; send some one else?" Oh, just to go into the heat of the battle! There has never been a time in your life or mine when we could work for our Lord and see such immediate fruits and results. It seems to me that all we have to do is to sow with one hand and reap with the other. The harvest seems to be white; the fields are waiting for the sickle; the voice of our Master is calling us. Shall we hear that call in vain? Are there not thousands that shall say, "Lord, use me!" You, mothers, can be used; you, young men, can be used among your companions; you, gray-haired men, can be used in your declining days. Shall we not all go to work for Him while yet there is time?

There is "one thing" that Paul speaks of: "One thing I do." Some one has said that the man who does one thing is a terrible man. I like to see those Christians who have a definite work and are doing it. I like to see them work in view of the heat and the burden of the day and never weaken. I suppose it will turn out in New York as it has in a great many other places where we have been, where a great many, having received a new spirit, are asking what they shall do. They are quickened into new life; they are all full of soul, full of life, and the fire burns in their souls, and they want to publish the tidings of salvation. The cry is, "What shall I

do?' Let me say to you, find some one thing and do it well. Do not think anything you do for the Lord is a little work. What seems to you a little work may be the most mighty thing that has ever been done. You are a teacher in a Sunday-school, for example, and have a class of little boys; you do not know what those boys may become. There may be a Luther, there may be a Whitefield, there may be a John Bunyan there. You may call these little boys to Christ, and they may go out and move the world like Luther. No one ever thought that little monk would become so mighty in God's hand. He shook the whole world; the Spirit of the Living God came upon him. The dark clouds that settled upon his nation were lifted and beaten back. He drove them back. It is a great thing to turn our soul to Christ. Oh, find some one thing to do for the Saviour, and do it well. "This one thing I do," said Paul. If he had folded his arms and said, "Oh, dear, the Christians are so cold we cannot do anything; if the church was wide awake we might." Never you mind whether the church is wide awake or not; you keep wide awake yourself. If you wait for the church you will never do anything. I made up my mind ten years ago that I would go on as if there were not another man in the world but I to do the work. I knew I had to give my account of stewardship. I suppose they say of me, "Oh, he is a radical; he is a fanatic; he only has one idea." Well, it is a glorious idea. I would rather have that said of me than be a man of ten thousand ideas and do nothing with them. To have one idea, and that idea Christ, that is the man for me; that is the man we want now. A man that has one idea, one desire, one thought, and that idea, that thought, that desire Christ and Him crucified—that is what this groaning, perishing world wants now. It can get on without our rhetoric; it can get on without our fine speeches, without our eloquence. They do not want those; they want Christ and Him crucified. Let that old colored man find his work and go about it; let that young lady find her work and do it. Don't go and get discouraged when you get to work because you don't find everything prosperous as you expected. You cannot tell what will prosper. What you think is prosperity may turn out to be the worst thing you could have done, and the thing you have least hope of may turn out to be your greatest success.

An old woman who was seventy-five years old had a Sabbath-school two miles away among the mountains. One Sunday there came a terrible storm of rain, and she thought at first

she would not go that day, but then she thought, "What if some one should go and not find me there?" Then she put on her waterproof, and umbrella, and overshoes, and away she went through the storm, two miles away, to the Sabbath-school in the mountains. When she got there she found one solitary young man, and taught him the best she knew how all the afternoon. She never saw him again, and I don't know but the old woman thought her Sabbath had been a failure. That week the young man enlisted in the army, and in a year or two after the old woman got a letter from the soldier thanking her for going through the storm that Sunday. This young man thought that stormy day he would just go and see if the old woman was in earnest, and if she cared enough about our souls to go through the rain. He found she came and taught him as carefully as if she was teaching the whole school, and God made that the occasion of winning that young man to Christ. When he lay dying in a hospital he sent the message to the old woman that he would meet her in heaven. Was it not a glorious thing that she did not get discouraged because she had but one school and scholar? Be willing to work with one. Bear in mind the words, "This one thing I do." I live for souls and for eternity, I want to win some soul to Christ. If you want this and work for it, eternity alone can tell the result. May God give us a passion for souls.

When Joshua was 110 years old, the old warrior lay dying, and he called the Elders in Israel around him, and as they gathered around his bedside, he gave them these words as his dying testimony. There stand the Elders in Israel and he was the last one of the great leaders alive. Moses was gone, Aaron was gone; he was the only man that was at Mount Sinai when the law was given from on high. They stood around his bedside and heard his dying testimony. How it shined out! "Behold this day I am going the way of all the earth; and ye know in your hearts and in your souls that not one thing hath failed of all the good things that the Lord your God spoke concerning you." Is not that a high tribute? Had not God kept His word to them? The old warrior is going to rest, and this is his dying testimony: "Not one thing has failed. All things have been fulfilled." That is what the man has said who has tried God. Infidels won't try God, and of course they do not have such a peaceful end as the man who has taken God at His word. Let us look over the six one things. "One thing thou lackest." Do you lack Christ? Oh, take Him to-day! "One thing I know." Do you know you have

got Christ? If you do not, do not go out of this house to-day without knowing it; step into the inquiry-room and talk with some of the Christian men and women who know they have salvation. Make up your mind you will not leave this house to-day till you can look up and read your "title clear to mansions in the sky." I would rather do that than have a title to all New York. I would rather have some poor soul that I have won from this dark world to Christ come and weep over my grave when I am gone, than to have a monument of pure gold reaching from earth to the skies. The next "one thing" is the "one thing that is needful." "One is your master," "Not one thing has failed," and "One thing I do,"—it is the privilege of each one to have all these "one things" and to know that you have them.

FAREWELL ADDRESS.

FAREWELL SUNDAY SERMON.

“What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?”—MATT. 27th chap., part 22d verse.

YOU will find my text this afternoon in the xxvii. chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew, part of the 22d verse: “What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?” Our last Sunday here has come, and I am speaking to many to-day that will probably not be here again. Even if you should all want to come, you probably would not be able to; so to-day I want to press this question home upon you. For ten weeks we have been trying to preach to you about Christ, and tell you something about Him. To be sure we have done it very poorly, but now the time has come for us to close. It remains with you to say whether these meetings shall close and leave you out of the ark or in it. A good deal depends upon this afternoon’s meeting. A solemn question, and a personal one, is before you; not what your neighbors and friends are going to do, but, “What shall I do with Jesus?” Pilate was in great difficulty, judgment told him to release the man, his conscience told him to release Him. His heart, even his treacherous, deceitful heart, that was desperately wicked above all things, that very heart said, “Release Him.” His wife sent word, “Have thou nothing to do with that just man, for I have suffered much in a dream concerning Him;” but still Pilate had not the moral courage to stand and release the man. Herein he was not true to his own convictions.

I believe that is the trouble with thousands of people that have been attending these meetings. I believe that if every man and woman that has been here had been true to their own convictions, there would have been thousands more saved. Many a man and woman has gone out of this hall convinced that they were sinners, and that they ought to receive Christ, but yet they have rejected Him, just as Pilate did. Pilate

was a vacillating character, wayward and undecided. One solemn truth comes to me to-day, and that is, that all these men that would not decide for Christ and decided against Him, how punishment came upon them! Lost, lost, lost, for time and for eternity, for want of decision! I believe in my soul that there are more at this day being lost in New York for want of decision than for any other thing.

O, my friends, what is your decision to-day? What are you going to do with Christ? That is the question to-day. I do not care much about the sermon; if I could only get this text down into your heart, get it down deep into your soul, I should feel I had accomplished my work here. It is not preaching you want now; it is to come to a decision, to decide what you will do with God's own Son. He gave Him up freely for us all. Will you not receive Him? It is to have Him for our Saviour now, or at some future day to have Him for our Judge. Pilate, like every other sinner, wanted to get rid of the responsibility. He did not like to be pressed to a decision. He shifted the responsibility to Herod. But even Herod refused to take His life, and sent Him back; so Pilate tries again. He thinks he has got a plan that will work. He puts it out of his own power—foolish man! He ought to have decided it himself, and not left the multitude to decide. He said, "I will put the question to them now and get them to decide." Poor, deluded man! He thought they would choose Jesus instead of Barabbas. He did not know the depravity of man's heart, and how they were in league with hell against Christ. He took the murderer and highwayman and asked them which one he should release, and the multitude lifted up their voice, and said, "Release unto us Barabbas." After they had made that decision, the poor, disappointed Governor said to them, "What shall I do with Jesus that was called Christ?" And they answered, "Let Him be crucified."

Let us look at Barabbas. It seems to me that there is no case in the whole Bible where the great doctrine of substitution is brought out better than in this one. There was a man condemned in one of our Western cities. What troubled him the most was, that the night he was to be executed, they were making the gallows in the prison. He heard them sawing the planks and driving the nails; and as he heard he trembled from head to foot. This cross might have been made in the prison where Barabbas was confined, and these two thieves to be crucified with Christ might have been associated with Barabbas, and he might have been the ring-leader in crime. Barab-

bas knows he has to die, that there is no hope; he has, perhaps, heard them making the crosses, one for him, and others for each of his two companions. At last the executioner comes. He hears the foot fall in the hall, as he takes one man from his cell, and then another, and there is poor Barabbas trembling from head to foot. He thinks, "In a few moments I will be led to execution, and will be nailed to the cross, to die its terrible death;" and while Barabbas trembles, the executioner comes and unlocks the door, and throws it open, and says, "Barabbas, you are free!" "What! free? Am I free?" "Yes, you are free!" "What do you mean? How comes this? Who set me free?" "Pilate asked the people which should be free, yourself or Jesus of Nazareth, and the multitude have chosen you to be released, and Christ is to be put to death in your stead." What joy, what good news it must have been for poor Barabbas! And think, my friends, what guilt there was in that multitude making the choice of Barabbas! I never saw any one in my life but thought it was one of the most cruel cases in this world.

But did you ever stop to think that what you are doing is worse? The man that chooses this world has chosen much worse than the Jews did. I would rather choose Barabbas than the god of this world. If you reject Jesus Christ, bear in mind that Satan is your god; he leads you on with an unseen hand. He is your tempter, and is trying to lure you away from the world of light, to leave you in the dark caverns of eternal death and ruin. Thanks be to God, there is hope to-day; this very hour you can choose Him and serve Him. Oh, make your choice to-day. It is not between Jesus and Barabbas now; it is between the Lord of Glory, the Prince of Peace, or the Devil of Hell. Every one has to decide whether he wants to decide or not. Some people say, "I do not propose to decide this question at once. I am going to be neutral." No one can have Christ presented to him but he has to decide. You will either decide to reject or to receive Him. There is but one alternative; if you reject Him you will receive the devil. If we would stop putting this question over from day to day unanswered, if that little girl sitting by her mother would just say what she would do, how happy we should all be. There are some here this afternoon who have come, perhaps, to scoff and laugh. Dear friends, are you going to scoff on? Are you going to die in your sins and be lost? When Jesus comes this afternoon, and knocks at the door of your heart, and wants you to become a Christian, are

you going to reject Him? Some say, "Well, I can't give up the world." Had you rather have the world than have Christ? Had you rather have the god of pleasure than the God of Heaven? There is no way to stand neutral on this question. You must have one or the other; you must have the god of earth or the God of Heaven. I pity the man or woman who is living for this world. You will not only be disappointed now, but you will be disappointed all through this life. The god of pleasure can never lift you up and make your heart to rejoice. Solomon looked abroad over this land for that which would satisfy the yearnings of his soul. He picked up worldly pleasure, looked at it, and then laid it away and said, "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity!" There are many who live for wealth and social position. What is it after you have got it? It is like the boy running after a bubble; when you get it it is gone. Oh, that this text would sink deep into the hearts of all here, that they might be made to realize their need of Christ! Don't go out of this hall and say you will forget this text. Just let it sink into your heart and say, "What shall I do with Jesus?" Won't you just stop a moment and think? What shall I do with Him? One of two things you must do; you must either receive Him or reject Him. You receive Him here and He will receive you there; you reject Him here and He will reject you there. Oh, may every soul make up its mind where it will spend eternity! Whether it will be found in the world of light or in the dark caverns of eternal woe.

Don't delay the answer to this great question, "What shall I do with Jesus?" Accept Him now. When you are sick it is no time to receive Jesus. When death comes he often steals in unawares. Some men don't know that death is coming until they are hurried away into the other world without any preparation. How much do you think some lost one would give if he had his life to live over again? How much do you think Agrippa would give to be in Paul's place now? How much do you think those men who took part in the services and heard Christ preach to them would give if they had the opportunity you have here this afternoon? Oh, if I could go to the borders of the lost world, and call up one soul, and bring him on this platform, and let him tell the awful horror and woe of being separated from Christ, how terrible it would be! Why, I believe that Caiaphas would be very glad to exchange places with John; but it is too late now. All the opportunities are gone. They risked all for wealth and station.

And what was the wealth and the position these men held? It was only for a few months or years, and then God changed their countenances and sent them away. The rich man would have been glad to exchange places with Lazarus, who sat with the dogs at his door. What must have been his misery when he saw from his terrible position Lazarus among the saved! It is a good deal better to be a poor beggar with Christ in your heart than to have the applause of this world and die without hope.

The time has come now for me to close these Sunday afternoon meetings. It is the last time probably that I shall ever speak to this congregation. I may never see many of you again. It is probably the last time we shall meet until we meet at the judgment bar of God. Shall we meet there? Oh, my friends, come into the fold of Christ to-day. If you receive Him it will be well; if you reject Him and are lost it will be terrible. Won't you just say that you will receive Christ to-day? Won't you say you will not longer reject Him?

FAREWELL ADDRESS TO CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

YOU remember the first week we were here we were talking about works. We are about ready to go away, and we want to bring that subject before you again—the subject of work. Of course, I am talking now to those who think they have been saved. Those who have been here some of the time during the past ten weeks understand that I do not wish to try to stir up men to work for God until they are first saved, until they have first accepted salvation as a gift. A man cannot work his way into heaven. A man cannot do anything to please God even until he has first believed in Christ, and accepted salvation through Him. Let me read from the 2d chapter of Galatians, 16th verse: “Knowing that a man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ, even we have believed in Jesus Christ, that we might be justified by the faith of Christ, and not by the works of the law, for by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified.” Then that verse in the 4th of Romans, “Now to him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt.” But after we are saved we cannot help going to work. If a man tells me he has been saved of Christ, and yet has no desire to work for God, I know it is a spurious conversion; it is not a true salvation; it has not got the ring of heaven in it.

The first words that fell from the lips of Christ on earth were, “For wist ye not that I must be about my Father’s business?” You will find, too, that during His ministry, He toiled early and late in the work. A man may say he has faith, but if he has not works he has only a dead faith. You cannot have faith without works. You cannot have fire without heat. Do not let these men that are not willing to lift their little fingers to help God’s cause—do not let them think they are going to heaven only because they have a pew in church, and criticize the minister; and if the minister touches their conscience in any guilty spot, they want to get a new one.

The minister does not suit them! Those men are deceiving themselves. If a man has not got a spirit of work, he has not got the spirit of Christ or of righteousness. The mind of a man that has been born of God is not in that man.

In the 16th chapter of John it says, "I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit, for without me ye can do nothing." There are one or two things in this chapter I would call your attention to. It says "fruit," "more fruit" and "much fruit"—three kinds. There is another—"no fruit." I believe there is a good deal of pruning that would not have to be done to us if we abided in Christ. "He that abideth in Christ bringeth forth much fruit." But we fall off and are fickle and need pruning. So then the knife must be put in. This time of the year the gardener is clipping his fruit trees if he wants them to bear. So God has to prune us. Instead of our murmuring and complaining about it, we ought to go to work to put forth more and more fruit. How many have lost their children and afterwards have gone to work earnestly for the first time for the Lord! Before they lost their children, they worked and lived wholly for them, spending all their time to accumulate money for them. God took their children to Him for their own sake as well as for their parents' sake—to lift them higher. No one who has read the Scripture will say that it does not teach us to work.

Every Bible student loves to work. The Word of God inspires us to work. Paul said the love of Christ constrained him. Jeremiah said the Word of God burned in his bones. He fed upon it and it was sweet to his taste. If a man gets his heart full of the Word of God, he is not then interested just in one little corner of the vineyard, but he will take a wide field of labor and interest. He will rejoice to hear of a conversion in any and every part of the world. He will be glad to hear of God's work among all denominations of Christians, among Baptists, among Methodists, among Presbyterians. The moment he hears the Word of God taught, he comes out of the sectarian world, and is interested to have the cause of God advanced in all parts of the world. His interest is not confined to the prosperity of his own little sect, but it goes out toward every good work.

A man was taken sick, and while he lay there some one sent him a bunch of flowers. He said if he had known how much good it would do a sick man, he would have sent some when he was well. A great many do not know how much

good they can do until they have been tried, and have been tried to their sorrow. If we will look around us day after day we will find many a good thing to do. We ought to pray every day that we may wipe away the tears of suffering from some one's face that very day. If we are going to help the poor widow and those fatherless children, we must do it now. God has sent us here to make the world brighter and better, and to help those that carry burdens. Some one said the world seemed like two mountains, a mountain of joy and a mountain of sorrow, and if every day we can take a little from the mountain of sorrow to the mountain of joy we might be better and do better. "He that waters, himself shall be watered." Every one of us should study how we can be a blessing to others. These people who are going round with your hearts sad and cast down, if you go to work and try to help others, then your burdens will be gone and the light will shine in your souls.

In the 2d chapter of Titus, 14th verse, it says: "Who gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of all good works." I think we do not like to be considered peculiar. We are very much afraid of that. We want to be like the world, and mingle with the world, and try to be like the world, so that people won't consider us peculiar. People do not like that. I hear people say sometimes, "Yes, she is a good woman, but"—with a shrug or a grimace—"she is very peculiar." "Yes, a very good man—yes, oh yes, but very peculiar." I would just like to make one journey round the world to see if I could not find one church made up of peculiar people. That church would shake the whole world. That is what we want—peculiarity. Christ taught us that He will make us a peculiar people, zealous of all good works. The very thing we do not like is the very thing we want to-day. Elijah was the most peculiar man of his day, but he was worth more than all those 100,000 people around him. He held the keys of heaven. He could stand before Ahab and his whole court, and all his false prophets. God was with him. Enoch was the most peculiar man that lived in his day. I suppose they all pointed to him and said, "Yes, yes, a good man, but very peculiar—different from other people." Daniel was the most peculiar man Babylon ever had. If we could only have a few peculiar people now in New York we would see wonderful results. If God has a great work to do, He will call some peculiar man to do it. A man that sets his back upon the

world, and sets his face like a flint toward heaven, is a man that is peculiar, and God can use him and speak through him.

The great trouble is with many that we don't get ourselves out of sight. We want to let the name of Christ be kept in sight, and let us work for Him, and then we are ready to work for the Lord in any position. Now turn to Titus iii. 8: "This is a faithful saying, and these things I will that thou affirm constantly, that they which have believed in God might be careful to maintain good works. These things are good and profitable unto men." Now, if I understand that portion of Scripture, it means that you are to be a help to every good work, every good society. Don't say, "O God, bless my little field." Is the Tract Society a good society? I believe that it is. Let us do all we can to keep it up, and I hope the time is coming, and I hope I will live to see the day, and I believe I will, when these wealthy men will be seeking investments for the Lord as they do for themselves. It will do perhaps for these ungodly men to accumulate these millions, but when a man has been redeemed by the precious blood of the Lamb and is jealous of good work I think he ought to be seeking some investments for the Lord. Is this society a good society? Then maintain it. Keep it up. Look at the societies you have got in New York that are just bleeding at every pore, suffering for the want of money; look at the churches saddled with debt. Many men are not willing to get into debt themselves, but they will let the Lord's work suffer. Now, if you want a good appetite and if you want to sleep well, if you have got money, I will tell you what to do. Send around a check to the American Bible Society for \$10,000; send one to the Tract Society for \$10,000; send around to Dr. Tyng to pay off the church debt. See how his eyes brighten up when I say that. Here are some of these Presbyterian churches in the same fix. They would be very glad to have the debt on these churches paid off. They cannot work much for the Lord when they are in debt. Then there is the Young Women's Christian Association; they, too, have got a debt and want to work. Look at their field—these hundreds and thousands of women in New York city that will be led astray perhaps, and it will not be long before their feet will take hold on hell.

It is worth more than all your preaching if you can only have an institution to throw out a warm hand and a beneficent influence. You, ladies of wealth and position, say, "I don't see the importance of these things." Of course you don't.

You have got a good mother and father to care for and watch over you, but look at the hundreds and thousands of girls that have got no father or mother, and have no wealth and are poor, and have to struggle against odds that you know nothing about. They ought to be helped, and the strong must help the weak, and if you have got money go and make good use of it. Go and be a sunbeam to cheer up somebody else, and by so doing get a blessing in your own soul. Says Paul: "Be careful that you maintain good work." Instead of cutting down these missionaries in a foreign land, I think it would be better for us to cut off some of our own luxury. When a man can drive out with a four-in-hand, let him give up two of his horses, and give what he saves by it to the foreign mission field, and so with many little luxuries; then we can enjoy Christianity a great deal better.

These hard times are the very best thing that could happen to the church. I don't believe we would have had such a blessing in New York if it had not been for these hard times. When men get their millions and hoard them up, I think it is the very best thing that can happen to them to have the Lord come and take them away, and if a man maintains these good works with his money he will never lose it, but lay it up in heaven. People say that such a man died worth so many millions. It doesn't make any difference how much a man accumulates. He can't die worth anything, for he leaves it here. He is not worth a penny; and so, if you want to save your money, lay it up in heaven where thieves cannot get hold of it. Make yourselves rich by thus investing in these good institutions; maintain good works; keep your Tract Society, your missions. Wouldn't it be a glorious day if, instead of our going around begging for money for these institutions, we could just sit in an office and have men send checks around. I have got tired and sick of going to men and begging for money. I hope the Lord of Heaven will stir up people so that they will be going around to see where they can invest their money. The ministers can tell them, for they know, and you that have money ought to consult them as to what is the best investment you can make. I want to be rich for eternity, not for time. But how blind and short-sighted men are that are seeking to be rich just for time. Men accumulate millions just to make the way to hell easy for their children. It is almost sure ruin for a child to be left in this world with money and nothing to do. You talk about the young ladies of this city whom you call so fortunate because they have got all the money they want

and have nothing to do. It is unfortunate, I tell you, and they are ruined. I pity them from the bottom of my heart. It would be far better if they hadn't a penny. Be careful, says Paul, that you maintain good works. It is good advice. Let us take it.

Now, what we want is to have men established. I have been connected for fifteen years—at least, before I started out on this preaching tour—with a mission Sabbath-school, and I have noticed this, that the teachers who are at the Sabbath-school fifty-two Sundays in the year, are constantly reaping, and those teachers who are not constantly established, and are only in the Sunday-school about six months, and then give up discouraged, and if there is something better offers, give up their place, they never succeed. What we want is to be established in every word and work, and let us take up this word and work and do it thoroughly, and God's word has gone out that we shall reap if we faint not. I was very much interested some time ago in a young lady that lived in the city. I don't know her name, or I have forgotten it. She was about to go to China as the wife of a missionary on his way to some heathen field. She had a large Sabbath-school class in the city, and succeeded in getting a blessing upon many of her scholars through her efforts. She was very anxious to get some one who would look after her little flock, and take care of them while she was gone. She had a brother who was not a Christian, and her heart was set on his being converted and taking her place as leader of the class. The young man—perhaps he is in this audience to-day—refused to accept of Christ, but away in her closet alone, she pleaded with God that her brother might be converted, and take her place. She wanted to reproduce herself, and that is what every Christian ought to do—get somebody else converted to take up your work. Well, the last morning came, and around the family altar, as the moment drew near for the lady's departure, and they did not know when they should see her again, the father broke down, and the boy went up stairs. Just before she left for the train the boy came down, and putting his arms around his sister's neck, said to her, "My dear sister, I will take your Saviour for mine, and I will take care of your class for you," and the young man took her class, and the last I heard of him he was filling her place. There was a young lady established in good work. When she left here she got some one to carry it on. Let me say to you young converts who have just commenced a Christian life—find some

work to do for the Master. Go out into the vineyard at once and get some work to do. Just persevere, and if you don't see the fruit pretty near, and the work don't seem to prosper, go right on. These Christians that get discouraged and disheartened, God never uses, and His kingdom is never built up through them. What we want is good courage to persevere.

Turn to Matthew v. 16: "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Now the eyes of the whole Christian world are upon New York at the present time. They are looking to see just what you Christians are going to do, and if the work stops now, don't say it will be our fault. My dear friends, it will be your own. There has been no false excitement here. We have just preached the Gospel. To be sure, we have done it poorly, but it has been the same old Gospel. We have just held up Christ to the people, and if this work stops, bear in mind that it will be your own fault that you have not taken it up and carried it on. Thousands in this audience have got just as much ability and talent as I have got, or as Mr. Sankey has got, if you would only use it. All you have to do is to bring out your talents that have lain dormant and use them. God holds you responsible for your influence. Use whatever influence you have got and bring it to bear upon your friends, and upon those with whom you are acquainted, and do everything you can just to let your light shine, and let me say keep out of the world. But you say you are in the world. You may be in the world but not of it, just as a ship is in the water but not of it. The moment the water begins to get into the ship it sinks. You are in the world; don't let the world be in you. That is the difference.

I want to speak of one thing that has cheered me since coming here beyond measure, and that is the spirit of unity. We have not heard a word about denomination since I have been here. Thanks be to God, we are bound up in one bundle, and the moment we understand each other a little better we shall be able to do greater work, and the hosts of hell will not prevail against us.

FAREWELL ADDRESS TO YOUNG CONVERTS.

I WANT to speak to you from one word of four letters—able—and my prayer is that if you forget everything else that has been said during these services, the Lord by His Spirit may so impress that word upon your hearts that you may never forget it. In the 14th chapter of Romans, and 4th verse, you will find these words, “Yea, he shall be holden up, for God is able to make him stand.” God is able to make him stand. I have no doubt that there are many skeptics, and even lukewarm Christians, that are saying in their hearts that these young converts will not stand long. They say, “Wait three months, or at the most six months, and see where all the converts are at the end of that time. They won’t stand; they won’t stand.” I have heard that said all my life. Our fathers and our forefathers heard it. “Ah,” they say, “they won’t hold out,” but look at the thousands and thousands of Christians that have held out notwithstanding all these prophecies. If you young converts, now in the morning of your Christian experience, will learn the lesson of this one word “able” it may save you many a painful experience. You cannot stand of yourselves, but it is God that is going to make you stand. He was able to make Joseph stand down there in Egypt, and to make Elijah stand before Ahab, and to make Daniel stand in Babylon, and John Bunyan to stand in Bedford. Probably he had as mean a nature as any one, and yet God was able to make him stand and to enable him to overcome that mean nature. The moment we lean on an arm of flesh, that moment we fall; then we are on dangerous ground; we walk on the edge of a volcano, on the brink of a precipice. I remember when I was a young Christian, I used to think that it would be easier after a time, and that when I had been a Christian fifteen or twenty years, I should have but few temptations and difficulties; but I find that the longer I live the more dangers I see surrounding me. Why,

Samson judged Israel for twenty years and then fell into sin ; and how many men there are who fall in their old age. I don't mean that they are finally lost, but they fall into sin. They make some mistake, or their old temper springs up, and they do some mean thing, and very often the church has not as much sympathy with such persons as it ought to have. Too much is frequently expected of young Christians. There is a great difference between a man falling into sin and loving sin. If you fall into sin and all the time hate it, go and tell God all about it, for He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. Guard against self-confidence, and the Lord will strengthen you and "make you stand." We find in the 10th of 1st Corinthians, this caution : "Wherefore, let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Be watchful ; be prayerful ; keep your eye fixed on Christ, not on any man, however good he may be. Christ is able to make you stand, able to deliver you out of every temptation ; and He will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able. In Hebrews 2d and 18th verse, we read, "For in that He Himself hath suffered, being tempted, He is able to succor them that are tempted." It has often been wonderfully encouraging to me to think that my Master has travelled all through this wilderness, that He knows all about the trials and temptations to which we are subject, and that therefore He is able to succor those that are tempted. When the old nature and the old temper assail you, look to Him for strength.

People lay it down as a wise rule in temporal things, "Don't live up to your income ;" but you ought to live up to your income spiritually. Use all the grace you have, God has yet plenty more. He has got a throne of grace established so that you may go and get all you may need. Use all the grace God gives you, and don't save any, but when you want more, go and ask Him for it. See the face of God every morning before you see the face of man. Don't get more than one day's march from the throne of grace, and you will not go far astray.

An old Scotchman said to his son : "I want you to eat two breakfasts every morning. Do you know what I mean?" And the son reflected : "You mean I am to eat a breakfast for my soul as well as for my body." "That is right," said his father. See the face of Father in Heaven before you see that of your earthly parent ; go to Him every evening, and do not sleep at night without seeking pardon for the sins

of the day, for He is ever faithful to forgive, He delights to forgive. It is an old saying that "short reckonings make long friends." If you run up a long account with your grocer when you come to settle you say, "Here's this two pounds of sugar I never had, and this thing and the other thing I never had." You have forgotten all about it, but if you had paid for it at the time you would have remembered all about it. Keep short accounts with God, and you won't fall far into sin. In 2 Timothy, and the twelfth verse of the first chapter we have Paul's persuasion. The Presbyterians, the Baptists and every other denomination claim Paul as belonging to them. Mr. Sankay says he was a Methodist (laughter), but here we find what was Paul's persuasion. "For I know (he says) in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." I don't so much mind what church you belong to, but I want that all these young converts should be of Paul's persuasion. If you really believe you have received the pardon of your sins, commit your life, your reputation, your money—commit it all to the Lord. Tell Satan you have committed it to the Lord. Refer him right over to Christ. Don't attempt to make any argument with Satan, for the Lord is able to keep that which you have committed to Him. A boy wanted to fight with one who was smaller than himself, but the little fellow said, "Wait till I call my big brother." Christ is your big Brother. You cannot fight with Satan, for he has six thousand years experience, and is a deal wiser than you are. But the Lion of the Tribe of Judah had a battle with him, and overcame him; and since then Satan always flies when he hears the name of Christ. Our elder Brother is able to help us, and He will always make a way of escape. In a town where I once lived, a man commenced business at a store where several others had failed. He had not much capital, not as much as some other men who preceded him, and every one expected that he would very soon fail. But he did not, and people couldn't understand the reason until one day it was discovered that he had a rich brother down East who kept furnishing him with money.

We have a rich Brother in heaven, and He is able to keep that which we have committed to Him, and to supply all our need. Let the young converts bear in mind that Christ is their keeper, and that they cannot keep themselves. In the 2d Cor. xi. 9, God says, "My peace is sufficient, for my strength is made perfect in weakness." Now we want these

young converts to serve Christ. It is not too much to expect that each one of you should bring twelve more. One young man came to me and said he was converted on the 3d of February; he had a list of fifty-nine persons, with the residence of each, whom he had since that time been instrumental in leading to Christ; and if that young convert has led fifty-nine, every man, woman, and child ought to be able to reach some. Let each one go to work; that is the way to grow in strength. "They that water others shall themselves be watered, and the liberal soul shall be fed. God is able to make all grace abound." Let me give you a little advice. Let your friends be those who are in the church. Select for your companions experienced Christians. Keep company with those who know a little more than you do yourselves. Of course, you get the best of the bargain; but from my own experience I know that is the best way to make advances in a religious life. Get in love with the blessed Bible, and the world will lose its hold upon you. It will not be giving up and making sacrifices, but you will have no desire to follow questionable pursuits. All the time will be occupied in God's service, and life will seem too short to do all that you will want to accomplish. My advice to all young converts is to join the church. If a minister preaches the Gospel, I don't care so much to what denomination he belongs. If your minister does not preach the Gospel find some other minister that does, but do not be running from one church to another. In Romans 4th, and 20th verse, God tells us that He is able to perform that which He has promised. Bear in mind that God's word is true; it will help you very much always to realize this. It is only when like Peter we begin to doubt that we fall. The old Scotch woman wrote against the promises in the Bible "T" "P," "tried" and "proved." Mr. Moody further counselled the young converts to abstain altogether from strong drink. A very large number of those who had gone back into sin in Europe had been the victims of drink: and even though they might be strong themselves, for the sake of the influence on the young and upon those who had less control over themselves they should have nothing to do with the intoxicating cup. Some people ask us in the inquiry-room whether it is a sin to smoke, to drink a little, to go to theatres, or read novels. Your consciences must dictate the answers to all such. For my part, I don't do these things, as I would not like my children to do them, and what is not good for them is not good for me. Beware also, of spiritual pride; never get puffed up with the idea that you are doing a great deal for the Lord.

In conclusion Mr. Moody said: And now, dear friends, I must say good-bye; but I do not like the word—rather let it be good-night; for the night will be but short, and the morning will soon come when we shall meet the other side of the river, where there is no parting. We have received nothing but kindness since we came here, and the Lord has abundantly blessed our work. May God bless all the policemen, and the reporters, and the choir, and the ushers, and all who have aided the Lord's cause since we came here ten weeks ago. God bless all the ministers who have worked so nobly with us for Christ, and may the good work go on when we are far from here.

THE CLOSE.

The Revival closes with prayer and praise.

Mr. Moody then prayed long and fervently, and asked that the Holy Ghost might abound with all present. He wound up by again calling down a blessing on all concerned in the work, and was greatly affected at the close. Mr. Sankey sang a farewell hymn to the air of "Home, Sweet Home," and the services finished with the singing of "Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow," and the benediction pronounced by the Rev. J. Cotton Smith, D. D.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey at once left the platform and retired to the private rooms, but it was a considerable time before the vast congregation had dispersed, many lingering to give the parting hand-shake to those with whom, in various relations, they had been associated during the past two or three weeks.

It is estimated that 3500 new converts were present, the remainder of the audience being composed of Christian workers, clergymen, and the choir.

REVIVAL CONVENTION.

**First Day of the Revival Convention, held at the Hippodrome
in New York, March 29, 1876.**

Large number of Churches Represented.—Interest shown by the Delegates.—Mr. Moody's Inspiring Words.—The Subjects Discussed.—Evangelistic Services and Prayer-meetings.—Inquiry-meetings.—Training Converts and Lay Teachers.—Questions and Replies by Mr. Moody.—Remarks by the Rev. Drs. Booth, Fish, Stephen H. Tyng, jr., Deems, and Others.

THE Christian Convention of Ministers and Layman, called by the committees which are conducting the revival work in this city to confer upon topics of importance in Christian labor, and particularly in special evangelistic efforts, held two sessions at the Hippodrome, March 29. A great number of churches were represented, and zealous interest was shown in the discussions and the addresses by Mr. Moody, and by well-known clergymen. A novel part of the proceedings was the questioning of Mr. Moody by the delegates upon the subjects under consideration, and his quick and forcible answers inspired as well as instructed his hearers. The topics which were taken up during the day were evangelistic services, the conduct of prayer-meetings, inquiry-meetings, and the training of young converts and lay teachers.

THE MORNING SESSION.

At the opening of the Convention at 10 o'clock, the great hall of the Hippodrome was full, a large audience being present in addition to the 3350 pastoral and lay delegates, representing 19 States and 340 towns. The great majority of the delegates were layman. All seemed deeply interested in the revival work and in the subjects which they had come to discuss, and they formed a body of men impressive by numbers,

zeal and intelligence. The topics for the morning were, Evangelistic Services, How to Conduct Them, and How to Conduct Prayer-meetings.

The services were opened with the hymn, "Come, thou fount of every blessing." The Rev. Dr. William Ormiston prayed, and the Rev. Dr. Plumer, of Columbia, S. C., read an extract from the Bible. Mr. Moody addressed the convention briefly on the subjects before it. He invited all in the hall to ask any questions about the work, and from his position on the platform replied to them. Questions poured in rapidly, generally two or three at a time, but the answers were always prompt and direct, and gave great satisfaction. The whole meeting was enthusiastic, and was infused with Mr. Moody's inimitable spirit. Instead of heavy and labored discussion there was an amount of life and earnestness and contagious zeal that would arouse the sleepiest member to a keen interest in the subject, and yet the questions lost none of their seriousness by this cheerful handling. Those who went to the convention with a sombre gravity ready for the occasion, soon found it giving away under Mr. Moody's replies, and laughter and applause were frequent. If the spirit of the convention could survive and be carried by each delegate into his own town and church, the whole country would be awakened and a great work accomplished.

Mr. Moody, in announcing the subjects of the day, spoke as follows:

The two subjects that we have for this forenoon are as follows: Evangelistic Services—How to Conduct them, and How to Conduct Prayer-Meetings. I have not asked any one to speak on these questions. I thought we would just come together and spend an hour on each question. At Philadelphia we found it was profitable just to let any one in the audience ask any question on the subject before us, and we would try and answer it if we could, and in that way, I think, we will be enabled to help those that have difficulty. Let me say a few words about this question.

A person said to me, "What do you mean by Evangelistic services? Is not all service Evangelistic? What do you mean by preaching the Gospel? Are not all services in churches and all meetings preaching the Gospel?" No. There is a good deal of difference. There are three services—at least there ought to be—in every church, and every one ought to keep them in their mind. There is worshipping God. That is not preaching the Gospel at all. We come to the

house of God to worship at times, when we meet around the Lord's table—that is worship, or ought to be. Then there is teaching—building up God's people. That is not preaching the Gospel. Then there is proclaiming the good news of the Gospel to the world, to the unsaved. Now, the question we have before us is, How can these services be conducted to make them profitable? Well, I should say you have to conduct them to interest the people. If they go to sleep, they certainly want to be roused up, and if one method don't wake them up, try another. But I think we ought to use our common sense, if you will allow me the word. We talk a good deal about it, but I think it is about the least sense we have, especially in the Lord's work. If one method don't succeed, let us try another. This preaching to empty seats don't pay. If people won't come to hear us, let us go where they are. We want to preach. Go into some neighborhood and get some persons to invite you into their house, and get them into the kitchen, and preach there; but make it a point to interest the people, and as soon as they get interested they will follow you and fill the churches.

Now, I have come to this conclusion, that if we are going to have successful Gospel meetings, we have got to have a little more life in them. Life is found in singing new hymns, for instance. I know some churches that have been singing about a dozen hymns for the last twenty years, such hymns as "Rock of Ages," "There is a fountain filled with blood," etc. The hymns are always good, but we want a variety. We want new hymns as well as the old ones. I find it wakes up a congregation very much to bring in now and then a new hymn. And if you cannot wake them up with preaching let us sing it into them. I believe the time is coming when we will make a good deal more of just singing the Gospel. Then when a man is converted let us have him in these meetings giving his testimony. Some people are afraid of that. I believe the secret of John Wesley's success was that he sent every man to work as soon as he was converted. Of course you have to guard that point. Some say they become spiritually proud—no doubt of that; but if they don't go to work they become spiritually lazy, and I don't know what's the difference.

Now, the first impulse of the young convert is to go and publish what Christ has done for him. Sometimes a young convert will wake up a whole community and a whole town, just merely telling what the Lord has done for him; and it is good to bring in these witnesses and let them speak. Then

another thing. In a good many towns where we have union meetings we change ministers every night, and a good many special religious meetings have been organized, and proved perfect failures. I am getting letters all the time telling about special meetings, how the people turned out well, but there were no results, and on inquiry I found they had a Methodist minister one night, a Baptist minister another, an Episcopal minister another, a Congregational minister another, in order to keep all denominations in, and the result was they preached everybody out of doors. You could see right on the face of it that that would be the result. One man gets the people all interested, and just at the point where he needs to continue his own ministrations another steps in and he goes out. And so there is no getting hold of the people. Now I believe we have got to have one man.

I remember in Chicago, the last winter I was there, we had preaching every afternoon. We went out with invitations into saloons, billiard halls, etc., and we got a large audience there every afternoon, and we had a new minister every day. We wanted to bring in all denominations to keep harmony, and I believe there was one solitary conversion after preaching thirty days. If we had only stuck to one minister, I believe we would have done a great work then and there, and if we are going to have successful evangelistic services, we cannot be changing speakers every night. And that is why it is best to get a man out of town, and all will unite on that one man. I wish we could get rid of this jealousy. If we could unite on one man and support him with our prayers and our money, if it need be, and just work with him, there would be results. I never knew it to fail yet. It is just this party feeling that comes in and prevents the good results we expect. We are afraid this denomination won't like it, and that denomination won't be properly represented.

Then these meetings ought to be made short. I find a great many are killed because they are too long. The minister speaks five minutes, and a minister's five minutes is always ten, and his ten minutes is always twenty [laughter]; and the result is you preach everybody into the spirit and out of it before the meeting is over. When the people leave they are glad to go home, and ought to go home. Now, you send the people away hungry, and they will come back again. There was a man in London who preached in the open air until everybody left him, and somebody said, "Why did you preach so long?" "Oh," said he, "I thought it would be a pity to

stop while there was anybody listening." [Laughter.] It is a good deal better to cut right off, then people will come back again to hear. But I only just wanted to open this question and give a few hints of what my idea is. Now, if any of you have a few questions you would like to ask, in any part of the hall, on this one subject, we would like to answer them, and if we cannot, there may be some one else here who can.

Here Mr. Moody paused for questions, and then ensued a rapid colloquy, in which Mr. Moody displayed so much quickness and acuteness as to make this portion of the discussion the most interesting of the morning. The questions came thick and fast from all parts of the vast hall, so that the evangelist had to choose first comers. It was impossible to obtain the names of the interrogators, as they were widely scattered, but the dialogue ran as follows:

Q. Would you start a meeting when there is no special interest in the churches?

Mr. Moody—Certainly I would. A good many are folding their arms and saying, "Wait until the good time comes to favor Zion." The point is to make the good time come anyway. Go to work. They have got no calendar in heaven. God can work one month as well as another, and He is always ready when we are ready.

Q. Would you increase the number of meetings as the interest increases?

Mr. Moody—It depends upon how many meetings I have had. If I had as many as I could attend, I would not increase them; but I would if I could.

Q. Suppose the minister is interested and there is no special feeling among the people, would you call in outside help? Would you commence the effort by calling in at once outside help?

Mr. Moody—That is a very important question. If I were a minister in a community or a church, and could not get more than one or two to sympathize with me, I would just get them around to my study, and we would pray and go forth in the name of the Lord, and say, "We are going to have a meeting," and there will be an interest break out. Three men can move any town. If you are going to wait until the whole church gets aroused, you will have to wait a long time. Get as many as you can, and God will stand by you.

Q. Suppose the congregation is alive and the minister is dead?

Mr. Moody—Then let the congregation go on without the minister. [Laughter.]

Q. Suppose the minister won't permit them?

Mr. Moody—He can't prevent it. A man that wants to work for God can do so and nobody can stop him.

Q. Suppose there is a difficulty in the church which cannot be removed?

Mr. Moody—I don't know of any difficulties that God cannot remove. The trouble is we are trying to remove these difficulties ourselves instead of going to God in prayer.

Q. Why was it the Lord Jesus could not do anything at Nazareth?

Mr. Moody—On account of their unbelief; but that was the world, not the church. [Laughter.]

Q. Is it best to put a test question in a church, asking those that are anxious for their souls to arise, or rather go to another room?

Mr. Moody—I think so. If any man is going to be saved, he is going to take up his cross, and if it is a cross, I would like to ask him to do it. What you want is to get them to do something they don't want to do, and it is a great cross generally for people to rise for prayer; but in the very act of doing it they are very often blessed. It is letting their friends know that they are interested, and are on the Lord's side. I have found in the last three years that it has been a great help to us. In fact, I don't think I should attempt to have meetings without the inquiry-room. People are sometimes impressed under the sermon, but what you want is to deal with them personally. Here and there one is converted under the sermon, but for every one converted under the sermon hundreds are converted in the inquiry-room.

Q. Suppose the pastor and a small portion of his congregation desire to have a meeting and the trustees refuse to open the doors?

Mr. Moody—Well, I should pray for the trustees. In the first place, the church has made a mistake in electing unconverted men as trustees. We want Christian men to hold office in the church. Men sometimes are put in as trustees that haven't got any character at all, and they regulate your choir and very often your minister; and if a minister touches their consciences and preaches right at them, they get annoyed and send him away.

Q. In a community where there is an interesting revival very

many families have not been reached—do not attend church anywhere; what would you have laymen try to do?

Mr. Moody—I would have the whole town districted off and every family visited. I think that could be done.

Q. Do you advocate “anxious seats?”

Mr. Moody—I would rather call it seats of decision; but in union meetings you know we have to lay aside a good many of the different denominational peculiarities. The “anxious seat” is known to the Methodists, but if we should call it that the Presbyterians would be afraid and the Episcopalians would be so shocked that they would leave, and I find in the union meetings it is best to ask them to go right into the other room, and talk to them there.

Q. What would you say to a person who replies, “I can be a Christian without rising for prayer?”

Mr. Moody—I should say most certainly he could, but as a general thing he won't. If a man makes up his mind that he won't do a thing, the Lord generally makes him do it before he gets into the kingdom.

Q. What method would you recommend to get people on their feet to testify for Christ?

Mr. Moody—In the first place, I would bury all stiffness. If a meeting has a formal manner, it throws a stiffness over it, so that it would take almost an earthquake to get a man up; but if it is free and social, just as you would go into a man's house and talk with him, you will find people will appreciate it and get up.

Q. When one or more leading members of the church have so borne themselves in the community as that the church has been scandalized, would you recommend a course of discipline before commencing special meetings?

Mr. Moody—I should say certainly. I should go to the 18th chapter of Matthew and see what we are taught to do there, and if these men would not repent I would turn them out of the church and then commence to work. I would rather have ten members right with God than to have a great church of five hundred members and the world laughing at them.

Q. If the world has got in and is stronger than the church, what?

Mr. Moody—Then I would organize another church. [Laughter.] The mistake in all this is in taking unconverted people into the church. We have got to be more careful.

Q. Suppose there are excitements in the church that seem to draw the attention of the church away from higher things, politics, for instance?

Mr. Moody—I don't know much about politics. The political question might interest the world, and you could go right on without being interrupted; but the thing I dread more than I do politics is these miserable church fairs. [Laughter.] That is the thing that bothers me most. More meetings have been broken up and the interest dissipated by these bazaars and church festivals than by your political meetings.

Q. How far is it wise to encourage young converts to labor with inquirers in the inquiry-meeting?

Mr. Moody—I always encourage them. I believe a man who has been a great drunkard, for instance, and been reclaimed, is just the man to go to work among his class.

Q. How would you use the boys and girls?

Mr. Moody—You have to use a good deal of discretion about children. I will admit there is great danger in having children take an active part, for some people are sure to say, "Don't that boy speak well?" and up comes spiritual pride, and you have ruined that boy.

Q. Is a man justified in neglecting service at his own church in order to talk to those who will not attend church?

Mr. Moody—My experience has been that the man that has got the spirit to go out after other men will bring a good many into the church. He don't neglect it; he is worth about a dozen men who go and take good cushioned seats Sunday after Sunday and don't speak to any one.

Q. When a man feels that he must preach the gospel and the church doesn't want to hear it, must he go out?

Mr. Moody—A great many have got the idea that they can preach the gospel, when they cannot, and some have got the idea that they cannot preach the gospel, and they can to a certain class, and then they are just the ones to speak in that church. Now I have tried that. When I was first converted I thought I must talk to them about Christ, but I saw they did not like it, and finally they came and told me I could serve the Lord better by keeping still. Then I went out into the street, and God blessed me, and I got to preaching before I knew it. If the people don't want you, don't force yourself upon them. Go out and preach to the ragged and the destitute.

Q. Would you encourage women preaching in the pulpit?

Mr. Moody—I should say it is a complicated point, and we

will leave it. I don't care about my wife going around and preaching. [Laughter.]

Here Mr. Moody called upon Mr. Sankey to sing a song, which closed the interrogatories on this point and the hour allotted to it. Mr. Moody then introduced the other topic of the morning—How to conduct prayer-meetings and make them successful. "I have noticed," said he, "in travelling up and down the country, and after mingling with a great many ministers, that it is not the man that can preach the best that is the most successful, but the man that knows how to get his people together to pray. He has more freedom. It is so much easier to preach to an audience that is in full sympathy with you than to those that are criticising all the time; it chills your heart through and through. Now if we could only have our prayer-meetings what they ought to be, and people go not out of any sense of duty, but because they delight to go, it would be a great help to a minister on Sunday. Now I find it a great help in prayer-meetings to get the people right up close together, and then get myself right down among them. I believe many a meeting is lost by the people being scattered."

Another important thing is to see that the ventilation is all right. Sometimes I have been in rooms where I think the air must have been in there five or six years. You cannot always trust the janitors to take care of it. The people get sleepy, and you think it is your fault. Very often such a thing is the fault of bad ventilation. See that you get fresh air—not too hot, and not too cold, but pure. Then it is a good thing to have a subject. Let all the people know a week beforehand what the subject is going to be. You take the subject of Faith, say, and ask a brother or two privately to say a little on that subject. If they say, "I cannot get my thoughts together;" or, "I am so frightened when I get up that I tremble all over," then tell him just to get up and read a verse. It won't be long before they will add a few words to that verse, and after a while they will want to talk too much, and the meetings thus become very profitable to those men. What we want is variety. Instead of having Deacon Jones and Deacon Smith and Deacon Brown do all the praying and all the talking, have somebody else say something in this way, and thus create an interest.

I would not have the minister always take the lead, for I have noticed when the minister takes the lead, if he ever goes off there is a collapse. Now, it seems to me a minister should get different ones into the chair, and when he goes off the

meetings won't miss him, and there will be no falling off. Not only that, but he is training his members to work. They will go out around the town and in school-houses, and preach the Gospel, and we multiply preachers and workers in that way if they are only just taught to take part. Now, I believe there are a great many in our church prayer-meetings that could be brought out and made to be a great help if the ministers would only pay attention to it. How many lawyers, physicians, public speakers we have who do nothing to actively help along the work, and I believe that difficulty could be removed if the minister would take a little pains. Let the father whose son has been converted get up and give thanks. Have once in a while a thanksgiving meeting. It wakes up a church wonderfully, once in a while to let the young converts relate their experiences. Then you say, what are you going to do with these men that talk so long? I would talk to them privately, and tell them they must try to be shorter. And it is a good thing sometimes for ministers themselves not to be too long. Sometimes they read a good deal of Scripture, and talk until perhaps only fifteen minutes is left, and then they complain because Deacon Smith, or Jones, or some one else talks too long. Just let the minister strike the keynote of the meeting, and if he can't do that in ten minutes he can't at all. Very often a minister takes up a chapter and exhausts it, and says everything he can think of in the chapter, and then can you wonder a layman cannot say more who has had no study of the subject? Give out the subject a week ahead, let the minister take five or ten minutes in opening, and then let the different ones take part. That would be greater variety. When a man takes part he gets greatly interested himself. It was pretty true what the old deacon said, that when he took part they were very interesting, and when he didn't they seemed very dull. [Laughter.]

As Mr. Moody closed, three or four delegates were on their feet ready with their questions, as follows:

Q. Suppose one, two or three brethren come to the prayer-meeting and there are thirty sisters, how are you going to get along?

Mr. Moody—I should call it a woman's meeting, and go on and have the sisters take part. [Laughter.]

Q. What should be the main purpose of a prayer-meeting—the conversion of sinners, devotion, or the edification of saints?

Mr. Moody—I should say that the prayer-meeting ought to be for the edification of saints and devotion.

Q. If some are very happy and begin to shout and clap their hands, would you stop them?

Mr. Moody—That is a controverted point and I will omit that. [Laughter.] I have an idea that a Gospel meeting is one thing, and a prayer-meeting another. There also ought to be meetings where we proclaim the Gospel to the unsaved.

Q. Would you have an inquiry meeting after every preaching?

Mr. Moody—My experience has led me to think the best time to strike is when the iron is hot. If I was preaching, and tried to rouse men to flee from the wrath to come, I would have an inquiry meeting afterward.

Q. Is it profitable to have preaching services every Sunday-night for the unconverted?

Mr. Moody—Yes, and every night, too, sometimes; but my idea of church worship is about like this: We have breaking of the bread, or communion; then there is teaching, and then in the evening they proclaim the Gospel, and in the morning they come knowing it is for the edification of the saints, building up God's people.

Q. You say you would allow church members to conduct prayer-meetings. You know the character of the New England Congregational prayer-meeting, and that there is danger that these people begin to take the leadership out of the hands of the minister and trouble comes of it. What would you do to prevent that?

Mr. Moody—I should say the minister had not been faithful in building up his people. I don't think there is any trouble of that kind in a good many churches where members lead. Dr. Cuyler does not lead his own prayer-meeting Friday-night, and what we want is to bring out the talent that lies buried in the church, and if we don't bring it out in the evening meetings, I don't know how we will.

Here a delegate informed the meeting that Dr. Cuyler never leads his prayer-meetings, but sits in his congregation, sometimes speaking, and sometimes not.

Q. Would you advise having a young people's meeting separate from the regular church prayer-meeting?

Mr. Moody—I always have had in our church in Chicago. We have children's meetings once a week, young people's meetings, and then a meeting Friday-night for all, old and young.

Q. Is there any relation between united work and united prayer?

Mr. Moody—If they get to praying well, they will work well.

Q. How about the ministers praying and preaching, too?

Mr. Moody—I think it is a good deal better to divide the ground. If a minister does all the praying and preaching and singing, the church will do all the sleeping.

Q. Do you believe in calling on people to pray and speak in the prayer-meeting?

Mr. Moody—My theory is one thing and my practice another. I have always advocated open prayer-meetings, but when our noon prayer-meetings became so large we often had men whom we did not know coming up and talking and talking and not saying anything, and others who had come a hundred miles just to be present at that meeting, and so we have had to put it into the hands of those on the platform. Still, I stick to my theory that it is better to have an open meeting. You sometimes get things that grate upon your nerves, but at the same time you get things that you would not get if you took it into your own hands. If men ruin a meeting you must talk with them personally and make them keep still. Now, you sometimes call on a man to pray when he has not got the spirit of prayer in him, and that is one of the reasons why I object to calling on men. Some men are called on to pray that just pray a meeting dead.

Q. What would you do with the brother who prays the same prayer over and over again?

Mr. Moody—I should see him privately and talk with him about his own soul, because very often you find these men are out of communion with God, and are just keeping up the forms.

Q. If you tell a man to be short and he don't obey, what then?

Mr. Moody—I would have a bell.

Q. Suppose you drive him away by that method, what then?

Mr. Moody—Let him go. Five men will come and take his place.

Q. Is it wise to adhere to a series of topics?

Mr. Moody—I would say yes and I would say no. Sometimes you are in the midst of a series and some special interest breaks out, then let your series go. Make the point that your meetings must be interesting.

Q. Suppose a prosy speaker is an old minister who always takes part, what would you do?

Mr. Moody—I would deal with him as I would with any one else. I would not allow any man to ruin the meeting.

Q. In a social prayer-meeting during the week do you advise that women take part in the prayer?

Mr. Moody—That is a controverted point; some say yes, and some say no; so we will let them have their own way.

Q. Would you stop a man's prayer by a bell?

Mr. Moody—If a man's prayer don't seem to go higher than his head, I should not hesitate to ring him down.

Q. If a man prays in every prayer-meeting, and there is a general doubt about his standing, what then?

Mr. Moody—I would go and labor with him, and if I thought he was wrong, I would tell him so. I think we make a great mistake that we don't go to men and just tell them their trouble.

Q. What should be a man's posture when he is praying?

Mr. Moody—I don't know. Sometimes I pray right on my face, and sometimes I bow; sometimes I have sweet communion with God in my bed. It makes no difference how we pray.

Q. What does the Scripture teach that women should do in prayer-meeting?

Mr. Moody—It teaches that they should pray like all the rest of them.

Q. Why do you leave out the woman question by saying it is controverted?

Mr. Moody—There are some men who have one hobby-horse and they trot him out on all occasions. When you come into a union meeting like this where all denominations are represented, let us leave aside the questions that provoke only dispute instead of breaking up the convention.

Q. Why not as well break up a convention as a church by this discussion?

Mr. Moody—Very well. You get up a convention to talk about it. This convention has not been called for that. [Laughter.]

Here Mr. Moody, the hour being nearly up, requested Mr. Sankey to sing "Watching and Waiting," after which the noon prayer-meeting was opened.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The exercises of the afternoon session were begun at 3 o'clock. There were 8,000 people in the house, and the meeting was full of interest. The subjects were: "Inquiry Meetings: How

can they Become Part of the Service in our Churches," and "The Training of Young Converts and Lay Teachers." There were short addresses from a number of prominent clergymen, but no questions and answers as in the morning, and the real work of the Convention was entered upon. Mr. Moody has plenty of able assistance, but his spirit and plans pervaded everything. There were prayers by the Rev. A. D. Vail, the Rev. Dr. Plumer of South Carolina, and Dr. Hall. The first address was by Dr. Fish of Newark. He said:

I do not know why Mr. Moody has requested me to open this discussion, except possibly that he is familiar with the fact that for a long time I have had something to do with the inquiry meetings of about 1200 souls, whom I have had the joy and privilege of introducing into the Christian church of Newark, upon profession of their faith. Almost all of them have come through between my fingers in careful examination and handling in the inquiry-room, and I have never had a year of my ministry where the inquiry-room has not been an important feature. I intend in the future to make much more of it than I have ever done, and never to have a service—unless it be an unusual case—in which the inquiry does not form a part. I believe we are accustomed, all of us, to set our nets and not to draw them. When I was at the Sea of Galilee, I forced my oars in as far as I could, and the fishes ran up in plenteous numbers to see what was going on, but I did not catch a single one. The next day a friend of mine caught one fish, and the sea was full of them. Jesus said, "I will make ye fishers of men." Where there are such multitudes of souls, we ought to catch some of them. I think the place to catch souls is the inquiry-room. One Sunday night I was saying from my pulpit that hand-picked fruit was the best kind of fruit; that the orchardman does not pick up the fruit that falls on the ground and put it away to keep late in the season, but he gets the fruit that is picked one by one, apple by apple, from the bough, carefully, and puts it away to keep. I said hand-picked fruit is what we want. An old woman who had been going to my church a great while, when she heard this, began to work. The next night she brought her husband to the meeting. He said: "For twenty years I have not darkened the door of a church of God, but my wife has been teasing me so much all day to come here to-night, I had to come." "Yes," the old woman said, "I thought I would try and do some of the work you told us about last night. My husband

was the nearest to me, and I thought I would begin at home and pick him."

There are various advantages that accrue from this sort of thing. I find it beneficial to my people and me to form the practical acquaintance that we form in this way, especially with the new converts. It is not a small matter to become personally acquainted with two or three hundred converts whom you are apt to receive in a great city like this. The work of conversion is only the first step. If the minister is personally dealing with every soul in the inquiry-room, he is prepared to build up and instruct that soul. They also form personal acquaintance with each other.

In connection with the matter of making the inquiry-room a permanent part of the church services, it is well to make the preaching service short. I find out more and more that short services are the best. (I speak of my Sunday evening services, when I am hand-picking, and am particularly after the soul.) One year ago, I announced that my Sunday evening sermon would not exceed fifteen or twenty minutes, and after that we would adjourn to the inquiry-room. I send down a choir of singers, and station men in the vestibule to be polite to those who look timidly in, and invite them in, and make it seem pleasant to them. In ten minutes it is all organized, and the meeting, which I study to make social and free, without any of the stiffness that brother Moody says kills everything, and every night we are given some precious souls. Let us never set our net without drawing it to see if there will be some fish there. Let us strike while the iron is hot, and let us make it hot by striking, by making our sermons so consumingly full of the desire to save souls that are there present, that all with whom we come in contact will be conscious that we are earnestly after them, and so we shall have inquirers the year round.

Dr. Booth then addressed the meeting as follows: I respond to Mr. Moody's request because I made up my mind in the beginning to acquiesce in every direction of his, and say, "Yes," whenever he said come. I do not know much practically about the subject, but we all understand more or less that the inquiry meeting is consistent with the whole truth of the principles we are working for. How shall we put the inquiry meeting on the top of the Sabbath services? One night I had charge of the after-meeting here, and just beforehand, Brother Sankey said to me, "After they have entered, do you draw the net." It was the first time I had heard it,

and I determined I would. I said, one Sabbath morning, after preaching on the text, "Come, for all things are now ready," this sermon presupposes and involves an invitation now and here. It does not imply that you are to go away after the sermon and spend two or three hours exposed to the influence of the world, the flesh, and the devil, but then and there to give them an opportunity of accepting Christ. Such a thing as an inquiry meeting had never taken place under my sober ministry in my staid church, but I resolved to do it; and ten people came in that very first night and accepted Christ, and one of the ten was a dear young man whom I had been yearning after for years. The inquiry meeting is according to the plan of the Gospel as a proclamation. The difficulty is that all sermons are not intended to mount up to that climax. If our sermons are mere orations, and theories of Christianity, such an invitation is incongruous and absurd; but when the sermon says "Come" from beginning to end, when it is appended to the cross, when it is bleeding with tears and sobs all the way through, then we can say "Come." Suppose only ten come? There will be fifty who will go away and come the next night, probably. Look at this assembly. Here is a simple Gospel preached to sinners, not as a demonstration, not as a plea against infidelity, but as a proclamation; and it has held New York for a month, and I believe if it could go on for six months more we could almost disband our police force. [Applause.]

Charles Dickens eight years ago went into the Victoria Theatre, in the East End of London. He sat looking in at the door, and an English clergyman was preaching, telling the story of converting a philosopher. It was such an audience as would gather at the Five Points here in New York. Mr. Dickens, whose heart grew tenderer as he drew nearer to the grave, looked in and said: "Looking in at the door out of the mire and dust of my way of life, I hear the story of your saved philosopher; but," said he, "when a man goes to London that will take the story of the dying thief on the cross, whom Jesus forgave, and preach that in London, it will be a sight to see." Well, New York has seen it; it is here.

Mr. Moody closed the discussion on this subject, speaking as follows:

If the ministers would encourage their members to be scattered among the audience, to never mind their pew but sit back by the door if need be, or in the gallery, where they can watch the faces of the audience, it would be a good thing. In

Scotland I met a man who with his wife would go and sit among them, as they said, to watch for souls. When they saw any one who seemed impressed they would go to him after the meeting and talk with him. Nearly all the conversions in that church during the last fifteen months had been made through that influence. Now, if we could only have from thirty to fifty members of the church whose business it is just to watch, and you laymen and laywomen to afterward clinch them in. The best way in our regular churches is to let the workers all help pull the net in. You will get a good many fishes; it won't be now and then one, but scores and scores. Now, a stranger coming into a church likes to have some one speak to him. He does not feel insulted at all. A young man coming to New York a stranger and going to church, if some one asks him to go into the inquiry-room it makes him happy and cheers him. Two young men came into our inquiry-room here the other night, and after a convert had talked with them, and showed them the way, the light broke in upon them. They were asked, "Where do you go to church?" They gave the name of the church where they had been going. Said one, "I advise you to go and see the minister of that church." They said, "We don't want to go there any more; we have gone there for six years and no one has spoken to us."

A man was preaching about Christians recognizing each other in Heaven, and some one said, "I wish he would preach about recognizing each other on earth." In one place where I preached where there was no special interest, I looked over the great hall of the old circus building where it was held, and saw men talking to other men here and there. I said to the Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association who got up the meeting, "Who are those men?" He said, "They are a band of workers." They were all scattered through the hall, and preaching and watching for souls. Out of the fifty of them, forty-one of their number had got a soul each and were talking and preaching with them. We have been asleep long enough. When the laity wake up and try and help the minister the minister will preach better. If the minister finds he has not been drawing the net right, if a good many in his church go to work and help him he will do better; he will prepare the sermons with that one thing in view. Will this draw men to Christ?

I do not see how men can preach without inquiry-meetings. I like to see the converts. One minister in Scotland said he

did not believe in disturbing the impression. If he had made an impression he did not want any one to say anything. He said, "After you sow the seed you don't want to go and dig it up to see whether it has sprouted." But I told him, "The farmers all harrow it in after it is sowed." [Applause.]

The subject for the next hour was announced as "The Training of Young Converts and Lay Teachers." Upon this topic Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr.; spoke as follows:

Our failure to train young converts in the faith has resulted in the present Laodicean condition of the church. If the young converts who in the last ten years have been brought into the churches in this city had been systematically and perseveringly instructed in God's Word and in methods of work, we should not be so greatly surprised at the occurrences of the past four weeks, and I am satisfied that very much dishonor is done to the Holy Ghost in consequence of the failure of the church to train its converts. People constantly say, "Do you think the converts in this revival are going to stick?" That will depend upon the faithfulness of the church, and in the failure of very many of them the Holy Ghost bears the rebuke of our own laziness. In reference to this training, it seems to me there are three distinct departments: In the word, in the worship, and in the work of the church. Some of the converts come into our churches from skeptical life, ignorant even of the succession of the books of the Bible. Most of the Bible is an unknown territory, and we need to train our young converts in the texts of the word.

I would limit them to testimony in speaking before the Church. I do not believe in experience meetings for young converts. When we are confessing Christ we are safe, but when we are professing religion we are on dangerous grounds. When some one asked Bishop Griswold of Richmond, "Bishop, have you much humility?" he said, "None to speak of." Most people have too much to speak of.

The Church is a body of workers, and not a body to be worked upon. Everybody is thinking now-a-days, "Why does not the pastor take care of me? I am a wandering sheep, and ought to be looked after." But the pastor has not, in his relation, the analogy of the shepherd to the fold. The Church ought to be a body of workers. The young convert ought to be trained in his place as a worker, and the pastor is the leader of the work. He is the general. He is to do what this man has been doing here for six weeks past, "bossing" everybody, directing everybody in the way in which he is to

do his work. Let him specially set every man to work, if possible, in the line of his secular occupation. Let him use a physician, for instance, at the bedside of the sick and suffering, and in his assignments of work consult the secular occupation of the man. Thus it is that young converts very soon become strong officers for Christ.

Second and Last Day of the Revival Convention, held at the Hippodrome, in New York, March 30, 1876.

Mr. Sankey Speaks at Length on Singing in Churches, Prayer-meetings and Revival Services.—Opposition to Paid Choirs.—Addresses by Drs. Taylor and Hastings.—Mr. Moody Answers Questions again.—Subjects Considered in the Afternoon Session.—Methods of Getting Hold of the Masses and of Young Men.—Mr. Moody Questions Dr. Plumer in the Evening.

THE MORNING SESSION.

The exercises of the Convention were resumed promptly at 10 o'clock. The front seats and best gallery seats next the platform were reserved for the delegates, while persons who have had the privileges of the Hippodrome for many weeks retired to the background. The proceedings were exceedingly interesting. The time allotted to the discussions was so short, that it was necessary to deal with every subject with the utmost directness, and it was then abandoned before any one was tired of it or had exhausted it, in order to give place to the next. Meetings might be held with the same interest and profit for several days. It is a memorable season for all those who have the revival work at heart. The fellowship and communion must awaken and encourage many a weary and discouraged worker, and all will return feeling they have been greatly encouraged and inspirited.

The session opened with the hymn of praise, "Rejoice and be glad, the Redeemer has come," and the volume of voice filled the hall. The subject before the Convention for the first hour was, "How shall the service of song be conducted in the Lord's work?" This being the especial work and study of Mr. Sankey for many years, he was called upon to give the results of his labors and experience. He spoke briefly and forcibly in favor of congregational singing, in which each one should praise God for himself and not hire anybody else to do

it in his stead. He was followed by Dr. William M. Taylor, and then Dr. Hastings spoke on the other side of the question in favor of choirs. From 11 to 12 the time was occupied with the questions to Mr. Moody and his answers. Instead of questions being asked from the floor, as on the preceding morning, they had been put in writing, and Mr. Moody read and answered them almost in the same breath with aptness and force. This continued for half an hour, an uninterrupted flow of vigorous and sometimes witty talk, pervaded with Christian truth. It was a combination of repartee and instruction which surprised, delighted and did good to every one. Though many old prejudices must have been assailed by much that he said, it was said in such a way that no one was hurt or strengthened in opposition. His unqualified condemnation of church fairs, "If the church cannot do without fairs, let us do without the church," must have struck home to half his congregation, but to a man they smiled and showed no sign of dissent.

Mr. Sankey's remarks were as follows:

The question is, "How shall the service of song be conducted in the Lord's work?" and for the short time we have here this morning to discuss it, we don't propose to go into any elaborate exposition, but simply to get down at once to the practical workings of the question, how can the service of song be conducted most successfully to lead to the best results in the service of the Lord? Now, as there are so many different forms of work, we will have to take them up in order, commencing first with the church, then with the prayer-meeting, then the Sunday-school, then the evangelistic work.

I am very glad, indeed, to see and to know that the power of sacred song is being recognized not only in our own, but in other lands; and now as it is being recognized, the question comes up, how can we utilize this power, how can we best use it in God's house, and to the best advantage for the church of God? Before I go further, let me drop one statement here that will go to prove and establish the fact that the power of sacred song is laying hold of all people of this land and of others, to a greater extent, probably, than for many, many years. The little hymn-book that was published in England, containing many or most of the hymns we are singing here to-day, has taken such a hold upon the people—I think, upon the common people—that not less than 5,000,000 copies have been sold of that little book; I mean the music and the words together. They have spread all over the world, and people are singing these songs away off in India and Africa. No

later than last week I got a copy of the hymns translated into the Kaffir language, and I have as many as twenty or thirty translations altogether.

Now comes the question, how can we utilize these songs and this service the best? In the first place, in regard to the church, I would not have an artistic quartet choir. The first thing I would do would be to discharge them, to remove them. [Applause.] Now remember, I don't speak against these persons, individually—there are just as nice people in these quartet choirs as elsewhere—but against the service which they attempt to lead, or rather succeed in monopolizing. I could not praise God here if I could not sing, too, as well as the choir. You must join and praise God for yourselves. Therefore, in their stead, I would have a large Christian choir. I would have all the Christians I could gather in from the congregation or elsewhere, and let them lead the service of praise. Some people, I know, will object to this, but I cannot help it. Our experience for the last two years has been this, that we have made it a rule that we will only have Christians lead the praise; and I think one of the principal reasons of our success has been that we have tried, as far as we could, to get those who love the Lord and love to sing right out of their hearts. It may not be so artistic as some, but the Lord has certainly blessed this sort of singing. I would have the singers near the ministers. I don't like the choir to be so far away from the minister. They are separated from him, and probably not in sympathy with him. He cannot speak to them, and they cannot counsel with him. There are two powers in the church—opposition powers, sometimes they are, which ought never to be allowed. If we can have Christians lead the singing, you will not be ashamed to have them before the congregation, that the congregation may see them, and their deportment will be such as becomes the house of God. Away back in the galleries often we don't know what is going on; but if they are here before the congregation we can see them, and they can be a help to the minister.

And there is another plan of having a screen, having the choir in the pulpit back of the minister, but behind a screen, so that as soon as the singing is done they will drop behind the screen like a jack in the box. [Laughter.] I would have that screen removed, and your minister should insist upon it that the choir give as good attention as the congregation does. People who do not give attention to the word of God when preached, should not lead the service of song in the house of

God. I have found this, that by having my choir give attention to the addresses in this room, the contagion spreads, and the audience give attention, too; but if this choir was disposed to be talking, reading books, writing notes, etc., the audience would be watching them to see what they were doing, and the attention would be distracted, and valuable results lost. The most exact attention should be given to the preacher while he is preaching. I will not dwell further upon that, except to speak about the instrument. I want to talk about the practical things with which you have to come in contact. I have often found this to be the case, that the large organ drowns the people's voices. Now, it is not so much the fault of the organ as it is the fault of the man who plays it. A large organ can be played very softly, so that the people's voices are not drowned; but you usually find it the case that the organ is played so hard as to shake the whole building, and to shake the whole people so that they can hardly sing themselves. I would ask the organist to play very softly so as to have the people led by the organ's tones, and not their attention taken up by it. I would rather have a small organ than a large one—a cabinet organ or a small organ near the pulpit, not to drown the people's voices, but simply to support them. I don't care if this organ is not heard ten feet away, if the choir hear it. What we want is the human voice. There is nothing equal to that in the world, and if we can keep our leaders correctly in tune and time with the instrument it is all we want. That is why the people join so heartily here in these songs. I might have a large organ here. I don't want it to interfere, however. I cannot sing with that great organ going, for I get to listening to it and watching to see how the organist plays.

Now, we will go on to the prayer-meeting. How would you conduct the singing in a prayer-meeting? If you have in your congregation a Christian man who is a good singer, I would have him lead the singing. I would have him at the prayer-meeting. Very often some very good man, and sometimes a very good woman, will start up a song entirely out of tune and out of pitch, so that no one can join with them, and they worry through it, nearly breaking their voices. I would take control of this, and say, "Now, Brother Smith or Brother Jones will have charge of the singing;" and if Brother Smith wants to sit and have one or two friends gathered about him, all the better, and let him pitch the tune. In regard to an instrument at the prayer-meeting, some are opposed to it and some not. If I had a good singer, one whose voice was

strong enough, I would have him instead of an instrument, but if not, I would have some one who could play the organ in the proper key, and then the people can follow him. Then I would introduce many of the Sunday-school hymns into the prayer-meeting. I would not sing all the old tunes we love so well always. Of course they are good, but we want variety. Bring in new hymns now and then. The question of introducing new tunes into the service of the church is a very important one. Now and then a new tune should be introduced. The best plan I have found is that the tune should be sung as a voluntary frequently before it is given out as a hymn. I would exclude altogether operatic pieces from the Church of God, and I would have my choir understand that these plain Gospel hymns in the worship of God are far better than the finest operatic hymns you can find. [Applause.] Leave them to the Opera. Don't bring them into the House of God.

Now, in regard to the Sunday-school service, I need not say much about that. I may say that in this country we have set an example to the world in regard to Sunday-school singing. It is nowhere, I think, so well conducted as in our own country. But there are a few places that don't have good singing. To those I would say, get an instrument, for the children love music. Get a lady or gentleman to play, and gather a few singers around in front of the instrument and have them sing frequently. I would talk to the children frequently about the hymns, though not too long. I would not let the singing diverge into a singing-school. Sing on the topics that have been discussed during the day, keeping the minds of the children and of the teachers in one direction.

Now, the evangelistic services. These are being conducted very extensively all over the country now, and when you bring all denominations together, I would ask all the ministers to send to the place of meeting the very best singers he has in his choir or congregation, for I find sometimes the best singers are in the congregation, and not in the choir, for some reason or other; and I would thus have all the denominations come together, saying, "For this time, and for these services, we will unite on one hymn, singing for Jesus, singing that we may know Christ." All these meetings of the choirs, I should think, ought to be opened and closed with prayer. I think it is a great thing to open a meeting with prayer. The people feel that they are in the presence of God, and all will work together in the sweetest harmony to further the cause of Christ.

I would make the point, too, to have the people supplied with hymns, for I think the progress of a meeting is oftentimes greatly disturbed by the people not having the words before them. Mr. Spurgeon comments on the hymns, and tells his congregation how he wants them sung, and so the people become deeply interested, and there is not a man in his church that is not singing at the top of his voice. If the minister don't manifest any interest in the singing, and is studying the heads of his sermon, the choir get careless and listless. Many a man will come to church and the sermon will pass into and out of his ears and be forgotten, but the hymn will linger and work for good.

I remember in Philadelphia, years ago, when I was a little boy, I heard an old minister get up and read the hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood." I have thought of that old man, with his gray hair and tears streaming down his face as he read that hymn, ever since, though I have forgotten the sermon and everything else. I want to spend five minutes more, that you may ask me some practical questions. If I have any information I will be pleased to give it to you.

The following questions were then put and replies given:

Q. Would you not think it better to encourage congregational singing by abolishing the choir altogether and have it led by a single voice? A. I think not, from the fact that very few precentors have the power of voice to lead two or three thousand people. They have to labor so hard in leading that they don't create that sympathetic feeling toward the singing that should exist. There is no impropriety in it, but I would not advise any man or woman to attempt it alone.

Q. What about smaller meetings? A. The same will apply to small ones.

Q. Would you have the leader of a prayer-meeting pitch the tune? A. If a singer, he could do it, but of course the man who leads is not always a singer. I think we would have a hard time if I should ask brother Moody to lead the singing here to-day. (Loud laughter.)

Q. If you have not got any singers who are Christians, what would you do? A. I would commence evangelistic services at once and get some. (Loud laughter.)

Q. Would you recommend solo singing in the ordinary church services? A. Not as a rule.

Mr. Moody—I would if I had Sankey. (Loud applause.)

Mr. Sankey—Let me for a moment speak of this solo singing. I read in the word here, "Let the word of Christ dwell

in you richly in all wisdom ; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs ; singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." These are hymns which teach and preach the Gospel, and these are not hymns of praise. I believe that is another power of singing which many have not discovered yet, that of preaching the Gospel. There is no praise in the hymn "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," yet it has been blessed to hundreds of souls. It is not praising God at all. When it comes to praising God I will join in the general singing as heartily as any one else. If I want to preach to you in song I would ask you to listen.

Q. Would you ask the congregation to sing in unison? A. As a rule, I would ask them to join in the air or leading part and let the choir bring in the tenor and bass and other parts. If, however, a man in the audience is a good singer and his voice is better adapted to singing bass, let him sing bass.

The subject was continued by the singing of "Hold the Fort," in which, as may readily be inferred, the congregation joined with a will

The Rev. Dr. Taylor then said: It seems to me as a foundation of all that is said and done upon this matter that we ought to have bright ideas of the importance of praise. Let us think of what the sacrifice of praise in the house of the Lord is designed to do. It prepares the way for the descent of the Holy Spirit into the heart. Bring me a minstrel, said Elisha, and while listening to the music the Spirit of the Lord came down and he prophesied. Very frequently, through the music of a song of praise, the Spirit of God in His glory has come down and filled the living temple of the human heart ; for it not only prepares the way for the sermon to follow, but very often clinches the effect produced by the sermon. I heard the beautiful story about Toplady's conversion. He went into a barn in Ireland where he heard a Primitive Methodist minister preach the Gospel. At the close the minister gave out the hymn, "Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched." It seemed to him then that the whole company of the congregation took up the appeal from the minister's lips, and instead of one appeal there was that of hundreds. Then he gave his heart to Christ and nobly did he honor the obligation in his later life by laying on the altar of Christ the hymn that we are so fond of—

"Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

Then, again, singing sustains the heart in trial. Very

often in this country we are in the habit of serenading our great men, but oh! no songs in the ear of God are like the serenades which go up from the hearts of God's children in the night of trial. He comes forth from His throne to speak words of comfort and cheer. Then, again, it braces the heart for conflict. After His last supper Christ sang a hymn. The Lord Jesus sang, and sang with Gethsemane in view, to brace Himself up for conflict with the prince of this world. Who does not know, too, how Luther strung himself up for his reformation work by that noble version of the 46th psalm, termed the Marseillaise of the Reformation. Mr. Sankey has covered the whole ground in the admirable address to which we have listened, so in my remarks I will limit myself to congregational singing, and will look at it from the point of view of the pastor. Mr. Sankey has a little forgotten that while conducting the evangelistic services he has everything in his power; the pastor has to take the church with him. The church must be like Wordsworth's cloud, and move altogether, if at all. Ministers have to suffer, like Moses, for a good many things for the hardness of people's hearts. [Laughter.] If we want to come up to the ideal pitch of perfection, we should probably end by making discord all around. So we have got to make the best of things, as at present. We ought to be limited in our range of selection of hymns. I have a profound conviction that the great size of our congregational hymn-books is killing congregational singing.

It is not possible for the great multitude of the congregation to acquire the facilities to sing all the tunes needed for the rendering of these hymns. The first thing I would recommend a minister to do is by a species of natural selection to make his own little selection out of the big one, and if by any accident he would give out one that dragged, then put a beacon on it and not give it out again. [Laughter.] Let ministers give good heed to the counsels Mr. Sankey addressed to them with regard to the necessity of cultivating good feeling between them and the choir. If they persist in looking on the choir as hirelings it will develop the hireling spirit. Don't continue to look on them as necessary evils. [Laughter.] Go and have a free and frank and brotherly conference with them. Don't manage it by authority; you can never do that. [Laughter.] Manage them by influence and love. Talk sincerely and earnestly on the subject. One more thing I would say, if we have good congregational singing, we must have rousing preaching. [Laughter.] The best way to heat a church is to have the stove in the pulpit. [Loud laughter.]

The Rev. Dr. Hastings then delivered a long address, in which in some measure he differed from the principles laid down by Mr. Sankey. He said first of all he had not one particle of sympathy for the church suffering under the curse of mercenary choirs, nor would he until the church would wake up to the fact of the shameful neglect of which she was guilty in this matter of praising God. You ministers, said he, who are tortured by quartets, I am not sorry for you. Have you gone to the rehearsal, have you taken them by the hand and found out their thoughts about the praise of God? have you ever shown any sympathy for them personally? When they are singing in church are you looking over notes, or looking over the Bible, or occupying yourself with something else? If I tread on Mr. Moody's toes a little for a minute—one service which is permitted to be interrupted is the service of song. Mr. Moody, while Dr. Adams was praying didn't say "Open the doors," but the moment the hymn is singing he says, "Now open the doors and let them in." [Loud laughter.] The most magnificent thing I ever heard in my life is the lifting up of the voices of this great congregation. I don't blame Mr. Moody—it is only of a piece with the common habit of the church throughout the country. What Brother Sankey said this morning was admirable sense for the millennium, but we are but little past the middle of the nineteenth century yet. Let us work toward it. I have got a pretty good pair of legs, long enough for ordinary use. [Laughter.] For many years, while my sainted father was with me, I had the delight of having my choir just as I wanted, and when the crisis came, I said to my legs, "Now do your duty," and I went on the hunt just as Mr. Sankey recommended, to find singers in the congregation to make themselves targets for the ungenerous criticism of the congregation. My congregation is better than the average on that subject. [Laughter.] Singers have some rights which Christians are bound to respect. They are not respected by the church and ministers as they should be; they are held at arms-length. The average condition of musical culture, in a given congregation, must determine what the singing should be, and that congregation cannot ignore the fact without a violation of nature. I would rather have a first-rate quartet than a first-rate precentor. There is more music in it. You can have a Christian influence prevailing in a quartet choir as well as in a choral choir. The churches have not lifted up this service and elevated it with the service of prayer. I long for the revival of love and joy

in the Holy Ghost to bring us to our senses on this subject. Why, look at the days of Solomon, when four thousand were set apart for the service of song. There is not a church I ever knew of that took any careful measures to train up either a leader or a choir for themselves.

The second hour's services were now commenced, Mr. Moody saying amid loud laughter, "Now I don't know how to get the people in," adding, after giving out the second hymn: "Let's all rise and sing. Never mind the doors. If you are paying attention to what you are singing you won't notice the people coming in. If I were to set apart two minutes for them to come in, then these ministers would get talking, and I couldn't stop them." [Laughter.] After a short preliminary service the following queries were put, and answered by Mr. Moody:

Q. How can you introduce new hymns into the church?

A. One good way is to have one night given to sacred song and singing new hymns and tunes as well as the old ones; and then I would have the people have the books in their home.

Q. How can I get the speakers to be short in the prayer-meetings? A. Be short yourself and set a good example. [Laughter.]

Q. My church is divided. I can't get them united in special services. What am I to do? A. Just get as many as you can, and just get each one to influence those that are standing out.

Q. I am a pastor in a town with about ten thousand inhabitants. I cannot get the young men out to our meetings. What am I to do? A. The best thing to do is just to have a yoke-fellows' band—form the Christian young men into a band; suppose there were only three of them, let them meet and pray together. The little band will soon grow, and in the course of a few months they will be thirty. Let your preaching be short; throw away your manuscript and preach right at them. [Laughter.] If you see a man is gone asleep, make up your mind that you have got to close. There ought to be no trouble about that. A man can get a hymn book for five cents. He can drop off one cigar and get it. The great trouble is that a great many only have the books in the church; they ought to have them in their homes.

Q. What do you think of having a service devoted entirely to sacred song opened and closed by prayer? A. A very good thing.

Q. What would you do to get people out to hear the Gospel

preached? A. Get them out to hear it sung. In that way you will get them acquainted with it. Touch it up with some little story when you give it out, and before you know it you are preaching to them.

Q. What is the best book for inquirers? A. Well, the book written by John is about the best I have ever seen. [Laughter.]

Q. How would you wake up an interest in the church prayer-meeting? A. Why, wake up yourself. Shake hands with the young men, say you are glad to see them, and you may be sure they will come back again. I believe men living in a country district have, in this respect, more advantages than we in cities. When I was in my native village I had all those long winter evenings to myself, and if there had been such meetings I would have been glad to go to them. When I went back to my native town, last summer, I preached there for a short time. When I was ready to go away some of the young converts asked me what they should do. I told them to go right into the school-houses, and hold a series of meetings. The result was that these houses are filled with people at those meetings. I tell you the nation is hungry for the Gospel.

Q. If a church is sadly in debt would you favor a fair? A. I am a sworn enemy to them. I never knew one yet but the devil got in before we got through. Just conceive for a moment Paul going down to Corinth to open a fair. God's people have money enough, they don't want to go into the world to get it. There was a time when the church was trying to get out of the world, but now the world has come into the church. A young lady is put behind a table to draw young people to her beauty. I don't know when I was more mortified than by an advertisement of a church fair in the West, where it was said that any young man could come in and take a kiss from the handsomest woman at the fair for twenty-five cents. I hope the time is come when we shall be rid of these abominations. It would be a good deal better to preach in the streets than to get a church put up in that way.

Q. How would you get members to work?

A. Well, keep them out of fairs. [Loud laughter.] I don't think you can move the church in a mass; you have got to work with them privately and personally. A great many persons would work if they were shown what to do, and there are a good many others of executive ability in the church who could set them about-it. Suppose the politicians wanted

to carry New York; they would know how every man would vote. The most precious hours I ever spent were employed going from house to house preaching Christ. There is plenty of work, the fields are already white for the harvest. I remember one time in Chicago I was asked to take an interest in the children of a saloon-keeper who was a notorious infidel. I took the man's address. I went down and found the old fellow behind the bar. I told him my errand, but I had to get out a good deal quicker than I got in. I thought I would try him the second time, when he would be a little less under the influence of drink, but he made me get out again. I went back then the third time. "Well," said he, "look here, young man, you were talking about the Bible; I will read the New Testament if you will read Paine's 'Age of Reason.'" "Agreed," said I, but he had the best of the bargain. [Laughter.] I had a hard job to read it through. I went down to the saloon to find out how he was getting on. All the time he would talk about Paine's "Age of Reason." One Saturday I tried to get him to go to church on Sunday. "Now," he says, "if you want church, you must have it in my saloon. This is as good a church as any in Chicago. You can have preaching here if you want to." "Well," says I, "to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock I'll be here." "Look here, young man, I want to do part of it myself." I said, "Now let us distinctly understand how much you and I will have. Now suppose you and your friends take the first forty-five minutes and I take the last fifteen." He agreed to this. That Sunday morning I took a little boy with me that God had taught how to pray. That is some years ago and I remember how weak I felt as I went down to that infidel saloon. I found when I got around he had gone to a neighboring saloon where he engaged two rooms with folding doors, and had them filled with infidels and Deists and all shades of belief. They first began to ask me questions, but I said: "Now you go on for your forty-five minutes and I shall listen." So they got to wrangling among themselves. [Laughter.] Some thought there was a Jesus and some not. When the time was up I said: "Now look here, my friends, your time is up; we always open our meetings with prayer." After I had prayed, the little boy cried to God to have mercy on these men. They got up one by one, one going out by this door and one by another. They were all gone very soon. The old infidel put his hand on my shoulder, and said I might have his children. He has since been one of the best friends I had in Chicago. So you see it must be personal work with us all.

Q. What is the best book on revivals? A. The Bible. [Loud applause.]

Q. To what extent is it profitable to use the talents of Christian women in special efforts? A. The women in the inquiry-meetings here are of great help. A women's meeting is held every day at the close of the noon prayer-meeting, and their inquiry-room is always nearly full. No one can visit so well as a woman. The time is coming when there will be ten women missionaries for one we have now. A woman can go into the kitchen and sit right down and talk with a woman at the wash-tub. The poor woman will tell a person of her own sex her troubles, when she will not converse with a man. What a blessing it would be if in this city, as in London, ladies of wealth and position would visit the poor.

Q. How could you get your choir in the front of the church when they insist on staying in the rear? A. I tell you how it is done at Northfield. They have got an organ in the gallery away far from the pulpit. I objected to this but not only that, I didn't see the object of having singing behind the people. Our ears are not put on in the wrong way. [Loud laughter.] I said I would send to Bradbury and get an organ myself, and then they brought it down.

Q. Suppose none of the congregation understand music? A. Well, I don't understand music, but I can sing as well as Mr. Sankey can. [Loud laughter.] I can sing from my heart. The fact is, people have gone to sleep. Larks never sing in their nests, it is when they get out. [Loud laughter.] A little boy who had been converted was constantly singing. While his papawas reading the paper one day, he came up to him and said, "Papa, you are a Christian, but you never sing." Says the father, "I have got established." [Loud laughter.] Not long after, they went out to drive, but the horse would not go. The father got vexed and said, "I wonder what ails him?" "I think," said the boy, "he has got established." [Loud laughter.]

Q. How far shall persons be urged to confess Christ? A. You will see in Romans, x. 10. If we are to be soldiers of Christ, we are to put on the livery of Christ, and let the world know.

Q. Should the influence of the Spirit be waited for? A. Our work is to preach Christ. The work of the Holy Spirit is to convince men that Christ is the Son of God. He will do His work if we will do ours.

Q. Should a pastor lead a weekly meeting of young converts in

order to train them in Bible study? A. A very good thing. We should teach them both Word and works. In an article written by a friend of mine, it is asked how is a man to mow if he does not sharpen his scythe? What would you say of a man who is always sharpening his scythe? The quickest way to train young converts is to put them to work; but the Word should not be neglected. When the scythe gets dull, it should be sharpened up again.

Q. How about fault-finders? A. I would deal with them personally and ask them how it is with their own souls.

Q. How can you make sinners feel their sinfulness? A. That is God's work, you can't do it.

Q. If a minister or some influential layman should object to your working? A. I should preach in a cottage or elsewhere. Never force yourself on a people, but if you are faithful they will be glad to hear you.

NOON MEETING.

Immediately after the morning session of the convention in the Hippodrome yesterday came the noonday meeting, which was attended by about 5000 persons, many of the delegates remaining. The opening hymn was the 77th, "What a friend we have in Jesus," after the singing of which the requests for prayer were read by Rev. Mr. Hepworth. Among them were the usual requests for kindred and friends, for Bethel Academy, and for several opium eaters of both sexes. Rev. Dr. Rogers read the 51st psalm and followed with a short prayer.

Mr. Moody then addressed the audience and said the only way to be delivered from guilt, was to pray earnestly and fervently to God for relief from sin. It is only by prayer that we can be cleansed from guilt and kept pure.

Mr. Sankey then sang the hymn, "Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide," after which, Rev. Dr. Newton, of Philadelphia, spoke upon the uselessness of all our machinery and organization if we have not the Holy Spirit of God in our hearts.

Rev. Dr. James Stevenson, of Dublin, was next introduced, and spoke at some length about Messrs. Moody and Sankey's labors in Ireland, and the great good they did there. He said the effects of their labor in that country were felt strongly to-day, and he did not think they would ever be forgotten. Two memorable things, he said, happened at their last meeting in the city of Dublin. One was a convention of ministers of all

denominations who had come from all parts of the island. It was a remarkable sight—one that Ireland had never seen before. The union that was there formed continues to-day. The other memorable event witnessed that night was the sight of 2000 persons standing together and testifying to their conversion under Moody and Sankey.

Rev. Dr. Ormison and several other ministers followed with short addresses, after which Mr. Moody dismissed the congregation with a benediction.

The usual after meetings for men and women were omitted on account of the afternoon meeting of the Convention.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

"How to get hold of non-church goers," was the topic on the programme for the first hour of the afternoon session. During the few minutes previous to the formal opening of the proceedings, choir and congregation joined in singing, with great heartiness, "Over there," Mr. Thatcher drilling the great assemblage in tune and harmony. "Sing in time," said the leader; "without that there is no music," and the congregation took the hint, for the remainder of the choruses were rendered with admirable precision. A painful sensation was caused by the announcement that a despatch containing sad news had been received for the Rev. W. T. Wylie, of Bellefonte, Pa., a member of the Convention. "Jesus, precious Jesus," was the opening hymn; then prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. W. W. Adams, and Mr. Sankey followed with the 82d hymn, "Only an armor-bearer," first reading the Scripture passage on the death of Saul's armor-bearer, on which the song is founded.

Rev. Dr. Armitage was called upon by Mr. Moody to open the debate on "How to get hold of non-church goers."

Dr. Armitage spoke as follows: "I like this better than the usual form of the question, which is, 'How can we reach the masses?' It is sharper and goes more directly home. It draws the line distinctly between the church and those who are not the church. First, we are to get hold of non-church goers by going after them. They will not come to us. The Saviour of the world went about seeking those that were to be saved, and then He saved those whom He had sought. He is our pattern in that matter. He did not expect the wanderer from the house of Israel to return to the fold, but as the Shepherd,

He left the ninety and nine and went into the wilderness after the sheep that had gone astray, and put it on His shoulder and brought it to His flock. Our Lord did not wait for the people to come to Him. He went after the people, into the cities and villages, everywhere. How can we get hold of non-church goers? It does not mean simply moving them, but there is a nerve about the old Anglo-Saxon way of putting the question when it says getting hold of them; it indicates muscle, nerve, spirit, will, resolution, industry, perseverance. It is exactly as Jesus did. We must fall back perpetually upon our Lord's example in this thing, and when we go to the non-church-goer we must urge the great facts of Christianity—Christ's birth, Christ's life, Christ's death and resurrection and ascension. We must get hold of them by an intense love for them; nothing less will open their hearts to the church. Love is always unconventional. It knows nothing about poverty; it knows nothing about ignorance; it knows nothing about the distinctions of rank and of character. Love sweeps away all these distinctions as secondary things. Where you visit people in love, you can find that one loving, earnest soul always moves another soul. What would you give for a poet unless he were in a blaze? What would you give for an orator unless he were in a glow? What would you give for a sculptor unless he were full of tenderness? What does the non-church-goer think of you and me, my friend, when we go to him otherwise than full of love, beaming with the love of your Lord Jesus and full of tender sympathy? It is said that the natives of India, when they wish to quarry out a big stone, first chisel a groove around the block of granite; then they kindle a fire along the groove, and when they have kindled a fire upon the stone, then they pour into the trench a little water, and the rock expands and bursts. This is what we must do in serving men, and this is what our Lord Jesus did. He ran the chisel round and wrought a groove upon the intellect, and then poured His love into the heart, and then the tender tears fell from His eyes and the rock broke. Let us not fail to go to His teachings for our method of seeking souls."

There was considerable applause at the close of Dr. Armistage's address, but Mr. Moody remarked, "The time at our disposal is so short that we haven't any time for applause, and must fill up every minute. We will next hear from Rev. Dr. Newton, of Philadelphia."

Rev. Dr. Newton, pastor of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Epiphany, on Chestnut and Fifteenth streets, Philadel-

phia, said: The Lord Jesus when upon earth called His people "the salt of the earth," but the salt is of no use unless it be scattered. He also said, "Ye are the light of the world;" but the rays of the sun must be dispersed if they are to give light all over the earth. Oh, if the church, by its individual members, would but scatter the rays of spiritual light in this way, how many hundreds and thousands might be brought within its influence. We may do this wherever we go. An Episcopal clergyman in England was staying at a hotel, and was waited upon by a little English girl. He asked her, "Do you ever pray?" "Oh, no, sir," she replied; "we have no time here to pray; I am too busy to do that." "I want you to promise me," said the clergyman, "that during the next two months you will say three words of prayer every night, and when I come here again at the end of that time I will give you half a crown." "All right," she said, "I will do it." "Well, Jane, I want you to say every night, 'Lord, save me.'" He left, and two months after when he came again to the hotel inquired for Jane, and was told, "Oh, she has got too good to stay in a hotel; she has gone to the parsonage up yonder." He went to see her, and as she opened the door for him she said, "Oh, you blessed man, I don't want your half-crown; I have got enough already." And then she told how at first she had just carelessly run over the words as she was going to bed at nights, but after the first two weeks she began to think what the word "save" meant; then she got a Bible and found the words, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and the prayer was no longer a mere form. "Now," she said, "I am happy, and I don't want your half-crown, but I am so thankful that you asked me to say that prayer." Wherever we go let us carry that spirit with us, and be ready to speak to all we meet; by that means we shall soon "get hold of non-church goers." Take simple means, and use sympathy, feeling, love and earnestness. In the congregation of an earnest minister there was a man who was an infidel, and who prided himself on his opposition to the Gospel. The minister prepared a sermon, in which, by powerful argument, he sought to convince the man of his error. But he sat unmoved through it all. When the infidel got home his little girl came to him with her eyes full of tears, and having evidently something upon her heart. He asked her why she was crying, and she replied, "I am thinking of what my Sunday-school teacher has been telling me about what Jesus suffered for us;" and then looking straight in his

eyes, she said, "And oh, papa, don't you think we ought to love this blessed Jesus?" He had resisted the sermon, but the child's words broke him down; he went to his room to pray, and that night he went to the church to seek an interest in the prayers of the people. When the minister heard of it he said to his wife, after reading over the sermon to her, "There is one great lack about that sermon; there is not enough of Jesus in it." He learned the lesson which we must all learn, that if we want to reach the hearts of men we must have much of Christ in our sermons and our conversation, and then we may expect God will bless us.

Rev. Mr. Fletcher, of Dublin, Ireland, was next introduced by Mr. Moody. He said: I am the bearer of good news from a far country. Multitudes of people in Ireland and Scotland and throughout Great Britain bless God for the visit to our shores of our dear brothers, Moody and Sankey. Thousands of hearts are praying for them every day. Before they came amongst us we were very much in the position of the minister alluded to yesterday, who often preached about the recognition of friends in a future state; [laughter] but we never saw our way clear to any kind of real Christian union among the members of the various Protestant churches, until God in his good Providence raised up these two men, and sent them over to our shores. Through their influence good men of different denominations have become united, and we are now welded together; and we pray that God may bless this great country of America from whence came these two men, whose labors have been so greatly blessed. And let me say that if ever, in God's good Providence, they should return, all England, and Scotland, and Ireland will receive them with open arms. [Applause.] Yet there were some wise men—men with long faces and long heads [laughter]—who prophesied that the work would not be permanent; many of the Episcopalian ministers—and let it be understood that I am Episcopalian myself to the backbone, if you please—were of this opinion. They said this kind of work is irregular; it will be much damage to the church; and some said, "Wait two years, we will give you that time, and then see where the converts will be." They prophesied that the effects would be "like footprints on the sand" of the seashore; you see they got quite a practical idea. [Laughter.] But it was not true. [Applause.] The two years have passed since the work in Scotland, and more than two years since that in Ireland, and what is the result? I say it in the presence of my God—not for the praise of men, but for the glory of God—that the work is broader and deeper

now than it was then. You ask, How is this? We had convened in a similar gathering to this 850 of the cream of our clergy—more than 400 of them Episcopalians, and the other 450 belonging to the various dissenting denominations; their hearts were warmed; they received a fresh baptism, and now they are working in their own city, town and village parishes in a way they never worked before. Hundreds of clergymen who were thus brought together confessed they did not know how to preach until they heard a layman. Now they preach eye to eye, heart to heart, face to face; and they look for immediate results, believing that they may be the means of the salvation of souls as surely as they believe that Jesus lived, and died, and rose again and ascended into heaven. That is the way to reach the masses. Now what are you to do here? Many of our Episcopalian brethren in Ireland made a fatal mistake, and they are mourning for it to-day. And the same will be the case if the Episcopalian members hold aloof from this movement here. I am sorry there is one absent to-day. You should learn from our experience. Take our testimony. Know that this work is from God, and that His Spirit is resting upon it. Remember, you don't honor the work by coming into it, but you get great honor by being permitted to take part in it. Look only to the honor and glory of Jesus, honor Him by the circulation and preaching of His word, and thus multitudes will be gathered into the fold of Christ.

"Rescue the Perishing" was then sung by Mr. Sankey, who remarked that the following verse contained one of the most blessed truths that had been uttered in connection with the subject before them :

"Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving heart,
Weakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more."

The Rev. Dr. Chambers of India followed. He said :

"Two years ago I went into Central India, where the name of Jesus had never been heard. One day I found myself surrounded by people gathered from all quarters determined to stone us because we spoke of a different God from the one they had worshipped. We saw them gather the stones as we prepared to preach. I thought I would propose to them to tell them a story, and that they should stone us afterwards. They agreed to this. When I told them of that birth in a manger,

and of the God-man that came to save us all, of His life, and His wonderful works, before I had finished they threw down their stones, and I saw the tears run down their cheeks. I told them at last that my story was done, and that they might stone me now, but they said they did not want to now, and they brought their money forward that very day and bought eighty of our Bibles. They appointed a committee of their noblest citizens, and escorted us back to our camp. Oh, that story of Christ has not lost any of its power, and the more we stick to it the more the devil will quake; the more we will leave all controversy, and the more sinners will be brought to Christ."

[The speaker then, by request, sang one of the native songs of India, translating its poetry.]

At the call of Mr. Moody an earnest prayer on behalf of the salvation of the heathen was offered by Rev. Dr. Schaff, and the closing speech of the hour was made by Rev. Dr. John Hall, who, after offering words of congratulation and thankfulness in regard to the glorious work accomplished through the instrumentality of Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Ireland, England, and on this continent, said that the work would be permanent just in proportion as the church was diligent. In regard to the subject under consideration, "How to reach non-church-goers," he replied that the work would be done by each individual Christian working in their own sphere and among their own circle of friends, and specially by special prayer on behalf of the conversion of persons in whom our interest might be felt. He related circumstances in connection with his own church work, illustrating his idea and showing how one conversion often leads to several others being reached. The church was as much a New Testament and God-ordained institution as the ministry, and work would therefore be best accomplished through that channel. He said he would not join in the cry for burning of sermons. Many sermons which were read were equally effective as those delivered extempore. He would not lay down any rule as to the length of a sermon. The worst rubbish he ever heard under the name of a sermon was preached in a Protestant church in Rome, and it only lasted ten minutes, and that was ten minutes too long. His theory was that all the trees in God's garden should bear fruit after their kind. [Applause.] When all the members of a congregation were engaged in prayer for individuals in whom they were interested, the result would be constant conversions. Nobody gets the glory, but the temple is built up, and Christ has all the glory.

The next hour was devoted to the subject of "Our Young Men: what more can we do for them?" Two or three verses of "Nearer My God to Thee," were sung, after which, Mr. John Wanamaker, President of the Philadelphia Y. M. C. A., addressed the convention. He said: The two questions which are before the convention this afternoon lie very close together. Of the non-church-going masses, certainly a very large portion, if not the largest, is composed of young men. I sometimes think that we forget how large a proportion of our population is composed of young men. I should not wonder if in this city alone there are as many as 350,000 young men out of the million and a half people in New York. What a vast company it is! What a peculiar company! And whilst I love the church dearer than anything else on this earth, yet I cannot but feel that I must work both in and out of it to reach this class of young men. Satan seems to have seized upon our young men, and is holding them outside the door of the church, and the preaching of our wise and faithful ministers therefore does not reach them. Hence, under the fostering care and inspiration of the pulpit, the Young Men's Christian Associations have been organized. If there is one other object these associations have in view, I have, in an acquaintance with them of twenty years, not been able to find it out. If we do not conduct them in just the manner which seems best, I would say to my dear brethren of the ministry, give us your counsel, but don't in your synods, and assemblies, and conferences, move resolutions about "certain unordained young men," and so forth, and so forth. Come to us and help us make these associations what you want them to be. We mean to do what good we can by means of this "missing link" between the church and the outlying masses. [Applause.] These young men are sorely tempted, and they need our help. Mr. Wanamaker told an affecting incident of a young man who presented himself at the Association rooms in Philadelphia; he had come to the city to search for work, failed to get it, spent his money, and had not enough left to pay for a night's lodging. Just then he was offered a situation in a liquor saloon, but had the courage to refuse it. "No," said he, "I will starve and freeze first. My father in the country is a Methodist class-leader, and my mother is praying for me, and it would break her heart to know that I was engaged in selling liquor." This young man was just one of thousands in our large cities, and they need our sympathy. Mr. Wanamaker in the course of an earnest speech, which was well received, again called

upon the ministers present to give the Young Men's Christian Associations their hearty co-operation, and also counselled all present to give themselves to individual work for the Master, not relying upon superintendents, secretaries or committees, but each man and woman making the resolve to bring one soul to Christ every day of their life.

Mr. W. E. Dodge, Jr., next addressed the convention, very heartily commending the work of Young Men's Christian Associations to the prayers and active sympathy of both ministers and laymen present. In working for the conversion of young men the first thing to be done was to show them that every one in the church loves and respects them; show them that they are wanted to work in the church, let them feel that they are an important part of the church, and make them work amongst themselves and for each other. In country towns and villages the system of sending out the young men two and two for Christian work had been greatly blessed. Much good had been accomplished, and the churches had been awakened by the reports which these young men would bring of their work. At the conclusion of Mr. Dodge's speech, Mr. Sankey sang, with intense feeling and power, the hymn, "What are you going to do, brother?" and the whole congregation was moved to tears. It was a touching sight to see many of the strong men occupying the delegates' seats in the centre of the house visibly affected at the touching, solemn and heart-searching appeal.

Then Mr. Moody, departing from the programme, made some concluding remarks enforcing the need for a constant daily baptism of the Holy Spirit as the only condition of successful Christians. He quoted Scripture passages from the gospel of St. John and the Acts to show that both Christ and the apostles waited for the baptism of the Spirit before commencing their mission, and said it was a mistake to suppose that because a man had the Spirit's presence at one time, that as a matter of course he had it ever after. Many a man had lost the unction of the Spirit, and it was only to be regained by heart-searching and earnest imploration. "Oh, for such an outpouring of the Spirit," said Mr. Moody, "during these last moments of the Convention that we may not have room to receive it." After a few moments of silent prayer a fervent petition was offered by Rev. Dr. Roswell Hitchcock, after which the ever memorable Christian Convention of March, 1876, was brought to a close.

EVENING MEETING.

The Hippodrome was again crowded to its utmost capacity

last evening, and the exercises were equally as interesting as on the previous evening, and opened with the familiar hymn, "Come, thou fount of every blessing," by the whole congregation. Prayer was next offered by one of the delegates, which was followed by the hymn, "Almost persuaded," by Mr. Sankey. After this Mr. Moody, instead of a sermon, commenced a series of questions, which he put to the Rev. Dr. Plumer, of South Carolina, as follows:

Q. I am living in the world with eternity before me, and I have broken the law of God: what must I do to be saved?

A. There is but one single answer to that question. It sounds out in the jail at Philippi: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved and thy house." That is the substance of all the Scriptures on this subject summed up in a few words.

Q. Is faith in Christ essential to salvation? A. He that believeth not is condemned already, because he believeth not in the name of the only-begotten Son of God. Without faith it is impossible to please God.

Q. There are a good many in the inquiry-room who tell us that we are making too much of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

A. That may mean two things—first, that we are making too much of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that cannot be so, for He is all in all, the First and the Last, the Author and the Finisher of our salvation, the one Mediator between God and man, the Prophet, Priest and King of His Church; or it may mean that we are making too much of faith itself, and that cannot be so unless we are making more of it than the Bible does. The words "faith" and "believe" occur about 500 times in the New Testament, and in a large number of cases they are so found as to imply the absolute necessity of salvation. Jesus taught His disciples this when they asked Him "What shall we do that we may work the works of God?" saying, "This is the work of God, that ye believe on the name of His Son whom He hath sent." And again, Christ said: "If ye believe not that I am He ye shall die in your sins."

Q. Does our faith or want of faith decide our relationship to God the Father? A. The Scriptures say, "Whosoever denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father; ye have both seen and hated both Me and my Father;" and so many other Scriptures. No man can refuse to confess that Christ, the Son of God, is come in the flesh, without denying God.

Q. Is faith in Christ wrought by the Holy Ghost alone? A. The Bible says: "Faith is the operation of God, and the

fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering." Faith is the fruit of the Spirit. No man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost.

Q. Is there no substitute for this faith in Jesus Christ? A. The want of faith bars everything. I remember John Calvin puts it: "The annihilation of faith is the abolition of all the promises." The Scriptures justify this remark. In the great commission given by Christ to the preachers of the Gospel He says, "He that believeth not shall be damned." These words are those of the Son of God.

Q. What is the faith that saves the soul? A. Because faith is a simple act of the soul and not complex, it is not very difficult to explain it, but we can say something about it in a few words. Believing on Christ, believing in Christ, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ are all terms found in the New Testament, and all mean the same thing. That is comfort; and if we seek the testimony of God concerning His Son, He sets to His seal that God is a true witness when He says eternal life is in His Son. It is hearty persuasion. Saving faith is a hearty persuasion that Jesus Christ is the sole and sufficient cause of salvation to lost men. It is a cordial belief that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is come in the flesh and has died, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God.

Q. We hear a great deal about feeling. Can faith be experienced by our sense of feeling? A. The outward sense of feeling cannot be expressed, I suppose is your meaning; but the Scriptures say it can. Paul calls on his hearers to feel after God if haply they might find Him. It represents a man as a poor blind man groping his way, and he is in earnest, but cannot see. Take the case of Bartimeus. There he was, blind; but he heard a noise and asked what it meant, and they told him that Jesus of Nazareth passeth by, and he started. He may have stumbled and may have fallen, but he was soon up and at it again, and as he went he cried, "Jesus, Thou son of David, have mercy on me." Some found fault with him for his noise, and told him to be silent, but he cried out a great deal more, "Jesus, Thou son of David, have mercy on me." He felt after Him and groped his way, found the Lord and got the blessing. So you may be poor and spiritually blind, and so far from the Redeemer, but oh, feel after Him, if haply you may find Him.

Q. Is the sense of taste ever used to illustrate faith in the Bible? A. Many a time. "Oh, taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in Him." The call

upon us is to make a trial, to test the thing by experience. We read and hear a great deal of the excellency of coming, but if you come and taste frequently you will know more of its sweetness than by all the pictures you could give. The text I cited says "see;" that means "know certainly." The man that comes to Christ and tastes His love, sees that the Lord is gracious.

Q. Is faith ever spoken of as hearing the Gospel message?

A. Many a time. Incline your ears, saith God. Hear and your soul shall live. And Jesus Himself says, "He that is of God heareth God's words." And He often said when on earth, "He that has ears to hear let him hear." Indeed, Christ loved such language so much that, sixty years after He was glorified in heaven, He sent seven epistles to as many churches, in each of which He says, "He that hath ears to hear let him hear." Oh, my hearers, hear, and your souls shall live and not die.

Q. Is faith in Christ the same thing as looking to Christ? So much is said in Scripture about looking that we should like to hear what is the difference between faith and looking.

A. None. In the days of Moses in the wilderness the fiery serpents got among the people, and many of them died from the effect of the bite. And God told Moses to make a serpent of brass and put it on a pole above the tabernacle, and whosoever looked upon the brazen serpent should live. I don't think it is a stretch of the imagination to say that this case may have occurred many a time. A man might come to his brother to-night and say, "Oh, brother, you are bitten; are you not?" "Yes." "But there is good news for you. There is a serpent of brass upon the pole, and if you will look to it you will get well." "But," says the bitten man, "I am almost blind now—I am half dead already. It cannot do me any good. Looking on a brass serpent cannot cure a poisoned person without any medicine." "Well," says the brother, "try it;" and they help him up and direct him to look, and ask him if he sees. And he replies, "I do believe I see something glistening in the sun. I feel better already. Why, I am well. Glory be to God." And the prophets of Israel said, in reference to the Messiah; "Look unto Me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth, for I am God, and beside Me there is no Saviour." And Jesus Himself said, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on Him might not perish, but have everlasting life."

Q. Can people look unto Him to-night and be saved? A.

We have God's command for it. Why not look now? Give up all other hopes, and don't trifle and take a dose of morality, or depend upon a little amendment of life, but look unto Him and live.

Q. Do the Scriptures teach us the nature of an act of faith to save the soul? A. They say that "I am the living bread that came down from heaven," and we must eat of it. They say that salvation is the water of life, and we must drink it; that we must receive the Son of God, welcome Him, and must fly for refuge, like the man-slayer, for the hope that is set before us in the Gospel.

Q. Are we ever commanded anywhere in Scripture to embrace the Gospel? A. The word embrace is not found there, but the command is in other terms. Kiss the Son. In western Asia it was common for persons who had been at variance to have times of settlement, and they came together and kissed, as the father of the prodigal fell upon his son's neck and kissed him in token of perfect reconciliation; and that is the way the custom has been introduced into modern Europe. General Macomb, when at the head of an American army, told me that he was called upon to settle a difference between two officers of the French navy. He heard the story of each separately, and made his decision, and announced it to each separately, and then called them together and announced it to both. They, of course, accepted it, and, addressing them in French, he told them to embrace. Whereupon, they threw their arms about each other's necks and kissed, and thus made a final settlement. And so David, in the second psalm, says: "Kiss the Son lest He be angry and ye perish from the way, when His wrath is kindled but a little"—for one drop of His wrath will put any man on earth into torment, like the torment of the damned.

Q. Does faith express trust in the Redeemer? What is the difference between faith and trust? A. Paul speaks of faith as trust in God. In Ephesians he says, "Ye who first trusted in Christ;" and again, "I know in whom I believe." If you look in the margin you will see that it reads, "I know whom I have trusted." You must confide in Christ. The word rely is found three times in the Old Testament, and every time it is in the sense of believe, or relying on God's word.

Several other questions of like character followed upon these, to all of which the venerable doctor gave as ready and pertinent answers, which our space will not admit of. The meeting then closed with a hymn and the benediction.

ADDITIONAL ADDRESSES.

BY DWIGHT L. MOODY.

LOT.

WE have for our subject to-night, "Lot." One reason why I take this character is because the last three young men I talked with all turned away sorrowing. One of them said he knew the best thing he could do was to let the Lord choose for him, but he had some darling sin which he was not willing to give up. The next man was an actor in one of our theatres and he thought he would have to give up his profession. I said nothing to him about it, but it appeared as if his own conscience had stirred him to speak of it. So I thought to-night I would just call your attention to a man who made a bad choice, who would not let God choose for him. In the sight of the world he would have been, for a long time, called a very successful man, but in order to find whether a man has been successful or not you must take his whole life and look at the end. Now, this man Lot was the nephew of Abraham, the friend of God. What an honor it was, not only to be a relative of this man, but to be associated with him for years. He made a grand choice by coming out of idolatry with Abraham. Both came up out of Egypt together, where they had sojourned during the time of famine in Canaan. In Egypt they both became wealthy. When coming into Canaan we find a quarrel arose between their herdmen, and this is the way Lot made his mistake. Abraham said: "Let's not have any strife; if you take the right hand I'll take the left, and if you take the left I'll take the right." Lot should have allowed Abraham to take his choice, but never should have separated from that man. But as he lifted up his eyes and saw the well-watered plains of Jordan he at once said, "I'll take the plains

of Sodom." At the same time he knew that it was a very wicked place, and must have known that he was taking his children into temptation and away from the influence of his uncle Abraham. He made the choice, however, and didn't let God choose for him. At first he pitched his tent toward Sodom, but the next we hear of him he is in Sodom. No doubt the men of Sodom said as far as they could see he made the best choice. He was a young man; he could make money faster there, so, of course, business called him there. He knew, of course, that it might be very disastrous to his children, but business called him there. Business with a good many people, you know; is more important than their families. Not only that, but he undoubtedly eased his conscience with the thought that he would have more influence down there and do a great deal of good there. Now, God is going to have him out of Sodom, and if He cannot bring him out by affliction He will burn Sodom. It has been a question to my mind whether Sodom would ever have been burned if he was not there. First a war came on, and Lot and his family were taken off. No doubt he would have spent the rest of his life in slavery if not for the grace of God. The first thing we hear, Abraham at once takes his trained servants, and away he goes after them; he defeats the enemy, and takes back all the prisoners they had taken.

After this we should have thought that Lot would have said, "I am going to stay with the friend of God, with the man whose influence would be so good with my family." But he did not reason that way at all. How many times has some affliction been brought on you, and it failed to teach you any lesson. Perhaps Lot had got some corner lots down there, and he might have said, "I will go down and make up what I have lost," and back into Sodom he goes. Ah, what a picture! Mother, haven't you done that? Hasn't God brought some great affliction on you, and haven't you said, "I will take my stand now?" yet in a few days you have gone back into the world. Now back Lot goes into the world, or Sodom, which represents it, and we find that he is even now worse than ever. In the sight of the people of Sodom he got on amazingly. No doubt they thought he was wiser than Abraham. He would have represented Sodom in any national council, and if there was an election he would have stood a good chance of being Mayor. Undoubtedly he had the name of being the richest man in all Sodom. Now that is what the world would call a successful man. He moves in the very best of society in all

Sodom, he has got a good deal of property there. He was twenty years in Sodom when a very strange thing takes place. He was sitting in the gate—it is supposed he was acting there as judge—when two angels came to the gate. He gets up at once and asks them into his house. After they had gone in, the men of Sodom who hadn't seen any angels before, gathered a great mob before the door. They wanted to have Lot send those men out. Lot goes out and tries to quiet them down. He was there twenty years, and where is his influence now? Oh, if you do as the world does you will never have any influence at all. The mob now began to say, "Are you going to be judge over us?" and would have torn him limb from limb if the angels had not struck them with blindness. Lot was now asked what he had got in Sodom? Had he got any here besides what he had got in his own house? What a miserable confession to make—he had not only pitched his tents there and had none that he could influence, but even his own children had married those Sodomites. The angels tell him to go and find these sons and daughters, for God was going to destroy the place. Do you know, judgment comes suddenly. Men just go on, make light, ridicule and laugh; but oh, my friends, in such an hour as you think not judgment will come, and in such an hour there is no hope. There they were eating and drinking, and carousing until the very day fire came from heaven upon them. See what Lot lost by not staying with Abraham. God looks into the future, and it would be a good deal better to let Him choose for us than to do it ourselves. Now, see what he lost—twenty years of his time, and never got a convert. I tell you, these worldly Christians never get converts, and it is better that they shouldn't, for those converts would be like themselves. Well, Lot lost twenty years of his life, he lost his wife, he lost two daughters and his two sons-in-law. He lost all his property, and he lost his peace of mind, for the apostle tells us, "His righteous soul was vexed in Sodom." So we find he lost everything, and instead of being a successful man, there is not a man here but will admit his life was a stupendous failure.

I can just imagine him going through the streets of Sodom by midnight and knocking at the door of a house. Some one in the second story puts out his head and says, "Who's there?" "Your father-in-law, Lot," the old man said. "What, you here at this time of night?" Lot told him how two messengers from heaven had come to him, that God was going to destroy the city, and he was now come to ask him to get out.

They mock him, and say he must have gone clean mad. They were never getting on better than now. There was no sign of a deluge, for God had promised that He would never destroy the world again by a flood. Lot had been living for twenty years like a hypocrite, and now judgment has come he can't get his own daughters out. Oh, my friends, you have got to reap what you sow. The angels now take Lot by the hand and make him hurry out of the city with his wife and two daughters. When they had got a little way off, his wife looks back, and God struck her with death. Christ says, "Remember Lot's wife." "He that puts his hand to the plow and looks back is not fit for the kingdom of heaven." "Make haste, escape for thy life," says the angel. Then we see him on that mountain in a cave, the curtain falls, and that is the end of a poor backslider. What a sad picture! Oh, my friends, the time is coming when you would give worlds if you had made another choice. If you choose the world you may get on as Lot did for a while, but bear in mind that judgment will come by-and-by, and what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

JACOB.

THERE was a time when I used to stumble over a character like Jacob. I used to think that because he was an Old Testament saint everything he did was right. But I came to find that his character is recorded to warn and help us. Now, as I remarked in a former address, if all the Bible characters were like Joshua, Daniel, Isaiah or John the Baptist, it would discourage us, but when we come to Jacob we shall find he was very like ourselves. I can find a thousand Jacobs in the Church of God to-day where I cannot find one Daniel. You get a key to his character by his name. Jacob means deceiver. He was one of those men who wanted to walk by sight altogether—he was all the time planning. Now, we find that Jacob was the favorite son of his mother. I don't know of anything more disastrous to a family than this having favorite sons. Here we find a beautiful home broke up, and not alone for a little season. The reaping time came for Rebecca—she never set her eyes upon him again. We find him leaving home and going off to the home of his mother in Haran, and on the way he slept—Gen. xxviii. 12. “And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to Heaven; and behold the Lord stood above it and said: ‘I am the Lord God of Abraham and the God of Isaac; the land whereon thou liest to thee will I give it and to thy seed.’” Now that is just grace. There is a God of all grace dealing with that deceitful man. “And Jacob awoke out of his sleep, and he said, ‘Surely the Lord is in this place;’ and he called the name of that place Bethel, and he vowed a vow, saying: ‘If God will be with me and keep me in this way that I go and will give me bread to eat and raiment to put on so that I come again to my father's house in peace, then the Lord shall be my God.’” Mark the words. What a mean contemptible bargain after what the Lord had just promised. He gets up with an “if.” Oh, these miserable “ifs!” “Now if you give me enough to eat and enough to wear the Lord will be my God.” He might as well say, “If you don't I won't.” A bar-tender comes in here who says he has \$16

a week. If the Lord gives him something to do he will give up the business. So Jacob, after God told him He would give him all that land of Palestine, gets up with an "if." Now he goes down to Haran and stays twenty years. To look at his conduct during that time you would not think he had ever met with the God of all grace. He was driving hard bargains with Laban, but got cheated all the time. He worked seven years for a wife and got the wrong woman, and ten times his wages were changed. Perhaps all that time he had not called on the God of Bethel. What a life he lived! But God is going to keep His promise. (Gen. xiii. 13.) "I am the God of Bethel, where thou anointedst the pillar and vowed a vow unto me; now arise, get thee out of this land and return unto the land of thy kindred." Now that he had got his call from the Lord he should have trusted and gone out like a prince, but instead of that he begins to plan how he should get away, and he steals away like a thief. Laban came after him in hot haste, but the Lord would not suffer him to kill Jacob. Now we find that angels lead him along, but we find when they left him he is again in great trouble. He begins to plan how he can meet Esau. He sends forward his wives and children to the front and held back himself. What a mean coward he was! he should be leading on his host instead of sending them ahead. Now he begins to tremble from head to foot. Oh, these doubting Christians, all the time trying to make bargains, always full of fear, and always some mountain of difficulty across their path. Jacob was left alone and there wrestled with him an angel. Now look at that carefully: "There wrestled a man with him," and when he saw, that is the angel, that he prevailed not, he touched the hollow of his thigh and it shrank. Now when did Jacob prevail? Talk about the wrestling Jacob as if he had to force a blessing out of God's hands! He prevailed when his thigh was out of joint. When he became weak he became strong. What we want is weakness. Now he meets Esau, who instead of being full of hatred, malice and blood, is full of tears. But now we find Jacob again in trouble. Some think there was a great change in him after his name was changed, but I think the next scene proves anything but that. He goes down to Shechem and builds an altar and calls it Eliehe-Israel. Some men commend him for that. He put his own name on it. So men to-day say *my* church, *my* Sabbath-school, *my* prayer-meeting. It is a good deal better to keep the "my" out.

See also how Jacob's sons fell into sin. They brought such reproach on him that he had to flee out of Shechem. God now said to him, "Go up to Bethel and dwell there." Now he put away the strange gods that were in his house. Oh, that was a good day's work when he buried all these idols. It would be a good thing for us if all the Christians buried all their idols under an oak. We want to get away these strange gods, for we have got as many idols as were in Jacob's house. "If I regard iniquity in my heart the Lord will not hear me." Thirty days from this we have got to leave this building, and oh, if we could only entice the Christians of New York to bury their idols and begin to serve God with singleness of mind what a great work we would have done! The trouble now is that Christians have gone down to Shechem where God can't bless them, and away from Bethel. We read when he came out from Shechem the Lord appeared unto him. Again we read they journeyed from Bethel. The next thing his favorite wife died. How often when we have left Bethel some favorite child has been taken or some great affliction brought upon us. Now Jacob leaves Bethel, and God lays His hand on the idol of his heart, and takes Rachel. But if a man takes his sons down to Bethel, it is hard work to get them out of it. If you train them up badly there will be no trouble to keep them so. See how they sold Joseph into Egypt, and now see them coming home with a lie. They brought back his garment, and said they supposed it was Joseph's, but didn't know. Some people seem to think there was a change in the old man's character after this, but it seems as if he never came to himself until the clear evening of his life. After twenty years, when told that Joseph was alive, he didn't believe it; it was too good to be true. But hear his wail when told that Simeon was kept as a hostage: "Me have you bereaved of my children; all these things are against me." Tell me he didn't reap as he sowed! He deceived his father, and his sons deceived him. Just hear his dying testimony before Pharaoh: "Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been." And, my friends, from the time Jacob took that journey to the present, you cannot find a man that has started out wrong—unless he has repented—but has had a hard voyage and stormy days. I can imagine Pharaoh saying, "I don't want that kind of religion." What we want to learn is this lesson: Just to commit ourselves into the hands of God, just trust in him and walk by faith.

JOSHUA.

AT the morning meeting Mr. Moody's discourse was addressed to Christians, the subject being "Joshua." He alluded to his presence with Moses on the mount, and his reproof of the prophesying of Eldad and Medad, and continued: All through Joshua's life it was victory, victory. He was all the time victorious. The secret of his success lay in the fact that he meditated upon the Lord day and night. He was one of the twelve chosen by Moses to go over as spies into the promised land. These twelve men brought back, as in the present, a majority and minority report. The majority saw the great walls and the giants, but two men, Joshua and Caleb, knew that if the Lord was with them they could take the land. What I would draw your attention to is that to a man of faith giants are like grasshoppers. We have too many men in the church now like the ten men who reported adversely. They see the difficulties only and fail to put their trust in God. What about the ten thousand rumsellers of New York, and the Sabbath desecrators, and the many other enemies of the Gospel? If God delight and dwell in us we shall be able to go up and take this land. Think of 40,000 ministers! Would to God they were baptized with the Holy Ghost—it would not take long to take this republic. Take the 70,000 Sabbath-school teachers and the 100,000 members of the Young Men's Christian Association, what could they not do? The God of Joshua still lives, and what we want is faith in Him, and not be always looking at the obstacles and difficulties. He will bring us out of them if we only look to Him. And now the Israelites murmur and are condemned to wander forty years in the wilderness until all the men of twenty and upward are dead, except Joshua and Caleb. We find that during this time Joshua was the servant of Moses, and the Spirit of the Lord was upon him. And now, just when they want the counsel of Moses, God calls him, too, away. Joshua is com-

manded to arise and go over Jordan, and at the same time he gets the instruction to meditate on the word of the Lord day and night and be of good courage. Ah, if a man looks at the dark side all the time God never uses him. "And no man shall be able to stand before thee." Mark that Scripture and see how it was fulfilled. One thought right here: infidels have blamed Joshua and said what right had he to go and destroy those nations? It was not because he and his people were better than they were, but because the cup of these nations' iniquity was full, and the time of judgment had come for them just as it came to all the great nations of the past, and just as it will come to this and every other country that refuses to obey God's laws. God deals in judgment. He has got a government, and if we go on breaking his law, punishment will come some day.

And now, if God is going to give the people the land, he is not going to do it without trying their faith. He brings them up to the Jordan at the harvest-time, when there was a great angry flood rolling in its channels. How are they going to get over? There is no bridge. Ah! they were in God's school for forty years, and they knew that the God who could feed them with manna in the wilderness, who could give them water out of the flinty rock, would have done it. They didn't say, "Look at that great angry flood; our children will be swept away in it." Not a word of it; they had now got faith in God. The moment the soles of the feet of the priests which bore the ark of God touched the waters, they rolled back, and Joshua led his mighty host across.

He ordered twelve stones to be set up as a memorial, and passed on to Gilgal and there offered sacrifice. He thus put blood between him and sin. After he had been in Gilgal a little while he made arrangements to take Jericho, the strongest city in the country. He goes to take a view of the place, and he sees a man with drawn sword before him. He steps up and asks, "Are you for us or for our adversaries?" There is boldness for you. "No, I am captain of the Lord's host," was the reply. Now we come to the taking of Jericho, and to the natural man how absurd was all this! How the New York press would come out on a thing like that if it happened now! But if God is going to take Jericho, He will take it in his own way. The people just encamped around the city. One morning six hundred thousand footmen walk clear around the walls with the priests blowing rams' horns. I can imagine a profound sensation in Jericho and people saying, "What does this

mean?" I can imagine little children beginning to scream and women frightened. But when they all went back into the camp, everything was quiet. If there was a *Herald* or *Times* there would it not have a strange report next morning? I can see them looking over the walls of Jericho, and saying, "Isn't it a strange thing?" The solemn procession goes around the second day and the third. I can imagine some one saying, "I don't see any cracks in the wall. Do you look at these gates. I don't see how we are going to take the city." But these men were in God's school for forty years, and they knew what God could do. The fourth and the fifth day came, and I can imagine the people of Jericho began to mock. The seventh day came; they pass around the walls seven times and shout, and the old city is shaken to its very foundation. Every particle falls except one little spot, just where the scarlet thread of Rahab hung. God's word must be kept, so that thread is protected. Then on they go to Ai. I can imagine now they think they are going to take it by sight. Ah! how many times we suffer inglorious defeat after a great victory, because if we are self-conceited or lifted up we can do nothing. So now they think they can take this small place without any difficulty. They first suffer defeat, and so we find Joshua inquiring what it means. The sin of Achan then came to light. Oh yes; his covetous eye rested upon the gold and the Babylonish garment. One of the greatest hindrances of the present day is that Christians think more of gold and of dress and of society and of position than of the Word of God. God cannot work through them unless they live apart from all iniquity. When the sin was put away they moved on, and the walls of Ai were soon battered down.

They now came to Mount Ebal and the law is read. Yes, Joshua wanted to have them understand the commandments of God. As they move on to take possession of the whole land, I can see a man coming to Joshua and asking; "Have you heard the news? why a confederacy has been formed; five kings are coming out against you; Joshua, what are you going to do?" He summoned up his men, and bears down upon the enemy. The day is not long enough, so he commanded the sun and moon to stand still until they are slain. Thirty-one kings were destroyed. After taking the land we find he divides it up, takes the poorest part for himself, came to Shiloh that he might be near the ark. He lived thirty years after, and at the ripe age of one hundred and ten, the old warrior goes to his rest. Now just draw the contrast between him and

Jacob. Jacob died in Egypt; few and short were his days, because he did not take God at His word—because he was all the time walking by sight. Or take Lot, who would not let God choose for him; on the mountains of Moab he died; there the curtain falls, and we lose sight of him. Now look at the end of Joshua; forty years he worked in the brick kilns of Egypt, and forty years he was tried in the wilderness, but he died in the promised land. His dying testimony to the elders of Israel was that not one good thing failed of all that God promised: all came to pass. His influence was so mighty that Israel did not depart from the Lord all his days, nor in the days of the judges whom he influenced. This was the glorious end of a man that always took God at His word.

REAPING WHATSOEVER WE SOW.

"Be not deceived : God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption, but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."—GALATIANS, 6th chapter, 7th and 8th verses.

IT is very easy for us to deceive ourselves and one another, and there is a good deal of deception in the world. But you cannot deceive God.

When we try to deceive Him, we are thinking all the time that He is like us. We are told in Jeremiah that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Any man who leans on his own understanding will be deceived. How many times have we deceived others, and because we succeeded in doing so, thought we could deceive God ; but we cannot do it. You may mock us, but whatever you do in that way, don't mock God. I was reading some time ago of a young man who had just come out of a saloon. He had mounted his horse. As a certain deacon passed on his way to church he followed the deacon and said, "Deacon, can you tell me how far it is to hell?" The deacon's heart was pained to think that a young man like that should talk so lightly ; he passed on and said nothing. When he came round the corner to the church he found that the horse had thrown that young man, and he was dead. So you may be nearer the judgment than you think. Now, in the first place, a man expects to reap. That is true in the natural world ; men are sowing and planting, and what for ? Why, to reap. And so it holds true you will find in the spiritual world. Not only that, when he sows he expects to reap *more* than he sows, and the *same* that he sows. If he sows wheat he doesn't expect to get potatoes ; if he wants wheat he sows wheat. If a man learns the trade of a carpenter, he don't expect to be a blacksmith. It says in the fifth chapter of Matthew, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." See how God has dealt with the nations. See if they have not reaped what they sowed.

What has become of the monarchs and empires of the world? What brought ruin on Babylon? Why, her king and people would not obey God, and ruin came upon them. What has become of Greece and all its power? It once ruled the world. What has become of Rome and all its greatness? When their cup of iniquity was full, it was dashed to the ground. What has become of the Jews? They rejected salvation, persecuted God's messengers, and crucified their Redeemer, and we find eleven hundred thousand of them perished at one time. Oh, my friends, it is only a question of time. Look at the history of this country. With an open Bible our forefathers planted slavery; but judgment came at last. There is not a family North or South that has not had to mourn over some one taken from them. Instead of that war humbling us, how defiant we became. Look and see how crime has increased during the past few years. Ah, this fair republic will go to pieces if there is not more righteousness; it will perish like the other nations if we don't repent in time. I happened to be in France in 1867, and I confess I could not tell the difference between Sunday and any other day; and did not God punish France for her sins? She went down from her high station very quickly. But a few years ago she stood shoulder to shoulder with the leading nations of the earth. Why have those nations fallen? Just because God made them reap what they sowed. Now if a man sows for this life, why, he will reap in this life; and if he sows for eternity he will reap in eternity. If he sows to the Spirit he will have his harvest up yonder. If he sows to the flesh he will reap disappointment and despair; he will reap gloom and death and hell; but if he sows to the Spirit he will reap joy and peace and long-suffering and gladness, for these are the fruits of the Spirit; and not only that, but he has everlasting life. Now just ask yourself to-night, what are you sowing? Are you sowing for time, or are you sowing for eternity? Are you sowing good seed, or are you sowing bad seed?

You must remember the judgment sometimes comes down very suddenly, and sometimes it is deferred, but all through Scripture we find that God deals in grace before He deals in judgment. Now, last night I showed that God dealt in judgment with Lot, and what a bitter end his was. Just take up your Bible, and all through it you will see that God deals in grace and government. Take that priest of His, Eli; he had two sons who didn't care for God. He failed to bring them up right. They sold what was offered to God, and became

very wealthy; but they were slain in battle against the Philistines, and Eli himself when he heard the news fell back and broke his neck. God sent a message twenty years before that sentence was carried out, that judgment would come. Look at the sons of Jacob. They sold Joseph and deceived their father. Twenty long years rolled away, and away down in Egypt their sin followed them; for they said: "We are guilty of the blood of our brother." The reaping time had come at last for those ten boys that sold their brother. If God will punish His own priest, Eli, one of His own children, won't He punish those who have not accepted the offer of salvation? Mr. Moody proceeded at length to show that Jacob and David, though children of God, were severely judged in this life for their sins, and so continued. So keep this in mind that God has got a government. He may forgive us, He may give us eternal life, but it is the law of high heaven that a man must reap what he sows.

Now bear in mind that these three men were men of grace. We will see them in heaven, there is no doubt about that.

Now some of you will say, "If God is going to forgive me my sins, how does he make me reap what I have sown?" Well, I will illustrate it. Suppose I send out a man to sow wheat; he neglects to do his duty well, and sows tares. When the wheat grows up I find it out and call him to account. "Well, to be honest with you," he says, "I got mad and sowed a lot of tares, but I am very sorry for it." I forgive him for sowing the tares, but when the reaping time comes I make him reap them. Why, one of those men who spoke here to-day was a drunkard for thirty years. I have no doubt his sins are forgiven, but oh, how he is reaping what he has sown! His wife and his children are away from him; he has not seen his little boy for fifteen years! I see a man in this audience to-night, and oh! how he is reaping, how I pity him. A few months ago he was in a happy home in England. He gambled his employer's money all away, and now he is in exile, a stranger in a strange land. God may forgive him, but he must reap what he has sown. Some men think that is hard, but it can't be otherwise.

I tried to help a poor man in Philadelphia. He had been in prison, and I could not help but try to lift him up. He betrayed my confidence, so we don't know whom to help. Now suppose here is a father; he has got a boy who has gone out and stolen some money. His conscience is thoroughly roused, and he goes and confesses it. "Yes, my boy," the

father says, "I will forgive you, but you must go and confess it." He don't want to do that, but he must do it; he has got to reap what he has sown. Do you think God would punish Jacob and his own children and let unbelieving sinners go unpunished? Do you think the ten thousand rumsellers of New York are not going to be punished? I would not take the place of one of them if you gave me all the world. Look at that little, weak, pale, thin girl, only six or seven years old; she went into a saloon and went to the bar, and said to the saloon-keeper: "Oh, sir, don't sell papa any more liquor, for we are starving." The rum-seller ordered her out. You think there was no God to witness that? Oh, there is a just God yonder, and men are going to be gathered there to give an account of their stewardship by-and-by. Do you think that libertine who has gone and lied to that lady, and then ruined her and fled—do you think he is going unpunished? He may escape the law on earth, but he will be tried at God's bar, bound hand and foot, and cast into hell. There is a day of grace now. He will forgive you the sin, though He will make you reap what you sow. He will give you your eternal life if you will only come to Him and confess your sin, and is it not the very best thing you can do to come to God to-night?

SOWING AND REAPING.

One soweth and another reapeth."—JOHN, 4th chapter, part of 37th verse.

MR. MOODY alluded to a feeling which some of the young converts entertained towards ministers and churches which prompted them to adverse criticism, and proceeded to say: I have very little sympathy with these men who talk about the coldness of the churches. It is well enough for men who are hard at work in the church to talk about it. I contend that the best institution under heaven is the church. I have always been a member of the church, and if ever I get out of it I will have to be put out. Christ died to redeem the church, and every man who is true to Christ ought to support it. Did you ever think what this city would be, if not for the church? there would not be a man's life safe in the city. The church is the place where God meets and blesses His people. And to the young converts I would say that the ministry of your churches have been sowing these many years. How many of you have had religious training? A few nights ago I asked those who had to rise, and nineteen out of every twenty present rose. Of course it is a pleasure to reap, but he that soweth and he that reapeth are the same in the sight of God. We would all rather have the reaping than the sowing. Let us not go on complaining because these ministers have not had all the reaping. With regard to this work it may be that fifty people have had a hand in it. Perhaps first a mother, and then a Sabbath-school teacher, and then different ministers sowed the seed. Another thing I have noticed, that no man who has any standing in his church has ever come to want. People talk of the church not being benevolent, but I say they take care of their poor. It is the people whom the church has not reached that come to want. Some of you say you cannot afford to join the church—that you cannot afford to pay \$10 a year for a pew. If you give up your cigars and go less to the theatre, you will find it quite easy to do it. Let it be distinctly understood my advice is, join some church at once. Go there,

not for getting anything by it but to do good. Go there, not to get your heart warmed, but go with your heart already warmed. Get some church home where you will get sympathy, and friends to take an interest in you; and let me tell you you cannot find any truer, better friends than you will find among the ministers—the great majority of them are working for God and souls, and not for themselves. So, my advice is just unite with the church and then go to work. A good place for you to go to work is in the Sabbath-school, and if you cannot find a class or scholars, go down into the lanes and alleys and get them. The first day I went out in Chicago I got eighteen, and for the first time, found I had a talent and could do something. It was not long before the building could not hold them.

If you do this it will be the cause of great blessing to your own soul. He that watereth, himself will be watered. My experience is, where young converts have gone to work they have grown in grace. Some think they have got to wait to be qualified, but it is not of the Spirit of Christ to be absorbing all the time—it is get and give. Now, suppose all the young converts go to work; suppose they go right away and gather up the little waifs and take an interest in them—you have got to win them to yourself before you lead them to Christ—what a great work may be done. Little children very often make the best missionaries. Many a time have I seen one bring a father and a mother to the Sabbath-school. I don't believe in going about it for six weeks or six months. A good many in a time of religious interest like this are willing to take a hand and say they will have another good time next year. What we want is this heart work which will continue day after day and year after year. Just to encourage some of you I will state my experience of a boys' meeting.

A mother lived in our district. As she lay dying of consumption, she sent for me, and when I came to see her, she said, "Mr. Moody, you know my husband, the father of my children, is dead, and my second husband don't get along very well with my eldest boy; when I am dead and gone I don't know what will become of my little boy: if you don't take an interest in him, I am afraid he will be lost." She made me promise that I would look after her boy. While she was sick, and after she died, the boy was nearly all the time on the streets. After she was buried two or three weeks I missed the little boy from the Sunday-school. I asked if any one in the school knew where he was to let me know. A day or two after, a boy came into the store where I was employed, and

said he found out the little boy was a bell-boy in such a hotel—naming it. I went down to the hotel to look after him, and brought him out with me, and got him into a room alone with me, in the Young Men's Christian Association. I told him of the promise I made to his mother, and of her anxiety about him, but he sat there unmoved.

At last I told him about the Saviour's love; then the tears trickled down his cheeks; his heart was touched, and we got down to pray together. Then I said to him: "I want you to make this a subject of prayer; don't give it up until you settle the question." That was the 3d of July; he tried to get a chance to pray alone, but he could not, so he went up five stories to the flat roof. There about midnight he cried to God for a new heart, while the bells were ringing and the canons booming. Next morning, the Fourth of July, he came and told me how God had met him on the top of that hotel. The first thing he asked was what he should do for the Saviour. He started a meeting, and had about twelve boys; he got his Bible and read a few verses for them, and told them what Christ had done for him. A little German boy got up and said why not Jesus do the same for him. The result was that a hundred and twenty-five boys belonged to that meeting. The blessing it gave me was something wonderful. I turned my back upon business, and became a different man, and the Lord has blessed me ever since. There is not a church in New York that would not hail such members. By the help of such converts our churches would become healthy, vigorous and built up. I knew years ago a young man who was converted in our church. I gave him two little children to teach, and inside of twelve months he had seventy-five gathered off the streets. To-day there is more interest in that class than any in America. Every year some of its members join the church. That young man goes to the houses, visits the parents, and gets them into the church.

I would advise you if the schools are already full to get halls and gather these little children in. Just commence now, and instead of this work stopping, it will be only commenced. Look for fruit immediately. Sometimes you will have it, and sometimes God will make you wait. Then, let me give you one word about taking part in the prayer-meetings. A good many of them would be enlivened if you just took a part. Some men think they have no ability. A young convert told me he could speak very well at a railway meeting. If a man can talk well at a railway meeting, he can talk at a prayer-meet-

ing. A good many are not welcomed because they talk too long. When you do talk, be sure that you say something. Have your Bible with you, or, if you have been converted, stand up and give thanks. I don't want you to stop there however. Don't live on your own experience. You want to grow on in grace. Bring new things out of the Bible. Tell how God has blessed you in such a portion of Scripture. I have known a great many to labor with at least one individual each day. I heard Mr. John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, say that he would at least talk to one young man every day about his soul. That would be three hundred and sixty-five labored with in the year. Are there not hundreds of young converts who could do that? Dear friends, God can use every one of us. One of the greatest mistakes we make is, when men are converted we get them into the church, but don't teach them the luxury of working. Teach them how to work; that will take them out of the world quicker than anything else. We won't then have to be lecturing the church about this thing and that. The Lord will give them something better.

THE END.



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—Peter Cartwright-Circuit Riding Preacher

"If religious books are not widely circulated among the masses in this country, I do not know what is going to become of us as a nation. If truth be not diffused, error will be; if God and His Word are not known and received, the devil and his works will gain the ascendancy; if the evangelical volume does not reach every hamlet, the pages of a corrupt and licentious literature will; if the power of the gospel is not felt throughout the length and breadth of the land, anarchy and misrule, degradation and misery, corruption and darkness, will reign without mitigation or end."

—Daniel Webster, 1823

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